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THE PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

By Angelo Heilprin.

Study of an Eskimo Boy's Head (from life).

ON June 6, 1891, the good ship Kite, a barkentine whaler of the old type, and measuring barely forty yards in length, lay alongside one of the busy Brooklyn wharves, eagerly scanned by hundreds of eyes for the little that distinguished her from the neighboring craft. Neatness or cleanliness was not a characteristic of the vessel, for she still bore traces of seal-strife and struggles among the ice of Newfoundland's coast.

To certain peculiarities of structure was added a suggestion of the odor of oil and blubber, and if these were not in themselves sufficient to indicate the rank of the vessel, it could readily have been told from the iron bow-cap, and that singular aërial castle known as the crow's nest. However insignificant and humble the Kite may have appeared beneath the tall hulls and masts that surrounded her, she bore a trim side to the waters of an open sea, and in her adopted port of St. John's she is a craft with a history and a name.

Prior to the date above mentioned, the most distinguished name associated with the vessel was that of her then master, Captain Richard Pike, a sea-dog devoid of those characteristics which entitle one to the designation of "bluff," but who, despite this deficiency, had already, on two occasions, done service among the ice-fields of the far north. To his hands, as ice-master, the Government in 1881 entrusted the fate of the Proteus—the ship which conveyed the Greely party to their point of location, near the eighty-second parallel, which was destined to serve as a home of desolation for a period of three years.

In 1883, on the organization of the second Greely Relief Expedition, under Lieutenant Garlington, Pike was again pressed into Arctic service as the ice-master of the relief-ship Proteus, the crushing of which among the ice-floes of Smith Sound, off Cape Sabine, has become a matter of history. The nine years that have elapsed since the day of the disaster have not yet sufficed to wipe off the cloud from the genial tar's brow, over which the shadows of fifty-three years have now gathered. A quiet resolve never again to enter the Arctic seas was brushed aside when, in 1891, the Kite was chartered to convey the expedition of the Philadelphia Academy

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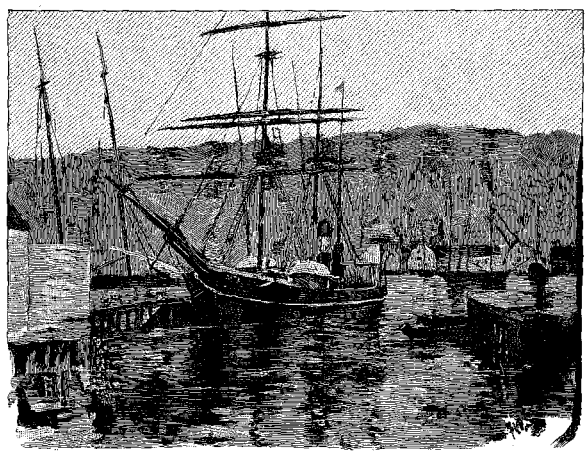
of Natural Sciences to the Greenland waters, and a demand made for the services of an experienced ice-master and pilot.

The Kite left her anchorage among

Captain Richard Pike, of the Kite.

the Brooklyn hulks on the afternoon of June 6th, carrying as her passenger list the members of the Peary party—Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., Josephine Diebitsch-Peary, Dr. F. A. Cook, Langdon Gibson, Eiwind Astrup, John T. Verhoeff, and Matthew Henson—and an auxiliary body of "summer" investigators, to which the writer had the advantage to be attached. After varying incidents of one form or another, the good little craft put in at Godhavn, the capital of the Northern Inspectorate of Greenland, on June 27th, and on July 2d, almost exactly opposite the Devil's Thumb, buried her nose in the pack-ice of Melville Bay, from which she was destined not to emerge until three weeks later.

It was during the traverse of this ice, on July 11th, that Lieutenant Peary met with that mishap—the breaking of the lower right leg, which came near to shattering the enterprise upon which the commander had for years set his mind. In a constitution less vigorous, and a mind less heroic, such an accident would have annihilated all aspirations for success, even in the most favored undertaking; but to Mr. Peary and his gallant wife, it was but an incident, the passage of which was to be determined only by future events. On July 24th, the Kite reached McCormick Bay, on the southern shores of which, and in the shadows of the bright-red cliffs which make up much of what belongs to Cape Cleveland, the Peary winter-quarters were established. Many pleasant memories attach to the little retreat beneath the boards and tarpapers of the Redcliffe House, where probably was passed the most comfortable and homelike winter in the far north which it has been the lot of Arctic explorers to experience. On July 30th, the Kite, with the auxiliary party aboard, steamed out of McCormick Bay, leaving the North Greenland Expedition to shift for itself during the many months which were to follow before contact with civilization could again be made possible. It was during these months, extending from August to May, that those careful studies of possibilities were made, which have rendered practicable the most remarkable ice-journey that has ever been undertaken, and brought to the geographer the solution of one of the few significant problems which remained open



The Barkentine Whaler Kite, which Carried the Peary Expeditions, at her Dock, St. John's, Newfoundland.

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to him. Greenland has been demonstrated to be an island, whose general northern contours lie south of the eighty-third parallel.

Probably no scientific expedition originating on this side of the Atlantic has attracted more general attention than the one which Mr. Peary has but recently brought to a successful termination. Its special feature, the traverse in a due geographical course of upward of six hundred miles of the inland ice, was the pivot about which much of this interest centred. The bold manner in which the expedition had been conceived, involving an almost total departure from the methods that had been followed by all previous expeditions to the far North, and the circumstance that the party of exploration had been reduced to less than a handful of men, lent additional interest to the enterprise. To the scientist the interest was more than a purely sentimental one. The successful issue of the expedition meant the solution of some of the most perplexing problems which were yet open to the investigator. The conditions which determined the limitation of man's habitation on the globe, the nature and extent of the great Greenland ice-cap, and its relation to the ice accumulation of the Glacial Period, and the distribution of plants and animal forms beyond the boundaries of the ice-cap itself, were the topics of special scientific interest which linked themselves with the main geographical inquiry—the determination of Greenland's northernmost boundaries.

The only weak point of the Peary Expedition was the failure to make adequate provision for a return to civilization after the accomplishment of the inland journey. It was the intention of the leader to make his way leisurely down the coast in open whale-boats—two of which had been specially constructed for the purpose—and dare the ice and storms of Melville Bay as he had dared the winds and snows of the inland ice, from the sea-level to 8,000 feet elevation. Once across the Bay, the journey could be readily continued to Upernivik or Godhavn. The passage in open boats of Melville Bay has been accomplished, either in whole or in part, on several occasions—by Kane, in 1855; by Bessels and Buddington, in their retreat from the Polaris, in 1873; by Pike and Garlington, in their retreat from the Proteus, in 1883—but always with great difficulty, and under the guidance of an ample force of able-bodied men. In the present instance, the party, including the courageous wife of the commander, numbered but seven members, too limited in strength, probably, to undertake the risks which the journey entailed. Under the circumstances it seemed eminently proper that assistance be rendered to the returning party, and it was with a just appreciation of this position that the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences undertook the organization of a Relief Expedition.

Mr. Dunphy, Second Mate of the Kite.

Under my command, as leader of the Expedition, were associated Henry G. Bryant, the successful explorer of the Grand Falls of Labrador, second in command; Dr. Jackson M. Mills, surgeon; William E. Meehan, botanist; Charles E. Hite, zoological preparator; Samuel J. Entrikin; Frank W. Stokes, artist; and Albert White Vorse, most of whom had already been tried in mountain or camp work of a more or less arduous nature. The Kite was again chartered as the vessel of the Expedition, and with her, the tried captain of the Proteus, Richard Pike. The possibilities of the Relief Expedition were such that no anticipatory plan of action, except as it was indicated in its broadest details,

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could be determined upon as a finality. The contingencies that might present themselves were too numerous to permit of simple resolution, and therefore full scope was given the Expedition to meet the exigencies of the moment. It was, however, considered a necessity to pass Melville Bay at the earliest possible time consistent with an assurable amount of safety to the vessel, as once beyond the ice and waters of that much-dreaded section of the Arctic world the passage to McCormick Bay could be made without hindrance of any kind. The experience that has been brought down from the various Arctic expeditions, and more particularly from the different whalers which every year traverse much of the northern icy seas, has infused an element of certainty into Arctic navigation which could hardly have been realized by the heroes of a period twenty-five or thirty years ago. The capture, by the Melville Bay pack, of M'Clintock's Fox in the latter part of August, 1857, could scarcely be paralleled to-day, except as the outcome of ignorance or disregard of every-day knowledge. In an average season Melville Bay can be traversed about as readily as almost any large body of water lying southward, while its earliest seasonal passage can be predicated with a precision almost akin to mathematical calculation. The hard pack-ice which has accumulated as the result of the winter's frost, and has to an extent been held together through the large bergs which are here and there scattered through it, usually shows the first signs of weakness between July 15th and 20th. Large cakes or pans of ice have by that time succumbed to the powerful oceanic currents that are directed against them, and detaching themselves from the parent mass float off to find new havens of their own. The weakening process continues until most of the ice has been either removed or melted away, and before the close of the fourth week of July little beyond shore-ice (shore-pan) remains to indicate the barrier which but a few days before rendered a passage all but impracticable. The trend of the ice is northwestward through the Bay, then westward to the American side, and finally south to the open sea. It was the purpose of the Relief Expedition to reach the southern boundary of the Melville Bay pack on or about the 20th of the month, and there watch the movements of the ice until the opportunity for action arrived. An earlier traverse might possibly have been made through persistent "butting" of the ice, but the dangers incident to this form of navigation were such as to render slowness a prudent measure of safety.

Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, U. S. Navy.

At 2.30 of the afternoon of July 5th the hiss of the siren announced to the loiterers on the wharves of Newfoundland's capital that the Kite was about to depart on her second voyage to the

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Arctic seas. A few moments later the vessel swung from her wharf, and amid a chorus of hurrahs and the shrill accompaniments of steam-whistles, started on her mission of good-will northward. The bold sandstone cliffs guarding the entrance to St. John's Harbor, aglow with the warm sunshine of a "typical" day, were soon dropped in the rear, albeit the rate of travel was somewhat less than seven knots an hour. Few of the St. John's sealers are rated for more than nine or ten knots; of the entire fleet the Kite is about the least swift, but what she lacks in this regard is more than compensated for by a stanchness of construction and a commodiousness of design which renders her specially adapted for the purposes for which she was selected. The first few days of the voyage were wholly uneventful, and almost without incident. In the afternoon of the 10th, after heavy fogs had largely obscured our course, suspicious cakes of ice indicated a near approach to the Greenland coast. At midnight of the 11th, when a rift in the fog first revealed the presence of Greenland's serrated mountains, the guard-rails of the vessel were almost overtopped by the ice; fortunately the pans were not sufficiently packed to cause serious alarm for our position, despite the disagreeable feature which the presence of an ever-falling fog added.

Mrs. Josephine Diebitsch-Peary.

The point of the Greenland coast opposite to our position was approximately the great Frederikshaab glacier, one of the most gigantic of the almost endless number of ice-sheets which radiate off from the inland ice to or toward the sea. In the passage of this portion of the coast the summer previous no sea-ice beyond freely floating bergs was encountered, but in the present year the ice extended fully seventy miles farther northward, and as subsequent events showed, it was the heaviest accumulation that had been known for several decades. The southern ports of Greenland had for weeks been inaccessible, while the vessels of the cryolite fleet, for two months or more, had found scant quarters amid the jam that was impending. Wreckage appeared in scattered masses, and intel-

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ligence of disaster turned up everywhere. The Kite finally extricated herself shortly before noon of the 12th, when about opposite Lichtenfels, the northernmost point which the lower or Cape Farewell ice is known to attain.

Mek-to-sha (Great Bear Hunter), One of the Arctic Highlanders.

Fog and rain followed the expedition for another thirty-six hours, but on the morning of the 14th day broke with a splendor and luminosity unknown to regions outside of the Arctic Circle. The Greenland coast loomed up brilliant for a length of a hundred miles or more, its rugged mountain peaks, here and there flecked by the snows of lingering winter, or forever shrouded in the white mantle of a perpetual ice-cap, forming a continuous panorama not unlike what is presented to the observer from the lower mountain summits of Switzerland. It is true that the loftiest peaks are here but four to five thousand feet in elevation, but the absence of foreground and the low descent of the snow-line combine to produce an exaggerated optical effect which is most delusory, a deception that is only further strengthened by the *Hörner* and *aiguilles* which everywhere recall the Alps. It is Switzerland in miniature, with a smooth, glassy sea to receive the reflections which in old Helvetia bathe in the waters of her deep blue lakes. Seventy miles to the northward a slight heaving of the horizon indicated the position of the basaltic cliffs of Disko Island, under the lea of which are nestled the few huts and houses which together constitute the capital of the Northern Inspectorate of Greenland, Godhavn, or Lievely. The average mind which conceives of a journey to the far North as being one of only hardships and terror, finds it difficult to realize that this is the "land beyond the Arctic Circle;" the warm sunshine, the placid sea, and the absence, except in scattered flecks, of those impending bergs which have fastened themselves as time-honored necessities upon the eye of the imagination, fail to do justice to the modern conception of the Arctic world. The temperature at 8 A.M. was 45° F., but at noon it had risen to 50° F., and in the sun the station of the mercury among the seventies did away with all thoughts concerning wraps and heavy underwear.

At 5.30 in the afternoon we arrived off Godhavn, and shortly afterward passed through the formality of taking on a pilot—an Eskimo of unmistakably

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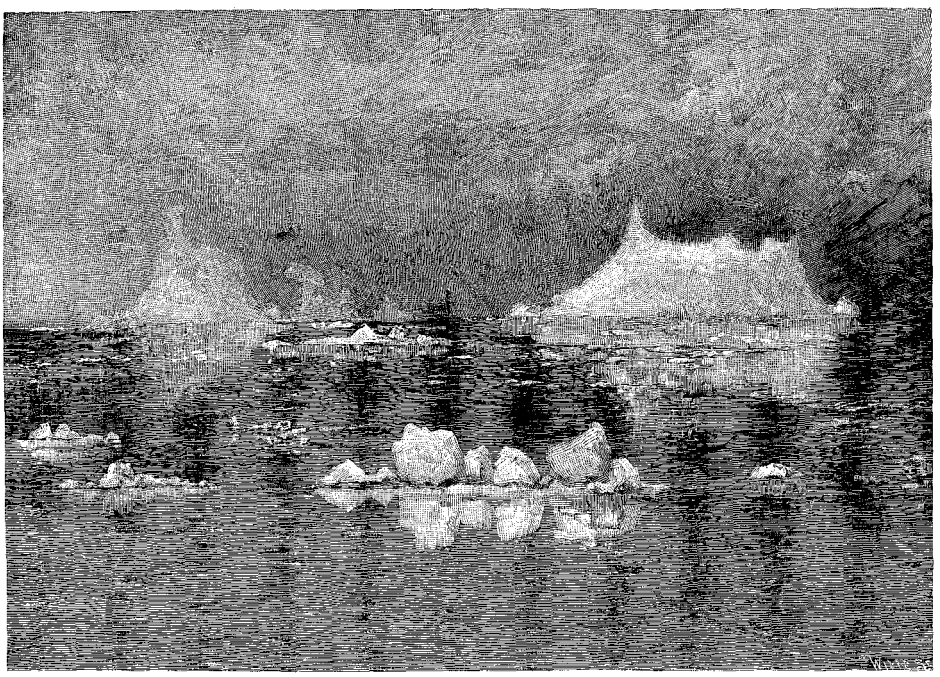
European lineage. Swarthy Frederick, the interpreter to the British Polar Expedition of 1875–76, and the associate of Peary in 1886, was among the first to greet us, bringing with him a number of his tribe, young and old—but all visitors to the Kite was an old Eskimo who had, in 1870, conducted Nordenskjöld to the famous "meteoritic" region of the Blaaberg, on Disko Island, whence were obtained the large blocks of native iron, commonly known as the



In Smith Sound, off Cape Sabine, 78° 44′ N.

males, as no females are permitted to board the incoming vessels—prepared to partake of a lasting hospitality of the ship's steward, and to effect such barter as would yield to them the advantage of a few krones or of a shirt or pair of pantaloons. The latter article was prized beyond measure, but its acceptance was dependent wholly upon a proved freedom from holes and patches. Danish sovereignty has long since infused a civilized aspect into the costume of the Southern Eskimos, and hence the demand for articles which would be scorned by most of their brethren of the North; European trousers and a blue cotton outer shirt or *anorak* now take the place, as a summer attire, of the seal garments which were a necessity in the antecedent periods of barbaric existence. Among those who had come out with the first boat-load of iron of Oviſak or Uifak, concerning the origin of which, whether meteoric or telluric, so much has been written and argued by geologists and mineralogists. I was at the identical locality with the same Eskimo in the summer of 1891, and fortune threw in our path a stone of some two hundred and seventy pounds weight, for which a reward of £5 was given. Suspecting that there might be a return expedition this year the Eskimos had shrewdly made a further examination of the desolate spot, with the result of finding a number of additional blocks of the desired material; these had been carefully placed to one side awaiting my return, and were now placed at my disposal, together with much other geological material that it was thought I might be interested in.

Our purpose in putting in at God-

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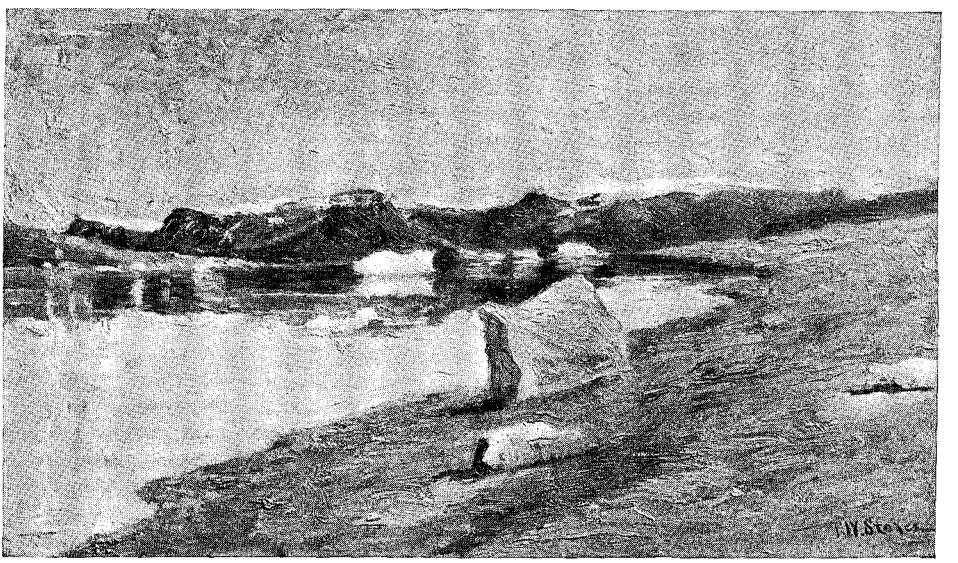
havn was primarily the presentation of official credentials from the Danish Government, and the obtaining of certain effects which were considered desirable for the expedition. Godhavn, or, as it is commonly known to geographers, written. No trees of any kind shadow the sunlight from a perpetual summer sun; no song of bird, save the occasional chirp of the snow-bunting and wheat-ear, responds to the wakening calls of morning. The melancholy bark of a



Head of McCormick Bay, showing Point where Mr. Peary made the Ascent to the Ice-cap of Greenland.

Disko, as the capital of the Northern Inspectorate of Greenland, is the official seat of one of the two highest dignitaries of the land, the Inspector. Of a population counting less than one hundred and thirty souls, some fifteen are Danes, and the remainder almost entirely half-breed Eskimos; not more than seven full-blooded natives are recognized among the inhabitants, of which number is the Frederick already referred to. A first impression of this singular settlement is not calculated to inspire enthusiasm for a prolonged residence in the "land of desolation." A few wooden structures, comprising a church, the government building or general store, and the residences of the Danish officials, together with a somewhat larger number of green-grown and chimneyed turf huts of the Eskimos, crown a dreary expanse of granite and syenite, over whose surfaces the ice of former ages ploughed its way to the sea. Everywhere the effects of past glaciation are plainly dozen or more of shapely curs — not, however, the awe-inspiring and night-destroying howl of books of travel, but the more subdued tones of reality—alone indicates possession of the town. Cheerfulness, save in the bright sunshine which here illumines all nature, seems to have forever deserted the locality.

But this first impression almost immediately disappears through closer acquaintance. Once the foot has been set upon the mirrored rocks, the charms of this garden spot one by one unfold themselves. The little patches of green are aglow with bright flowers, rich in the colors which a bounteous nature has provided; the botanical eye readily distinguishes among these the mountain-pink, the dwarf rhododendron, several species of heath, the crow-foot, chickweed, and poppy, with their varying tints of green, red, white, and yellow. Gay butterflies flit through the warm sunshine, casting their shadows over "forests" of diminutive birch and willow. Here and there a stray bee

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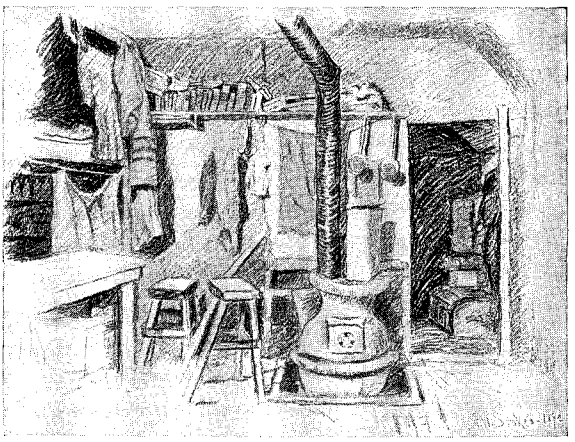
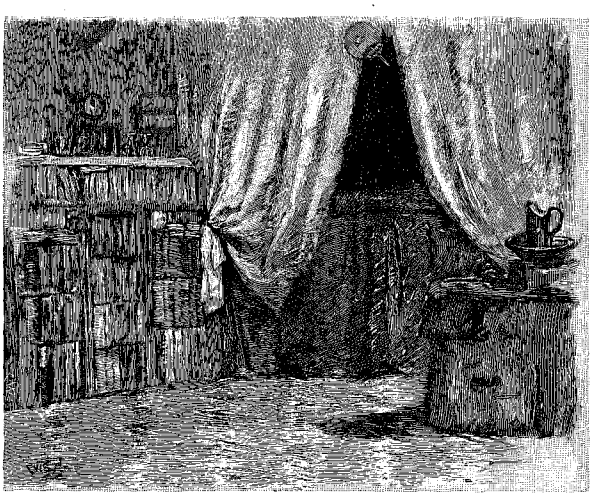
hums its search for sweets among the pollen grains, while from afar, woven through the music of gurgling rills and brooks, come the melodious strains of thousands of mosquitoes, who ever cheerfully lend their aid to give voice to the landscape. Above this peaceful scene tower the dark-red cliffs of basalt, which from a height of two thousand feet look down upon a sea of Mediterranean loveliness, blue as the waters of Villafranca, and calm as the surface of an interior lake. Over its bosom float hundreds of icebergs, the output of the great Jakobshavn Glacier, fifty miles to the eastward, scattered like flocks of white sheep in a pasture. Such was the summer picture of the region about Disko as it was found by the writer in two successive seasons. There was little of that Greenland about it which we habitually associate with the region, nothing of those terrors which to the average mind reflect the quality of the Arctic world.



The Living Room at Redcliffe House, McCormick Bay.

Dreary though a long residence may prove to be at a spot like Godhavn, there is yet seemingly enough comfort in it to make it attractive to the Danish officials who reside there. The neat little cottages, well supplied with those appliances and adjuncts—such as a library, piano, and billiard-room—which conduce to a home-like comfort, are not in absolute harmony with their surroundings, but they bear testimony to an intelligence and refinement governing the household which come with a rude shock to those who had expected to meet with at best only half-barbarians in this remote quarter of the globe. It was an almost inexpressible pleasure for me to see the geraniums, fuchsias, and roses which the good people were here raising behind double windows or under glass covers, and fondling with a care only equalled by the interest with which they pursued the general subject of Greenland zoölogy or followed the recent explorations of men like Ryder, Stanley, Holub, and Peters. Herr Inspector Andersson, whose hospitality I had already enjoyed the summer previous, was absent at the time of our visit, having but a few days before gone to Upernivik to adjust some matters in connection with the government there. Mrs. Andersson and her daughter, however, gave us a kindly welcome, which was reinforced through the good offices of the Governor and



Interior of Mr. and Mrs. Peary's Room at Redcliffe House.

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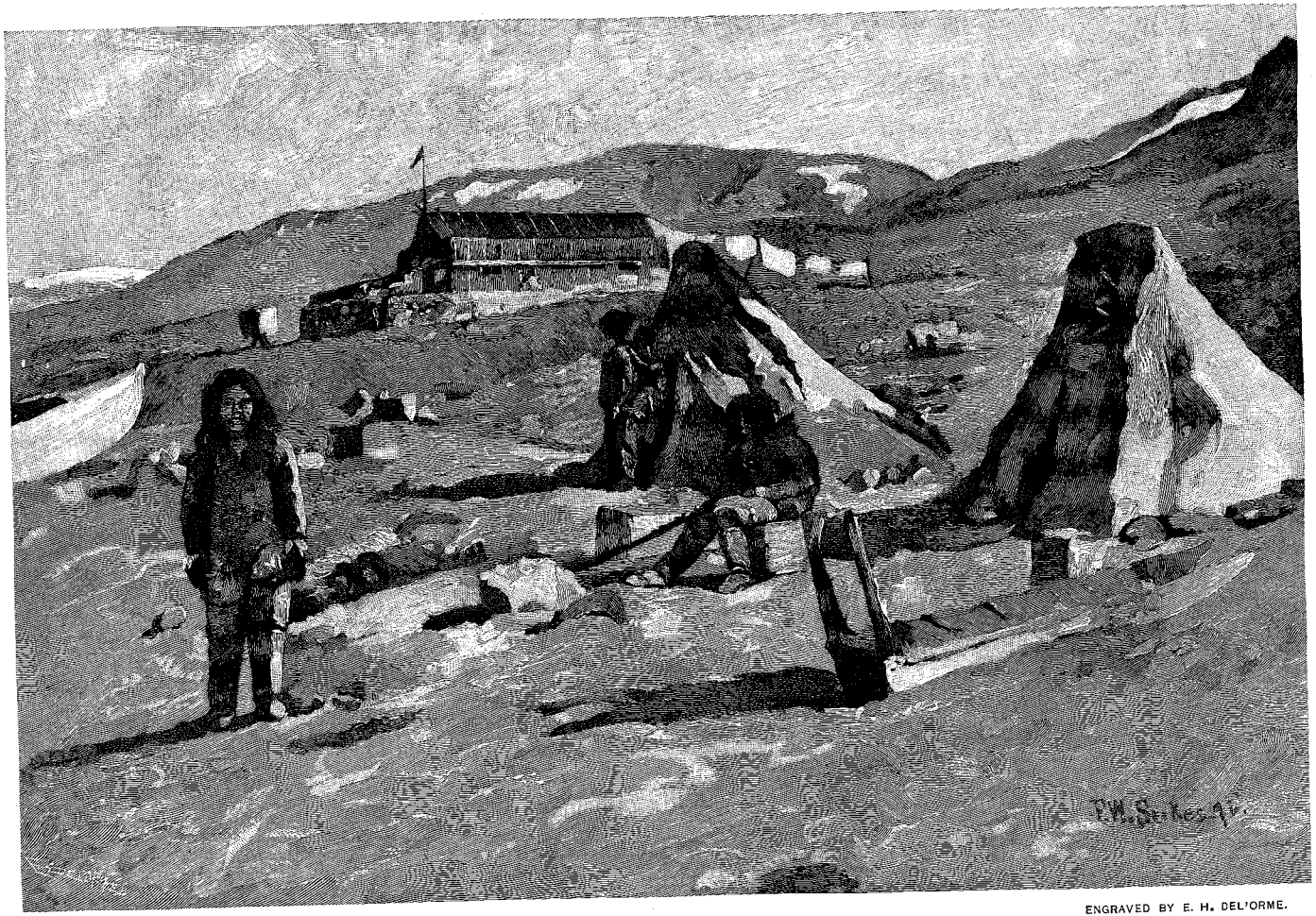

DRAWN BY F. W STOKES.

Redcliffe House, the Winter Quarters of the Peary Party, and Eskimo Encampment.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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his assistant. A determination to aid our expedition to the fullest extent possible was made manifest from the moment that our arrival was officially announced.

We secured some fur clothing for our equipment, and what we thought to be of greater importance to ourselves, the services of an Eskimo interpreter and servant, Daniel Johannes Matthias Isaiah Broberg, a nephew of the wealthiest native of Godhavn, and brother of Nicholas Broberg, who in 1883 acted in a like capacity for the second Greely Relief Expedition. Daniel, like most of the Eskimos of Godhavn, was inordinately fond of his tobacco, and it was rarely that he was to be found without his pipe; speaking, eating, or sleeping, his pipe appeared to be his most faithful and constant companion. The stipulations of our contract with him were, that he was to receive £3 10*s.* per month; that he was not to receive any orders from the ship's men; not to be obliged to draw, by himself, a sledge over the inland ice; to be remunerated for the breakage of an arm or leg, or for other bodily mutilation; to be returned to Godhavn. These stipulations, which were exacted from a fear of ill-treatment engendered through experiences associated with former expeditions, and which have made it all but impossible to secure the services of any of the Eskimos of the Inspectorate, were supplemented with a special recommendation for a pair of pantaloons.

At 1.30 P.M. of the 16th we fired our parting salute, and dipping our colors to the ship Constancia, which was then lying in port, slowly withdrew from the shadow of the tall cliffs which give to the harbor its most impressive aspect. Our destination was Upernivik, the most northerly of the Danish settlements, and the most northern settlement of civilization on the surface of the globe. We remained here but a few hours, our sole purpose being the exchange of civilities with the Danish officials resident there. Herr Inspector Andersson and Governor and Mrs. Beyer extended to us an open-hearted welcome, and with it the full hospitality which their house offered.

A more exquisite day than that which marked our departure from Upernivik, could scarcely be conceived. The white lumps of ice which almost choked the harbor, and the glare from whose surfaces fairly dazzled the eye, were a marked contrast to the delicious warmth which was supplied by an Arctic 52° F.

Desolate fogs, however, broke in upon the evening and night, and it was not until two o'clock of the following afternoon (the 19th) that we were enabled to make a landing on the outer Duck Island. The Devil's Thumb, that most notable landmark, 2,347 feet in elevation, on the western coast of Greenland, should have been made before midnight; but the ice-bound fogs obliged a halt throughout the greater part of the evening and night hours. The twentieth of the month, the day that had been fixed upon for our arrival at Melville Bay, actually found us there, and we stood confronting the northern ice.

No real difficulty was encountered in the passage of this much dreaded region of the Arctic seas. An accumulation of shore-ice prevented us from following the coast in the track of the daring whalers, but about twenty-five miles seaward comparatively little heavy ice, beyond broken and rotten pans, was encountered, and were it not for a continuous lowering fog, little hindrance to a free navigation would have been presented. The water itself was as smooth as a mirror, with only the smallest ripples to break its surface; the temperature of the air was at all times above the freezing points.

At 8 A.M. of July 22d we were off Cape York, and had completed the passage of the Bay; the high land was first sighted shortly after midnight, but beyond a momentary appearance, it remained shrouded in the heavy fog until the early hours of morning. Gray cliffs of granite, moss-grown and grass-grown on their favored slopes, with here and there a glacier peacefully slumbering in their deeper hollows, mark the exit from the ice-bound Melville Bay to the open north water. For sixty hours after leaving the Duck Islands the condition of the weather had been such that no observations for position could be taken; our course had been one solely of compass and dead-reckoning.

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Considering the sluggishness of the compass in these regions, and the almost endless number of detours which a course in the fog among the ice-pans necessitates, one could not but be impressed by the general directness of the traverse, and the exactitude with which

M'gipsu—a Woman of the Arctic Highlanders. Sketched from life.

it was terminated. Barely fifty hours were required for the passage from the Devil's Thumb to Cape York, and had there been no fog, even with the large quantity of ice that was present, the time would probably have been reduced by from fifteen to twenty hours.

At the Eskimo settlement, a few miles to the eastward of Cape York—the settlement commonly known as that of Cape York—we obtained the first information regarding the Peary party. A shaggily bearded Eskimo, one of the tallest and most stalwart of the tribe of so-called Arctic Highlanders,* measuring not less than five feet nine inches in height, had passed some part of the winter about the "Peary igdloo" on McCormick Bay, and consequently could state something from personal knowledge. Our extremely limited acquaintance with the Eskimo tongue, combined with the difficulty with which our interpreter grasped the sense of the northern dialect, made progress in a mutual comprehension slow and wearisome; but enough was made clear that at last accounts, extending back to a period of some four or five months, the members of the party—all of whom were indicated by name—were doing well. A rude drawing, representing with fair precision the geographical contours of the region, showed that they were at that time still on McCormick Bay, and provided with both boats and sledges. Coupled with this information we were made to understand, as, indeed, we had already known previous to our departure—that one of the vessels of the Melville Bay whaling fleet had been crushed in the ice.

The arrival of the Kite at this first outpost of the northern Eskimos was the signal for much quiet happiness on the part of the natives. Scarcely had the vessel made fast to a cake of ice before she was boarded by the happy people—men, women, and children—who, true to the instincts of an honest nature, required no invitation to bid them welcome. They stayed until they had satisfied every curiosity, or until the steam whistle announced the prospective departure of the "Oomeakshua"—the "big woman's boat," as the natives style every large vessel. Among the visitors I recognized a number of familiar faces, but the majority of my associates of last year seemed to be absent. A limping old man who had been known to Hayes was dead, and other members of the tribe had departed.

A special purpose in calling at the settlement of Cape York, or Ignamine, was the distribution among the natives of gifts of charity which had been generously contributed by citizens of Philadelphia and Westchester. Boards cut to the length of sledges, strips for kayak frames, hardware, and utensils of various kinds, cooking implements, etc., were a part of the bountiful cargo that was to give joy and wealth to a rugged people—a people to whom a barrel stave or a needle was an almost priceless treasure. Words fail to describe the scene of animation which marked the bestowal of the awards. There were no rude attempts to obtain possession of any special article, no boisterous demonstrations of superiority; each man or woman received his or her gifts with a dignity and calm composure which were truly remarkable, in view of the wealth which the presents

* See "The Arctic Highlander," by Benjamin Sharp, Ph.D., in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1892.

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conveyed. Their expression of extreme delight was told in the few syllables "Na, na, na, nay."

After a delay of a few hours, necessitated in part by the fog, the Kite pushed into the North Water, where no floes or pack-ice were encountered. Passing Conical Rock at midnight, the expedition steamed to Wolstenholme Island, on the western spur of which it had been prearranged that records should be left by Mr. Peary, in the event of a forced early retreat, but no cairn was discovered. My own advice of the prospective Relief Expedition, which had been deposited on the same island nearly six weeks earlier (June 13th), by Captain Phillips, of the whaler Esquimaux, was picked up by my men and found to be undisturbed. The party of exploration had manifestly not yet passed to the south. Shortly after 5 A.M. (of the 23d), the Kite shaped her course to Whale Sound, and early in the evening of the same day, after discharging a second cargo of charities to the Eskimos of Barden Bay, made the passage between Northumberland and Herbert Islands. Throughout the greater part of the day there prevailed a balmy and spring-like temperature which was in striking harmony with the warm, sunlit effects which the landscape everywhere presented. We were less than nine hundred miles from the Pole, yet the thermometer could not be coaxed down even to the freezing-point; in the sun the mercury rose rapidly to near the 60° line. Thousands of ice fragments, thrown out by one of the arms of the great Tyndall Glacier, covered the silvered surface of the sea; while off in the distance swung out in majestic line the flotilla of bergs to which the giant glaciers of Inglefield Gulf have given birth. Murchison Sound was reached at ten o'clock, and only ten miles now intervened between our ship and the spot where, a year before, the "West Greenland" party saw fashioned the wooden shelter which was to give lodgement to the brave seven who composed the Peary party. Expectancy is now at full height, and from every point of vantage on the vessel comes the desire to possess the eyes that see the first and farthest. The bow, the rigging, the bridge, and crow's nest, are all in active competition, but the award of victory is to be withheld for some time as yet. McCormick Bay opens up broadly to the east, its moving ice-field joining with the endless fleet of bergs which are slowly coursing to the open sea. Five miles more are covered, and the Kite plunges into the soft pack, but no sign of human life or habitation is as yet apparent. Through the clear night air is sent the boom of the ship's cannon, but only reverberations from the barren crags answer. Save the occasional crackling of a feeble iceberg, and the noise of the ship's machinery, all is as quiet as the grave. A second discharge follows, accompanied by the shrill tones of the steam-whistle, but still no answer. The red cliffs of Cape

Tong-eh. Sketched from life at McCormick Bay, August 18, 1892.

Cleveland are now near to us, and the range of vision, except for an intercepting berg, covers the site which we know to be that of the Peary igdloo. Presently from far aloft comes the welcome: "They are answering us with a gun." No sound was audible, but the keen eye of Second Mate Dunphy had detected smoke. Three long shrieks from our siren, as a token of welcome, and the pennant swings to the breeze. When the ship's thunder once more broke the ominous silence a small speck appeared upon the water's surface. "They are coming to meet us in

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a boat," came the cry from aloft, and the field-glass confirmed the observation from the crow's nest. In the nearing boat were Verhoeff, Cook, and Gibson, who had come with Eskimo friends to greet the strange apparitions from the South. A half hour before the midnight hour they boarded our vessel, and we obtained from them the happy tidings that everything was well. Lieutenant Peary, who had entirely recovered from the accident of last summer, was, at the time of the arrival of the Kite, with young Astrup, traversing the vast wilderness of the inland ice, while the heroic wife of the commander, with Matthew Henson, was encamped at the head of the bay, some fifteen miles distant, awaiting the return of the explorers.

The members of the Peary party who had come out to meet us showed no signs of a struggle with a hard winter. Their bronzed faces spoke more for a perpetual tropical sunlight than for a sunless Arctic night, the memories of which had long since vanished as a factor in their present existence. No serious illness of any kind had invaded the household during a twelve months' absence from civilization. The expedition quarters presented a very different appearance from what they did a year before when the Kite steamed out from McCormick Bay. The diminutive two-roomed house, which then stood solitary and uninviting in its own field of scattered mountain-pink and poppy, roofless to the elements and unprotected from the blasts which were hurled against the sides of board and tar-paper, was now the focus of a busy world that had congregated about. A colony of Eskimos, whose members had been gathered in from various settlements along the coast, had established themselves on the same free soil of nature, eager to reap the benefits which a contact with civilization might bring, and ever ready to give a helping hand to those whom they now recognized as superiors. The twenty or more natives were lodged in five tupics, or skin summer tents, about which were gathered a variety of paraphernalia necessary to the Eskimo household and an amount of odor which only weeks—more likely months—of abrasion and ablution could efface. If cleanliness was not a virtue with these people, their honesty, cheerfulness, and good-will made amends for the lack of a quality which a defective vision has assigned to be the first attribute of Godliness. The majority of the men and women were of low stature, the tallest of the latter, fat Itushakshui, the mother of an exceedingly winsome young bride of thirteen, Tongwingwa, measuring only 4 feet 8 inches. M'gipsu, the shortest of the mothers, measured only 4 feet 4 inches. The men are, with few exceptions, taller than the women, but even among them a stature exceeding five feet is a rarity rather than the reverse, although such exceptional cases are less rare among the people of the region about Cape York than further northward.

The moment that the Kite appeared in McCormick Bay the natives recognized that a "circus had come to town." A few of them had seen the vessel, or one similar to it, before, but to the majority the Oomeakhshua was an unimaginable novelty. At all hours of "night" and day, when a transfer could readily be made from the shore, men, women, and children would gather to her sides, eager to obtain mementos of our journey in the shape of biscuits, soup, or thimbles. The deck and cabins underwent a daily inspection, as did also the forecastle and every other available spot of interest which the ship offered. These visits to us ultimately became a source of some annoyance, since they interfered largely with the work—the making of skin boots and clothing, fashioning of sledges and kayaks, etc.—which had been laid out for them by the Peary party. So long as the vessel was in sight and approachable, it formed the uppermost thought in their minds, more especially of the women. Stitching seal-boots, or kamiks, or chewing hides to render them pliable, was of little moment so long as good-hearted Captain Pike gave them welcome with him, and dealt out rations of bread and biscuit. On two occasions we were favored with a song and dance, the instrumental accompaniment being given on a stretched

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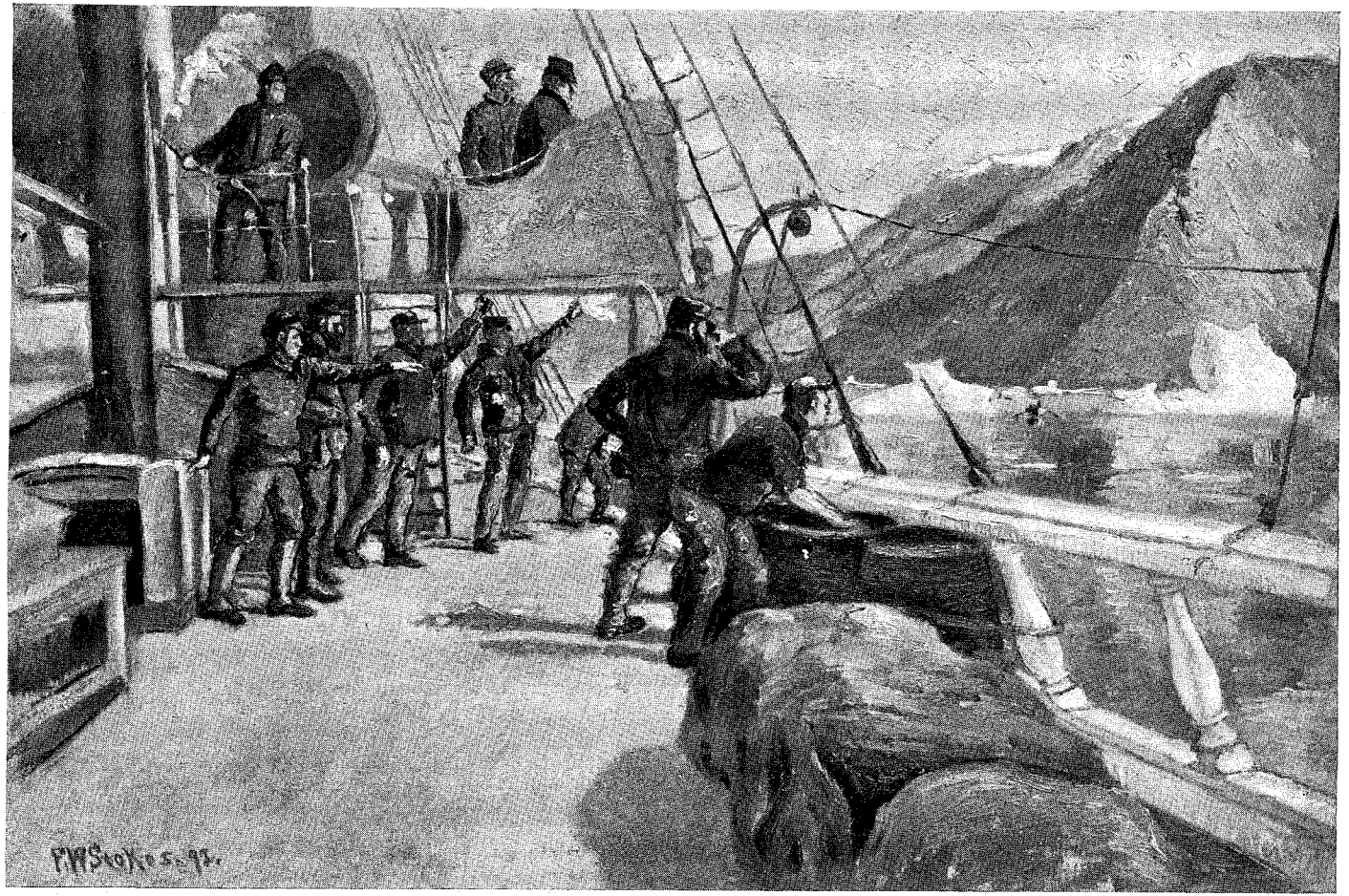

DRAWN BY F. W. STOKES.

The Approach to McCormick Bay, July 23, 1892—First Sight of Peary's Party.

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drum-like hide, the frame of which was beat to a three-time with a splinter of ivory. The most popular melody — the one which is supposed to have curative powers when sung by the "angekoks" or wise men of the settlement — consisted of a succession of yah, yah, yahs, and scarcely anything more, which fell in rhythmic cadence from a high crescendo to a tremulous under-note, suggestive of almost any range of possibilities.

Almost immediately after our arrival a message was sent up by special Eskimo express to Mrs. Peary, informing her of our coming, and in a few short hours a welcome greeting was returned to the relief party. I visited her camp on the following day (25th). The bay was still largely closed with ice, and the upper part was accessible only by way of the long shore line, on which a lingering ice-foot had set its heavy masses of frozen sea. Just outside the tent, in the midst of a mosquito-tract which, for the quality and quantity of its musical tenants, could readily vie with the more favored spots of the tropics, I met the brave woman who was the first of her sex to dare the terrors of the North Arctic winter. She had come to meet me and pressed a cordial invitation to follow to her cosey shelter. The little white tent, whose only furniture consisted of two sleeping-bags of reindeer-fur, stood on a patch of meadow-land facing the bay and across it the bold granite bluffs which to the outer world marked the last traces of the departed explorers, and over whose nearly vertical walls it was hoped that fortune would favor an early return. A range of steep heights, over whose declivities a number of glaciers protruded their arms caterpillar-like in the direction of the sea, formed the desolate background. Eastward the eye gazed upon the interminable ice-cap, with its long sweep of gentle swells and undulations—a land lost between the sky and the earth; westward it fell upon the broad expanse of the bay whose half-congealed surface passed hazily to the distant sea beyond. This was the picture of the spot where Mrs. Peary, almost alone among the few wild flowers by which she was surrounded, had passed full nine days with but a single companion to help relieve the dreary and anxious hours of waiting. The experiences of a year had told lightly on her, and there was nothing to indicate regret for a venture which no woman had heretofore braved and which only noble devotion had dictated.

Recognizing, with the late day of his departure from McCormick Bay (May 1st), that Mr. Peary could not readily return from his hazardous journey before the first week of August, and that no purpose would be subserved by the relief party remaining at their present quarters until that time, I ordered out the Kite on the following morning to proceed to Smith Sound, hoping that a fortunate combination of circumstances might permit us to make a traverse of the front of the great Humboldt Glacier. In this hope, however, we were destined to be disappointed. No more delightful weather could have been conceived than that which marked the day of our departure northward. A flood of light poured over the landscape, illumining it with a radiance which only the snows and ice of the far north or of Alpine summits can reflect. Scarcely a breath of air disturbed the hundreds of bergs and "berglets" which floated lazily by, impelled by the gentle current of the deep blue sea, and barely a ripple, save where the little auk had congregated in hundreds to disport awhile in the warm sunshine, broke the surface of the mirror into whose inner depths we cast our images. Fifty miles northward the headland of Cape Alexander stood out with a boldness that was almost startling in its effects, while beyond it a few minor heights marked the passage into that forbidding tract of sea and ice from which so many brave hearts have never returned. Before we had reached Littleton Island the ominous ice-blink only too plainly told us that ice was ahead; Smith Sound was closed from Greenland to the American side. At midnight we were brought up by the "pack;" Cape Sabine, memorable in the annals of Arctic discovery as the scene of disaster and of heroic rescue, was to our left, and Rensselaer Harbor, equally memo-

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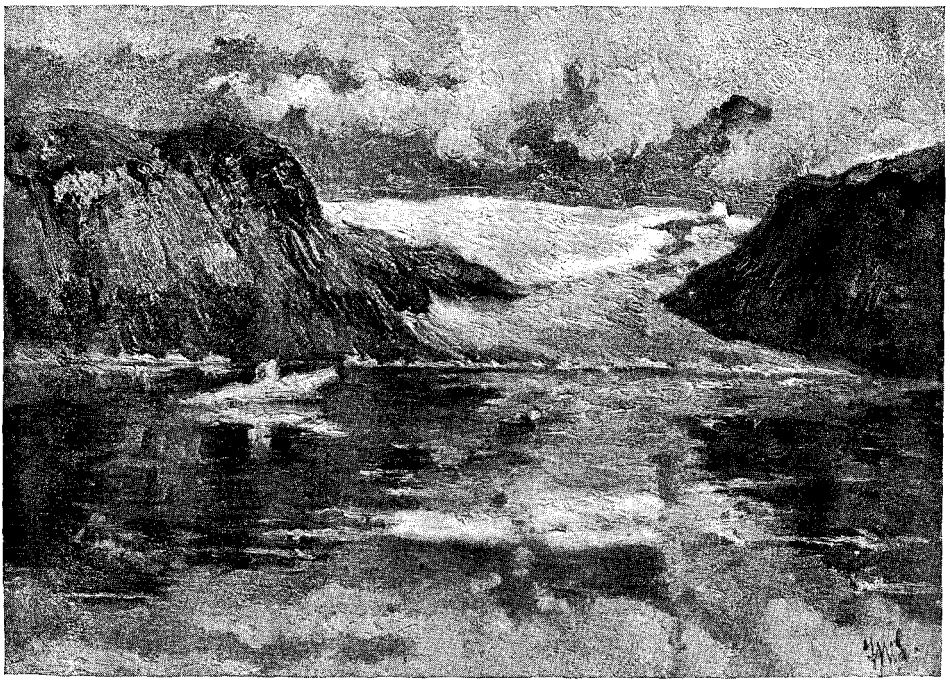

The Verhoeff Glacier—where the last traces of Mr. Verhoeff, the Mineralogist, were found.

rable as the winter quarters of the Advance of Kane, a few miles to the eastward. The ice was somewhat heavier than the "pack" of Melville Bay, in which we were imprisoned the summer previous, but it yet bore the same quiet and tranquil air, wholly unsuggestive of power-possession. The hummocky sheets, measuring from six to ten feet in thickness, and showing but a single lead in their midst, had manifestly not yet begun to break for the season, and therefore all efforts to reach the glacier at this time must be fruitless. Although nine years had elapsed since the crushing of the Proteus, the experiences of that desolate July 23d were still too vivid in the mind of our captain to permit of any risks being taken on this occasion. With his back turned to the snow-clad slopes of Cape Sabine, and gazing upon the uncovered and to him less reminiscent heights of the Greenland coast, he announced that we had reached the journey's end. The Humboldt Glacier was invisible, although farther off to the northward, the prominences of Capes Hawkes and Louis Napoleon, and possibly also that of Cape Imperial, carried the eye quite to the border line of, or even beyond, the eightieth parallel.

The front ice of the Smith Sound pack is the home of the walrus. Hundreds of these animals were disporting themselves in the silent hours of a sunlit midnight; here a few gathered on tablets of floating ice, others leisurely paddling about with an abandon truly majestic. Their frolics immediately called to mind the gambols of pups and kittens. No animal, probably, save the Bengal tiger, offers the same amount of sport to the huntsman as does this king of the northern waters. Every attack resulting in a wounded animal can be safely relied upon for a counter-attack, which is prosecuted with an audacity no less remarkable than the energy with which it is sustained. A wounded walrus will not infrequently call for assistance to a number of its associates, and woe be then to the huntsman if, in the general struggle, one of the infuriated animals should place its tusks on the inner side of the little craft that has gone out to do battle.

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DRAWN BY F. W. STOKES.

The Meeting of Mr. Peary and the Relief Expedition on the Ice-cap, August 5, 1892, at 11.30 p.m.

ENGRAVED BY PECKWELL.

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The largest specimen secured by us measured, from the tip of the nose to the extended hind flippers, somewhat more than thirteen feet (to the extremity of the spinal column, eleven feet four inches); its weight was estimated to be between fifteen hundred and two thousand pounds, but not impossibly it was considerably more.

In our return southward to McCormick Bay, which began shortly before five o'clock of the morning of July 27th, explorations were extended into Port Foulke and Sonntag Bay, where were located the "tribes" of the Etah and Sorfalik Eskimo, the most northerly of the inhabitants of the globe. Only empty huts, five or six at each locality, a few grave heaps, and distributed rubbish of one kind or another, now indicated a former possession of the land; adverse conditions of the chase had driven away the inhabitants, who had departed south to add their little mite to the colonists of the Whale Sound region. The last of the Etahs had joined the cantonment about the Peary igdloo. That the region of Port Foulke had only recently been abandoned was proved by the generally good state of preservation of the stone huts, not less than by the newly arranged fox-traps that were outlying. A return of the departed could probably be expected in a more propitious year. In Sonntag Bay an effort was made to ascertain the possibilities of some of the large glaciers as a means of communication with the upper ice or ice-cap. The fact that in many of these northern ice-streams crevasses were largely or almost entirely wanting, or were so completely closed as to show but mere rifts on the surface, seemed to indicate that a direct highway of travel, accessible alike to sledge and man, could be found on the moving ice. A first attempt on a northeast glacier, with a sledge loaded to about two hundred pounds, proved abortive; the high terminal wall and abrupt lateral slopes, while they offered no serious hindrance to man in the capacity of a pedestrian, blocked the approach of the toboggan, as would, indeed, have also done the numerous crevasses which cut across the ice in its lower border. A second attempt, made on the huge glacier discharging into the eastern extremity of the bay, proved more successful. Ascending over the feebly depressed lateral moraine of the left side, no difficulty was encountered in transferring our impedimenta to the surface of the glacier, which was practically solid, and almost without rift for miles from its termination. The even crust of the ice, which at the early hour of twelve had barely begun to yield to the softening influences of a midnight sun, offered little obstacle to the traction of our sledge, and before five hours had passed, we had planted our stakes in the névé basin, 2,050 feet above the sea. A portion of the immediate ice-cap was below us, some of it eighty or a hundred feet higher up; the feasibility of the passage had been demonstrated.

Later experiences on some of the more southerly and still more gigantic glaciers only further demonstrated the accessibility of the ice-cap along a route of travel where the gradient was scarcely ten degrees, and in many parts considerably less. Indeed, the slope of many of the northern glaciers for miles does not exceed three to five degrees.

We arrived at our old quarters in McCormick Bay in the evening of the 29th. The balmy weather that had thus far accompanied us still gave the sensation of spring, but an impending change was perceptible. The last two or three evenings had grown measurably cooler, and the drooping sun indicated a drawing approach to cold weather and wintry nights. Anticipating a probable return of Mr. Peary toward the close of the first week in August, the Kite, with Mrs. Peary and Matthew Henson added to my party, steamed on the 4th to the head of the bay, and there dropped anchor. On the following day a reconnaissance of the inland ice, with a view of locating signal posts to the returning explorers was made by the members of the expedition. A tedious half-hour's march over boggy and bowldery talus brought us to the base of the cliffs, at an elevation of three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet, where the true ascent was to begin. The line of march is up a precipitous water-channel, everywhere encompassed by bowlders, on which, despite its steep-

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ness, progress is rapid. The virtual crest is reached about six hundred and fifty feet higher, and then the gradual uprise of the stream-valley begins. Endless rocks, rounded and angular—the accumulation of former ground and lateral moraines—spread out as a vast wilderness, rising to the ice-cap in superimposed benches or terraces. At an elevation slightly exceeding eighteen hundred feet we reach the first tongue of the ice. Rounding a few outlying "nunataks"—uncovered hills of rock and bowlders—we bear east of northeast, heading as nearly as possible in the direction from which, so far as the lay of the land would permit us to determine, the return would most likely be made. The ice-cap swells up higher and higher in gentle rolls ahead of us, and with every advance to a colder zone it would seem that the walking, or rather wading, becomes more and more difficult. One by one we plunge through the yielding mass, gasping for breath, and frequently only with difficulty extricating ourselves. The hard crust of winter had completely disappeared, and not even the comparatively cool sun of midnight was sufficient to bring about a degree of compactness adequate to sustain the weight of the human body. At times almost every step buried the members of the party up to the knee or waist, and occasionally even a plunge to the armpits was indulged in by the less fortunate, to whom perhaps a superfluity of avoirdupois was now for the first time brought home as a lesson of regret. We have attained an elevation of 2,200 feet; at 4 P.M. the barometer registers 2,800 feet. The landscape of McCormick Bay has faded entirely out of sight; ahead of us is the grand and melancholy snow waste of the interior of Greenland. No grander representation of nature's quiet mood could be had than this picture of the endless sea of ice — a picture of lonely desolation not matched in any other part of the earth's surface. A series of gentle rises carries the eye far into the interior, until in the dim distance, possibly three-quarters of a mile or a full mile above sea-level, it no longer distinguishes between the chalky sky and the gray-white mantle which locks in with it. No lofty mountain-peak rises out of the general surface, and but few deep valleys or gorges bight into it; but roll follows roll in gentle sequence, and in such a way as to annihilate all conceptions of space and distance. This is the aspect of the great "ice-blink." It is not the picture of a wild and tempestuous nature, forbidding in all its details, but of a peaceful and long-continued slumber.

At 5.45 P.M., when we took a first luncheon, the thermometer registered 42° F.; the atmosphere was quiet and clear as a bell, although below us, westward to the islands guarding the entrance to Murchison Sound, and eastward to a blue corner of Inglefield Gulf, the landscape was deeply veiled in mist. Shortly after nine o'clock we had reached an elevation of 3,300 feet, and there, at a distance of about eight miles from the border of the ice-cap, we planted our first staff — a lash of two poles, rising about twelve feet and surmounted by cross-pieces and a red handkerchief. One of the cross-pieces read as follows: "To head of McCormick Bay—Kite in port—August 5, 1892."

A position for a second staff was selected on an ice-dome about two and a half miles from the present one, probably a few hundred feet higher, and commanding a seemingly uninterrupted view to all points of the compass. Solicitous over the condition of the feet of some of my associates, I ordered a division of the party, with a view of sparing unnecessary fatigue and the discomfort which further precipitation into the soft snow entailed. Mr. Bryant, in command of an advanced section, was entrusted with the placing of the second staff, while the remaining members of the party were to effect a slow retreat, and await on dry ground the return of the entire expedition. Scarcely had the separation been arranged before a shout burst upon the approaching midnight hour which made everybody's heart throb to its fullest. Far off to the northeastward, over precisely the spot that had been selected for the placing of the second staff, Entrikin's clear vision had detected a black speck that was foreign to the

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Greenland ice. There was no need to conjecture what it meant: "It is a man; it is moving," broke out almost simultaneously from several lips, and it was immediately realized that the explorers of whom we were in quest were returning victoriously homeward. An instant later a second speck joined the first, and then a long black object, easily resolved by my field-glass into a sledge with dogs in harness, completed the strange vision of life upon the Greenland ice. Cheers and hurrahs followed in rapid succession—the first that had ever been given in a solitude whose silence, before that memorable summer, had never been broken by the voice of man.

The distance was as yet too great for the sound to be conveyed to the approaching wanderers, but the relief party had already been detected, and their friends hastened to extend to them a hearty welcome. Like a veritable giant, clad in a suit of deer and dog skin, and gracefully poised on Canadian snow-shoes, the conqueror from the far north plunged down the mountain slope. Behind him followed his faithful companion, young Astrup, barely more than a lad, yet a tower of strength and endurance; he was true to the traditions of his race and of his earlier conquests in the use of the Norwegian snow-skate or "ski." With him were the five surviving Eskimo dogs, seemingly as healthy and powerful as on the day of their departure.

In less than an hour after Lieutenant Peary was first sighted, and still before the passage of the midnight hour of that memorable August 5th, culminated that incident on the inland ice which was the event of a lifetime. Words cannot describe the sensations of the moment which bore the joy of the first salutation. Mr. Peary extended a warm welcome to each member of my party, and received in return hearty congratulations upon the successful termination of his journey. Neither of the travellers looked the worse for their three months' toil in the interior, and both, with characteristic modesty, disclaimed having overcome more than ordinary hardships. Fatigue seemed to be entirely out of the question, and both Mr. Peary and Mr. Astrup bore the appearance of being as fresh and vigorous as though they had but just entered upon their great journey.

After a brief recital of personal experiences, and the interchange of American and Greenland news, the members of the combined expedition turned seaward, and thus terminated a most dramatic incident. A more direct meeting than this one on the bleak wilderness of Greenland's ice-cap could not have been had, even with all the possibilities of prearrangement.

At 4.30 of the morning of August 6th Mr. Peary met his devoted and courageous wife; and on the following day, in the wake of a storm which grounded the good rescue ship and for a time threatened more serious complications, the Kite triumphantly steamed down to the Peary winter quarters at the Redcliffe House.

The results of the Peary expedition justify all the anticipations that had been pinned to it. Apart from its worth in determining the insularity of Greenland—thereby setting at rest a question which had disturbed the minds of geographers and statesmen for a period of three centuries, or since the days of Lord Burleigh—it has forever removed that tract from a consideration of complicity in the main workings of the Great Ice Age. The inland ice-cap, which by many has been looked upon as the lingering ice of the Glacial Period, stretching far into the realm of the Pole itself, has been found to terminate throughout its entire extent at approximately the eighty-second parallel; beyond this line follows a region of past glaciation—uncovered to-day, and supporting an abundance of plant and animal life not different from that of the more favored regions southward. Over this tract has manifestly been effected that migration of organic forms from the west and to the west which has assimilated the faunas and floras of eastern Greenland with those of other regions; indeed, man's own migrations are probably bound up with this northern tract. Significant, too, is the discovery of giant glaciers passing northward from the inland ice-cap, and discharging their icebergs into the frozen sea beyond. The largest of these, named

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the Academy Glacier, and measuring from fifteen to twenty miles in width, empties on the northeast coast into Independence Bay, under the eighty-second parallel.

Shortly after the return from the interior of the exploring party, and pending preparations for the final departure southward, happened that one incident to the expedition which in any way marred the brilliancy of its exploits. It was at this time that Mr. Verhoeff, the meteorologist and mineralogist of the North Greenland party, undertook that last search after rock-specimens from which he never again returned to meet his associates. He was last seen on the morning of August 11th, when he stated his intention of visiting the Eskimo settlement of Kukan, across the northern wall of McCormick Bay, and a mineral locality well known to him. Failing to appear at an early day, fears were entertained for his safety, and a systematic and scattered search was immediately instituted by our combined parties, assisted by nine specially selected Eskimos and several members of the ship's crew. The search was extended almost unremittingly throughout seven days and nights, over mountain, ice, and glacier, and with a thoroughness that left no large area of accessible country uncovered. Final traces of the missing man, consisting of partially obliterated footprints, a few rock fragments placed on a bowlder, and bits of paper from a meat-tin label, were discovered on the lateral ice adjoining a huge and largely rifted glacier, which discharges into the eastern extremity of the first indentation north of McCormick Bay. All indications pointed to an attempted passage of this ice sheet. A thorough survey of the glacier and of the approaches to it was made during three days, but only with a negative result. While easily traversed in its upper course, the lower portion of the ice-sheet presented an impassable barrier of crevasses and hummocks, studded with treacherous snow-bridges and deep holes, and it is all but certain that the unfortunate man met his fate here.* Under this conviction, and recognizing the futility of further search, the expedition regretfully returned to McCormick Bay, on the northwestern promontory of which (known as Cape Robertson), on Cairn Point, a cache of provisions was left by Lieutenant Peary.

The final departure from McCormick Bay took place on the day following the return from the search (the 24th). At 2.20 P.M. a parting salute was blown, and the Oomeakshua, whose presence had given so much joy to the rude children of the North, turned her nose homeward. Much ice, as a result of continuous south and southwest winds, had driven into the North Water and choked the shore passage of Melville Bay, but groping out in the direction of the "middle sea" we found our exit, and, early in the morning of the 30th, reached the first outpost of civilization, Godhavn. Without special incident, beyond the official courtesies which the expedition received at the capitals of the two Inspectorates of Greenland, Godhavn, and Godthaab, and which must forever remain among our pleasurable reminiscences, the voyage was continued to the port of destination of the Kite, St. John's, and thence to Philadelphia. The debarkation at the latter port was made between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of September 23d. The mission of the Relief Expedition had been accomplished.

* It is but proper to state here that a sister and uncle (the Rev. Mr. Keigwin) of Mr. Verhoeff believe the missing man to be still alive, and that he designedly separated himself from the expedition through a fondness for the life that he had been leading, and for the purpose of making a "record." No one wishes more heartily that this may be the fact than the writer of this article.

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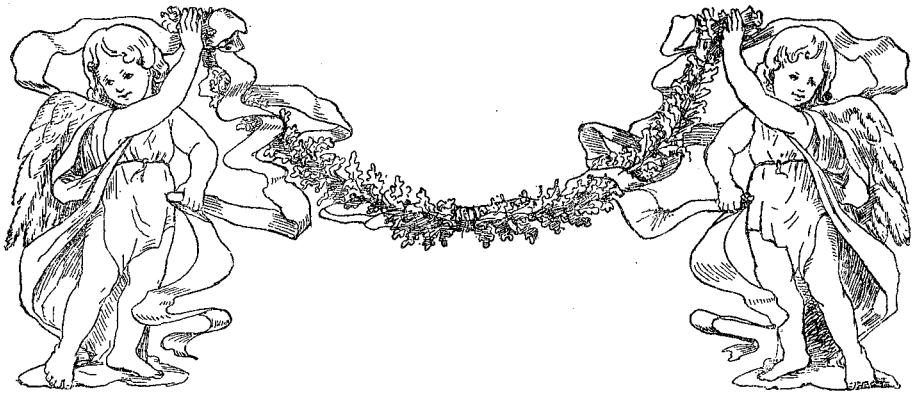

SONNETS AFTER THE ITALIAN.

By John Hall Ingham.

I.

All loveliest light that wraps the wold in dreams,
And haunts the shadowy deeps of moonlit skies,
And trembles through the mist of mountain streams,
Floats on her hair and softens in her eyes.
All sweetest sound in leafy knoll or nook
Of swaying bough and ecstasy of bird
And mossy murmurings of the hidden brook,
Is in her voice yet more melodious heard.
Nature in her doth hold high carnival,
Where fair things still a fairer guise employ;
There beauty hath no blemish, bliss no pall,
Sunshine no shadow, sainthood no alloy.
So blest is Paradise, so sad a fate
To wander ever on—without the gate!

II.

O Love, Love, Love! What else is there in life
That is immortal? War and hatred cease,
The sheath outlives the sword: the day of strife
Is prelude to the centuries of peace.
The night is but the shadow of the sun;
The evil, of the good. The atoms yearn
Each to the other—even as I turn
To thee, the type of all, yet being one.
As the poor peasant in the wayside shrine
Sees the Great Sacrifice, so I divine
The passion of the universe in thee.
—What do I say? How signifies to me
This world of God and men (nay, do not start!),
So thou but rest thy head upon my heart?

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. LINCOLN.

By the Marquis de Chambrun.

[The late Marquis de Chambrun (Charles Adolphe Pineton) was born at the Château de Carrière, near Marvejols, France, on August 10, 1831. He was a graduate of the École des Chartes and of the law faculty of Paris. Though a liberal, he was, from family traditions, attached to the legitimist branch of the royalist party that centred around the Comte de Chambord.

Under the empire, to which he was opposed, he left France and came over to the United States early in 1865, where he became an intimate friend of Charles Sumner, to whom his friendship for Alexis de Tocqueville was known. He accompanied President Lincoln on his journey to City Point and Petersburg. The following article was written in French shortly after Mr. Lincoln's death and remained among the Marquis's papers, where it was found at his death, which occurred in September, 1891.]

It was toward the close of February, 1865, at one of the weekly receptions at the White House, that I was first presented to Mr. Lincoln. Entering the drawing-room, I found him standing. As the crowd was great, each entering visitor was made to pass quickly before him. When my turn came, I briefly expressed the interest I took in the Northern victories. I added that, so far as I could judge, they concerned in the highest degree all nations who enjoyed liberty, or who aspired to possess it. He seemed grateful for this cordial adhesion which I gave to his views, and answered that he was particularly happy to hear them expressed by a Frenchman. These were the only words we exchanged on that day. From this first interview I could naturally only bring home a very superficial impression of the man I had thus seen.

On March 4th, the day appointed for Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration, I was able to observe him more closely. This inauguration was to take place under memorable circumstances. By Mr. Lincoln's re-election the American people had clearly signified its political intentions: the war was to be carried on to ultimate success and slavery to be abolished. Such were the solemn and decisive utterances of the national will, and it had endowed the Union armies with a new and irresistible impetus.

As the Vice-president is by right President of the Senate, it is by his admission to office that the inauguration solemnities begin. Vice-president Johnson was still speaking when Mr. Lincoln entered the Senate chamber. He crossed it slowly and took his seat at the foot of the President's chair. From his seat he faced the assembly.

Hardly had he seated himself, when I saw him close his eyes and abstract himself completely, as though absorbed in deep meditation. Far from seeking the glances of those who sought his own, he seemed suddenly to become sad.

When the Vice-president had been duly sworn into office, the procession marched onward, the President heading it, escorted by those appointed to introduce him to the people. Following came Chief Justice Chase, who also, according to custom, was to administer the oath of office. Then, regardless of order or precedence, followed Senators, Congressmen, and a few invited guests. When we had crossed the rotunda, the President advanced upon the platform amid enthusiastic applause. A scene indeed new to us, and momentous to America, was then before us.

At the horizon of that applauding multitude were arrayed those battalions which Grant had summoned for the campaign about to open, and among them several negro companies. Between these lines of men and the columns which upheld the platform, the eye met a compact mass, the aspect of which was rough and energetic; in its midst stood a multitude of negroes but

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yesterday freed, and for the first time admitted to take part in a national solemnity.

When the hurrahs had ceased, Mr. Lincoln began reading his address, and hardly had he read its first sentence, when none could question its immense success.

The utterance, in almost a religious manner, of his thought, seemed to speak out the very sentiments of all his listeners, and the condemnation of slavery which he was pronouncing, intermixed here and there with biblical quotations, seemed tinged with something of the eloquence of the prophets.

"Fondly do we hope," he concluded, "fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and that every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

As Mr. Lincoln was thus invoking the aid of the Almighty on behalf of the holy cause he was defending, little did he know how near his eloquent prayer was to being granted.

On or about March 20th, General Grant had completed the concentration of his forces; at that moment the Army of the Potomac presented a new aspect; many unmistakable signs indicated that the final struggle was about to begin.

Mr. Lincoln started for the headquarters, which were at City Point. He had deemed his presence there necessary, in view of hastening the last arrangements, of being in personal readiness should any propositions come from Richmond, or of conveying his own political instructions to the Lieutenant-General. On the 25th, or about, the army began its march forward.

It was at City Point, on Wednesday, April 6th, that a small party of invited guests, which comprised members of the Cabinet and distinguished Senators, and in which Mrs. Lincoln had been kind enough to include me, came to join the President. We found him established on board the River Queen.

He led us at once to the drawing-room of that handsome boat. Curiously enough, it was in that very drawing-room, two months previous, that there had taken place, between Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, delegates from the Richmond government, on the one hand, and Messrs. Lincoln and Seward, on the other, the conference called that of Hampton Roads.

Mr. Lincoln showed us the place that each delegate had occupied, and spoke a moment about the details of that historic interview, which took place, as he himself told us, unrecorded by any secretary, the five men present not even having with them a pencil or bit of paper to note down what had been said or done.

But he remained silent regarding the questions agitated during the conference. One of the few confidants of Mr. Lincoln's thoughts, however, added, indicating the place occupied by Mr. Campbell at the interview: "From there came the only serious proposition." He was alluding to the proposed war with Mexico, which the rebel government had submitted, and which Mr. Lincoln's political uprightness had made him decline.

Drawing then from his pocket a bundle of papers, the President read to us the despatches he had just received from General Grant. In the midst of this reading he paused a moment, and went to fetch his maps. He soon returned holding them in his hands, and spreading them on a table, he showed us the place of each army corps, indicating further the exact spot where, according to General Grant's precise messages, it was certain that the rebels would lay down their arms.

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It seemed evident that his mind was satisfied and at rest; but in spite of the manifest success of his policy it was impossible to detect in him the slightest feeling of pride, much less of vanity. He spoke with the modest accent of a man who realizes that success has crowned his persistent efforts, and who finds in that very success the end of a terrible responsibility. He had visited Richmond, he said to us; the reception given him there did not seem to be of good omen; his only preoccupation appeared to be the necessity of wiping out the consequences of the civil war, and to drive the war itself from the memory of all, nay, even of its criminal instigators; far then, from feeling any resentment against the vanquished, he was rather inclined to place too much confidence in them.

After having thus explained to us the state of affairs, which seemed so satisfactory, Mr. Lincoln left us and went ashore to the headquarters. He was obliged, he told us, to draw up instructions for the Lieutenant-General.

We then spent the entire forenoon visiting the Federal encampments.

City Point two years before was still an ordinary farm; but Nature seemed to have destined that lonely spot for the great events, the theatre of which it was to be. And, as a matter of fact, it is precisely at that point that the Appomattox River, which flows from Petersburg, and the James, that sweeps by Richmond, unite. These two streams outline the natural limits of this geometrically designed area. It is a great triangle, of which Petersburg and Richmond are the basis and City Point the apex.

At that point the banks of the James are particularly high. When stragglers leave the beach to ascend the cliffs they are obliged to climb an immense stairway, at the top of which appears a first cluster of log-houses, forming a rectangle. At the centre of these, one somewhat higher than the rest attracts the eye. There, were the headquarters. Four tables, a few chairs, charts and maps covering the wooden walls, were all the furniture they possessed. Beyond this first group of log-houses extends a vast plain bordered at the horizon by long lines of pines. The many trunks of trees, half uprooted, noticeable on looking at the plain, attested that a year before wellnigh all this cleared space had been woodland. It was in this newly cleared plain that one of the Federal encampments had stood. Each corps, each regiment, was there located on a space of ground systematically assigned to it for camping purposes. In each of these spaces long lines of tents and log-huts were seen. Soldiers accustomed to clearing off woodland, as the Federal soldiers often were, had quickly made room for themselves in these woods; they had camped there as though it had been in a far Western forest.

When we visited this large encampment, however, it had been vacated. Nearly the entire army was with General Grant in pursuit of Lee. We even saw passing before us a number of negro regiments, marching onward to the scene of conflict. These were the last remaining available forces in the camp. General Grant had wired two hours before to direct them toward Burkesville. He needed them there, he said, not for fighting purposes, but to hem in the rebel army, which he was sure to capture entire.

As Mr. Lincoln had asked us to accompany him that day to Petersburg, we went to join him on the banks of the James. A train was in readiness. Strange as it may justly seem, in fact, Petersburg had fallen only six days before into the hands of the Federal forces, and already a railroad connected it with the camp. Our car was an ordinary American car, and we took seats in its centre, grouping ourselves around Mr. Lincoln. In spite of the car's being devoted to Mr. Lincoln's special use, several officers also took their places in it without attracting any remark. Curiosity, it seems, also had induced the negro waiters of the River Queen to accompany us. The President, who was blinded by no prejudices against race or color, and who had not what can be termed false dignity, allowed them to sit quietly with us.

For several miles the train followed the outer line of Federal fortifications

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which extended at our left; we were a half hour without noticing them; at the end of which time we reached a place known as Fort Steadman; there a battle had been fought less than a fortnight before. General Lee had made desperate efforts to break in the Federal lines at that point; the fight had been bloody, and its result disastrous for the Confederate army, which had made a disorderly retreat; the ground before us had been strewn with the dead. Since then, however, both armies had buried their dead and carried away their wounded. The ground, foot-trodden and here and there broken up by the wheels of artillery wagons, had retained no other traces of a past so recent and so terrible. Farther on we crossed the Confederate lines of defence that had protected Petersburg eight days ago; the guns were yet on their mountings, but no human sound troubled any longer that solitude. Soon Petersburg loomed up in the distance. Mr. Lincoln gazed a while on its first houses, which had been partly destroyed by Federal bullets. When we had passed these the train slackened its speed; it had been hardly possible to open us a path through this mass of ruins; at our left the depot buildings were torn down, on the right the railroad bridge had been wrenched by the explosion of a mine. It was Lee's army, said the President, which, on retiring toward Burkesville, had destroyed all lines of communications.

Arrived at Petersburg we inspected the town, in which everything bespoke desolation. All the houses were closed, the shops abandoned or pillaged; crowds of darkies were in the streets greeting and cheering loudly the author of their independence. Every now and then a white man could be seen hastening to take refuge in some house, in order to escape the sight of his conqueror. Here and there were seen houses burned by the explosion of shells or torn by bullets.

The headquarters were located at the other end of the town; we drove over to them. They occupied a pretty house, around which the vegetation of spring was already luxuriantly developing in this Southern climate. While Mr. Lincoln was in conference with the generals commanding the garrison, we visited this house without a master, and its gardens carefully laid out, but now abandoned. I asked one of the officers who escorted us the name of the former occupants of the place; I have now forgotten it. I only remember the following words of his answer: "These people were traitors."

Soon after we regained our carriages. While we were on the road which was to lead us back to the train, Mr. Lincoln noticed on the roadside a very tall and beautiful tree. He gave orders to stop the carriage, looked a while at the tree with particular attention, and then applied himself to defining its peculiar beauty. He admired the strength of its trunk, the vigorous development of branches, reminding one of the tall trees of Western forests, compared it to the great oaks in the shadow of which he had spent his youth, and strove to make us understand the distinctive character of these different types. The observations thus set forth were evidently not those of an artist who seeks to idealize nature, but of a man who seeks to see it as it really is; in short, that dissertation about a tree did not reveal an effort of imagination, but a remarkable precision of mind.

When the carriage again moved on, the topic of conversation changed, and Mr. Lincoln imparted to us the good news which the Federal commanders had given him. "Animosity in the town is abating," said he; "the inhabitants now accept accomplished facts, the final downfall of the Confederacy, and the abolition of slavery. There still remains much for us to do, but every day brings new reason for confidence in the future."

The inspection we made of the hospitals, on the afternoon of April 8th, was to show us war scenes under a different aspect, and Mr. Lincoln in a light altogether new. In the most salubrious portion of the vast plains where the encampments were located a large area had been reserved for ambulances. These were organized according to a plan as simple as it was

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logical. Each army corps had its separate ambulance space. This consisted of a large rectangle of ground divided by open corridors placed at equal distances from one another. Between these corridors stood a row of tents or of frame huts, each of which was capable of containing about twenty wounded. One side of these corridors was given up to officers, the other to privates. At the centre of each rectangle of ground was located a pharmacy, a kitchen, and that which Americans consider as always essential—a post-office. Those who have visited one of these tents or of these frame huts have seen them all. A Bible and newspapers were to be found on nearly every bed. The Christian Commission had distributed in each tent Bible verses printed in large type, and these had been hung on the walls.

Our visit began with the hospitals of the Fifth Corps. Mr. Lincoln went from one bed to another, saying a friendly word to each wounded man, or at least giving him a handshake. It was principally the Fifth Corps's mounted infantry which had been in battle under Sheridan during the preceding days; it had fought incessantly from Petersburg to Burkesville, over a distance of more than a hundred miles, and the enemy's fire had made cruel havoc in its ranks. The greater number of wounds were located in the abdominal regions, and were therefore of a serious character, and caused much suffering.

During these moments, when physical torture makes one nearly lose all self-control, the American displays a sort of stoicism which has nothing of affectation. A control, nearly absolute, over himself is the distinctive trait of his nature; it manifests itself in all phases of his life—in the depth of the wilderness, as well as upon the field of battle. His life is an incessant struggle, and when he falls in that struggle in which his life is at stake, he will suffer without complaining, for by complaining he would deem that he is lowering himself. Strange men they are, whom many approach and cannot understand, but who explain to him who does understand them the true greatness of their land.

Following Mr. Lincoln in this long review of the wounded, we reached a bed on which lay a dying man; he was a captain, aged twenty-four years, who had been noticed for his bravery. Two of his friends were near him; one held his hand, while the other read a passage from the Bible in a low voice. Mr. Lincoln walked over to him and took hold of his other hand, which rested on the bed. We formed a circle around him, and every one of us remained silent. Presently the dying man half-opened his eyes; a faint smile passed over his lips. It was then that his pulse ceased beating.

Our visit to the ambulances lasted over five hours. We inspected, with Mr. Lincoln, that of each corps. As we were visiting the wounded of the Ninth Corps, passing before the kitchen, one of the surgeons who accompanied us invited me to enter. In the midst of five or six servants stood a woman whose dress barely distinguished her from them, and who seemed to share the same labor they performed. On seeing her the surgeon went to her, spoke with marks of profound respect, and presented me. Soon after she left us a moment to give an order; then the officer said to me: "Miss G—— belongs to one of the wealthiest families of Massachusetts; when the war broke out, she gave up all comforts of life in order to devote herself to the following of those regiments which New England sent over to join the army. Since then she has lived with us, and her occupation has been to tend the wounded." Just then Miss G—— came back, and when I expressed to her the particular admiration which that sort of heroism awakened in me, "There is nothing peculiar in that," she answered. "You are not aware then, that nearly all our regiments are accompanied by women who share camp life in order to minister to the suffering soldiers. You would have found them in the Tennessee campaign, at the siege of Vicksburg, and as far as the Red River, just as you see me at the Potomac encampments." Before me was standing one of the most perfect types of New England womanhood. It was my first acquaintance with these women, whom I have often

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since had occasion to study; women in whom it may be said that the Puritan flame lighted some two hundred and fifty years ago still continues burning; who, in the performance of deeds most heroic, remain stiff and proud; who sustain themselves by efforts of stoical fortitude, and not by the more tender feelings of charity; who accomplish by a yearning of the mind what women of other countries would accomplish by a yearning of the heart; who aspire to command admiration, rather than to awaken gratitude; women, in short, whom the wounded must thank, but whom he cannot bless.

Finding Mr. Lincoln near by, I spoke to him of my encounter, and we returned together to the kitchen. Miss G—— urged the President to enter into what she was pleased to call her room, and invited us to enter with him. It was a small room adjoining the kitchen, in which was a soldier's bed, a table which stood on four rustic legs, and several tree-stumps in lieu of chairs.

While the conversation was in progress I noticed a book lying on a small table at the bedside. Finally I deciphered its name. It was a Bible. Its well-worn pages testified that it had been often read. Possibly Miss G—— sought in it, from preference, those texts where the Almighty is represented as marching along with the chosen people, mingling, so to speak, its cause with His own, and crushing down His enemies by acts of His omnipotence. She had doubtless seen in such descriptions a faithful reproduction of the American people, imagining that same God stretching out His protecting hand over the Federal armies, and, in such a religious view, she had derived a firmer conviction in the holiness of the Northern cause, and in its final triumph. She observed the sort of curiosity which the sight of that book stirred in me, and spoke of it to Mr. Lincoln. "That is not my only book," she added; "here is another I found in the pocket of a German soldier who died a few days ago." We looked at the book. It, too, had been often read. The title was: "How to Make One's Way in the World." Strange subject for this poor German to meditate; he who, dreaming of wealth, perhaps of liberty, had come to Virginia to die!

It was in the midst of these scenes, so varied in their character, that Mr. Lincoln revealed himself to me. Amid the many incidents that filled these few days, I was able to study him at leisure; a study easy enough to make, indeed, for Mr. Lincoln would have scorned that sort of art which consists in showing one's self to a looker-on in a carefully-prepared light. At this stage of my narrative I wish to explain how I have understood him.

I have seen many attempts at portraits of Mr. Lincoln, many photographs; neither his portraits nor his photographs have reproduced, or are likely ever to reproduce, the complete expression of his face; still more will they fail in the reproduction of his mental physiognomy.

He was very tall, but his bearing was almost peculiar; the habit of always carrying one shoulder higher than the other might at first sight make him seem slightly deformed. He had also a defect common to many Americans—his shoulders were too sloping for his height. But his arms were strong and his complexion sunburned, like that of a man who has spent his youth in the open air, exposed to all inclemencies of the weather and to all hardships of manual labor; his gestures were vigorous and supple, revealing great physical strength and an extraordinary energy for resisting privation and fatigue. Nothing seemed to lend harmony to the decided lines of his face; yet his wide and high forehead, his gray-brown eyes sunken under thick eyebrows, and as though encircled by deep and dark wrinkles, his nose straight and pronounced, his lips at the same time thick and delicate, together with the furrows that ran across his cheeks and chin, formed an *ensemble* which, although strange, was certainly powerful. It denoted remarkable intelligence, great strength of penetration, tenacity of will, and elevated instincts.

His early life had left ineffaceable marks upon the former rail-splitter, and the powerful President of the United States made no efforts of bad taste to

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conceal what he had been under what he had become. That simplicity gave him perfect ease. To be sure, he had not the manners of the world, but he was so perfectly natural that it would have been impossible I shall not say to be surprised at his manners, but to notice them at all.

After a moment's inspection, Mr. Lincoln left with you a sort of impression of vague and deep sadness. It is not too much to say that it was rare to converse with him a while without feeling something poignant. Every time I have endeavored to describe this impression, words, nay, the very ideas, have failed me. And, strange to say, Mr. Lincoln was quite humorous, although one could always detect a bit of irony in his humor. He would relate anecdotes, seeking always to bring the point out clearly. He willingly laughed either at what was being said to him, or at what he said himself. But all of a sudden he would retire within himself; then he would close his eyes, and all his features would at once bespeak a kind of sadness as indescribable as it was deep. After a while, as though it were by an effort of his will, he would shake off this mysterious weight under which he seemed bowed; his generous and open disposition would again reappear. In one evening I happened to count over twenty of these alternations and contrasts.

Was this sadness caused by the warnings and threats in the midst of which Mr. Lincoln lived? by those letters which, soon after, were found carefully classified on his table under the general heading of "Assassination Letters?" I am inclined to think not. No one more than he possessed that confident audacity so common among Americans, and which cannot be termed courage, because it is not the result of determination.

Was it owing to the constant anxieties of his first years in office? to the civil war scenes cruelly disturbing the peaceful soul of this descendant of Quakers?

These questions remain unanswered for me, and will probably never be answered at all.

Anyone hearing him express his ideas, or think aloud, either upon one of the great topics which absorbed him, or on an incidental question, was not long in finding out the marvellous rectitude of his mind, nor the accuracy of his judgment.

I have heard him give his opinion on statesmen, argue political problems, always with astounding precision and justness. I have heard him speak of a woman who was considered beautiful, discuss the particular character of her appearance, distinguish what was praiseworthy from what was open to criticism, all that with the sagacity of an artist. Lately two letters in which he speaks of Shakespeare, and in particular of Macbeth, have been published; his judgment evinces that sort of delicacy and soundness of taste that would honor a great literary critic. He had formed himself by the difficult and powerful process of lonely meditation. During his rough and humble life he had had constantly with him two books which the Western settler always keeps on one of the shelves of his hut—the Bible and Shakespeare. From the Bible he had absorbed that religious color in which he was pleased to clothe his thoughts; with Shakespeare he had learned to reflect on man and passions. In certain respects one can question whether that sort of intellectual culture be not more penetrating than any other, and if it be not more particularly suited in the development of a gifted mind to preserve its native originality.

These reflections may serve to explain Mr. Lincoln's talent as an orator. His incisive speech found its way to the very depths of the soul; his short and clear sentences would captivate the audiences on which they fell. To him was given to see nearly all his definitions pass into daily proverb. It is he who, better than anyone, stamped the character of the war in these well-known words, spoken some years before it broke out: "A house divided against itself cannot stand; this government cannot continue to exist half free and half slave."

It would not be true to say that he was a man gifted with creative faculties; he was not one of those rare

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and terrible geniuses who, being once possessed of an idea, apply it, curbing and sacrificing other men to the imperious instinct of their will. No; but, on the other hand, he knew better than anyone the exact will of the American people. Amid the noisy confusion of discordant voices which always arises in a free country at moments of crises, he would distinguish with marvellous acuteness the true voice of public opinion. He had, however, nothing in common with these politicians, ever on the track of what seems to them to be popular caprice. His firm will, his exalted nature, above all, his inflexible honesty, always kept him aloof from those lamentable schemes; yet he well understood that he was the people's agent, and that his duty obliged him to stand by his principal; for he was well aware of that close union which must exist in a free democracy between the authority representing the nation and the nation itself.

If he was guided by like general considerations, if his conduct depended on them, so to speak, it cannot be doubted, however, that the tendencies of his mind were all liberal. To him slavery seemed unquestionably unjust, and for that reason he hated it. He had found in the Declaration of Independence the principles of liberty and equality for all men, and already, long before his elevation to the Presidency, in a celebrated controversy, he had openly declared his firm adhesion to these principles. The emancipation proclamation, which assures the immortality of his name, was, therefore, not a concession made to the aroused feelings of the moment, or a measure of war destined to stab the enemy in the heart; no, it corresponded to the generous tendencies of his mind and realized the yearnings of his soul.

Such a nature was admirably constituted to direct through the vicissitudes of an heroic struggle a people proud enough to prefer a guide to a chief, a man commissioned to execute its will to one who would enforce his own.

And when success had at last crowned so many bloody efforts, it was impossible to discover in Mr. Lincoln a single sentiment, I shall not say of revenge, but even of bitterness, in regard to the vanquished. Recall, as soon as possible, the Southern States into the Union, such was his chief preoccupation. When he encountered contrary opinion on that subject, when several of those who surrounded him insisted upon the necessity of exacting strong guarantees, at once on hearing them he would exhibit impatience. Although it was rare that such thoughts influenced his own, he nevertheless would evince, on hearing them expressed, a sort of fatigue and weariness, which he controlled, but was unable to dissimulate entirely.

But the one point on which his mind seemed most irrevocably made up was his action in regard to the men who had taken part in the rebellion. Clemency never suggested itself more naturally to a victorious chieftain. The policy of pardon and forgiveness appeared to his mind and soul an absolute necessity.

In our presence he received a despatch from General Grant announcing for the 10th or 11th of the month the final defeat and surrender of the whole army of Virginia. The Lieutenant-General added, that possibly he might capture at the same time Jefferson Davis and his cabinet.

This possibility thus announced troubled greatly Mr. Lincoln, and in a few remarks, full of force, he pointed out to us the extreme difficulty in which this unfortunate capture would place the government.

One of the persons present, who enjoyed the privilege of speaking freely before him, said: "Don't allow him to escape the law; he must be hung."

The President replied calmly, by that quotation from his inaugural address: "Let us judge not, that we be not judged." Pressed anew by the remark that the sight of Libby Prison forbade mercy, he repeated twice the same biblical sentence he had just quoted.

On foreign questions I found him a fervent advocate of peace. I questioned him several times regarding the good relations existing between France and the United States, then imperilled

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by our Mexican expedition. He always answered me: "There has been war enough. I know what the American people want, but, thank God, I count for something, and during my second term there will be no more fighting."

Possibly Mr. Lincoln was mistaken in his plans for immediate reconstruction of the South; but what was this first impression, if not the generous impetus of the victor prone to forgiveness? The space of time, so short, that elapsed between April 3d, the date of the taking of Richmond, and the dreadful catastrophe which, only twelve days later, was to change the course of events, deserves special attention on the part of historians. On the day of triumph the whole North appeared magnanimously to forget that it was the victor. The morrow's preoccupations, the intricate problems, the impending solutions of which remained, did not present themselves at first to it in all their magnitude. It seemed to rely upon the vanquished for the achievement of its work. The only sentiments then expressed were those of forgiveness, forgetfulness, and clemency.

In the life of nations there exist solemn hours during which animosities seem to fade away and silence to drown conflicting passions. The word on every lip is that of magnanimity! France, at an early stage of her revolutionary history, was permitted to feel once or twice the pure effects of such inspirations. She seemed suddenly to forget the course of events, to pour water over the flaming passions; then her children appeared reconciled to one another and to lay the foundations of a new and more perfect friendship. Unfortunately, such hours pass quickly away; but, however rare and fleeting, they are none the less memorable.

The sentiments which then animated Mr. Lincoln were echoed throughout the American Union. The very words that fell from his lips I have heard uttered at the bedside of the wounded; I have heard them expressed by a Massachusetts colonel, who, I remember, had just gone through the amputation of one of his legs. Not only did he forgive, but he wished the United States to forgive those who, five days before, in the affray of Plank Road, had shattered him with their bullets.

To this general outline of the policy and character of Mr. Lincoln I shall limit myself in this narrative. Certainly I have had a close insight into his family life; but when to a stranger is given the privilege of lifting a corner of that sacred veil, he must, out of respect, let it fall again, lest he be tempted to express that which he has been allowed to see.

We were to leave City Point on Saturday, April 8th. A few hours prior to our leaving, the military band came from the headquarters on board the River Queen. We assembled to hear it. After the performance of several pieces, Mr. Lincoln thought of the "Marseillaise," and said to us that he had a great liking for that tune. He ordered it to be played. Delighted with it, he had it played a second time. "You must, however, come over to America," said he to me, "to hear it." He then asked me if I had ever heard "Dixie," the rebel patriotic song, to the sound of which all their attacks had been conducted. As I answered in the negative, he added: "That tune is now Federal property; it belongs to us, and, at any rate, it is good to show the rebels that with us they will be free to hear it again." He then ordered the somewhat surprised musicians to play it for us.

Thus ended that last evening; at ten o'clock our boat steamed off. Mr. Lincoln stood a long while looking at the spot we were leaving. Above us were these hills, so animated a few days ago, now dark and silent; around us more than a hundred ships at anchor were silent proofs of the country's maritime strength, testifying to the great efforts made. Mr. Lincoln's mind seemed absorbed in the many thoughts suggested by this scene, and we saw him still pursue his meditation long after the quickened speed of the steamer had removed it forever from him.

On Sunday, April 9th, we were steaming up the Potomac. That whole day

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the conversation dwelt upon literary subjects. Mr. Lincoln read to us for several hours passages taken from Shakespeare. Most of these were from "Macbeth," and, in particular, the verses which follow *Duncan's* assassination. I cannot recall this reading without being awed at the remembrance, when *Macbeth* becomes king after the murder of *Duncan*, he falls a prey to the most horrible torments of mind.

Either because he was struck by the weird beauty of these verses, or from a vague presentiment coming over him, Mr. Lincoln paused here while reading, and began to explain to us how true a description of the murderer that one was; when, the dark deed achieved, its tortured perpetrator came to envy the sleep of his victim; and he read over again the same scene.

Evening came on quickly. Passing before Mount Vernon, I remember saying to him: "Mount Vernon and Springfield, the memories of Washington and your own, those of the revolutionary and civil wars; these are the spots and names America shall one day equally honor." This remark appeared to call him to himself. "Springfield!" answered he. "How happy, four years hence, will I be to return there in peace and tranquillity!"

Arrived at the Potomac wharf, our party was forced to disperse. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Senator Sumner, and myself drove home in the same carriage. We were nearing Washington when Mrs. Lincoln, who had hitherto remained silently looking at the town a short distance off, said to me: "That city is filled with our enemies." On hearing this the President raised his arm and somewhat impatiently retorted, "Enemies! We must never speak of that." This was on the evening of April 9th.

On the following day, the 10th, all the papers were announcing victorious news. General Grant had written to General Lee:

"The result of the last weeks must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

Several letters were then exchanged between the two generals, letters more glorious for Grant than his most successful battles, for they place him among those rare chieftains who, after having wielded their country's sword, have known how to increase the lustre of victory by magnanimity toward the vanquished. At the close of this correspondence General Lee signed his capitulation, and is credited with these words on putting down the pen which had written his name: "Now you can march all through the South as in this room; you will encounter no further resistance."

Thus the war was nearing its end. All minds seemed electrified by these great events. On Monday, April 10th, began a long series of public rejoicings which were to last until the following Sunday. The first days of the week the joy of the American people manifested itself in varied and tumultuous ways.

At this solemn moment of his life, Mr. Lincoln could, with satisfaction, look back upon the past and find in the consciousness of duty fulfilled, and in the unrivalled part he was justly entitled to claim in the general success, a well-deserved compensation for the troubles and anxieties of his first term in office.

His war policy was now justified. It was he who had called the American people to the country's defence, and the immense armies created at his call were now on the point of returning to their homes after having saved the Union. His selection of persons was equally justified. He had intrusted the Department of War to Mr. Stanton, and in spite of many enmities and attacks preferred against him, Mr. Lincoln had stood by him against all. Mr. Stanton, whose name America now utters with pride, had armed and equipped a million men. As was said of a Frenchman of our revolutionary period, "he

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had organized victory." It was again Mr. Lincoln who had discerned in the modest colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois the future victor of Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Richmond.

His emancipation policy was also successful. In the midst of hesitations, ignorant prejudices, and animosities, Mr. Lincoln had seen the decisive moment and had evoked from the calamities of war the pure glory of slavery's abolition. Despite all this, however, no successful man was ever more modest and retiring.

On the morrow of Lee's surrender, when the war was practically terminated, sealing irrevokably the freedom of the negro race, as a portion of the population of Washington came to congratulate Mr. Lincoln, these were the modest words he spoke:

"We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness, of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principle insurgent army, give hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose painful efforts give us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their honors must not be parcelled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the sincere pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you; but no part of the honor, for plan or execution, is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers, and brave men all belongs."

The remainder of this speech is devoted to the development of his plan of reconstruction for the rebel States, or rather to the making known his first impressions regarding the same.

Then, as I have since done, I do not hesitate to say that that plan for reorganization was quite insufficient. On that day Mr. Lincoln seemed to limit his view to the horizon of a material restoration; he did not seem to see that an entire moral and social transformation of the South was the only safeguard for a peaceful future.

I only see in that enunciation of ideas an effort made to fathom the depths of public opinion, with a view perhaps to awake contradiction. On that day the President was simply repeating the question as it had been formulated three months prior to the close of the war; he was, so to speak, summing up facts, and before deciding upon his own line of conduct, awaited the people's answer to his words. I do not in that speech find Mr. Lincoln's personal ideas expressed fully. They seem to me far better summed up in a letter he wrote in 1864 to General Wadsworth, one of the victims of the civil war, in which he said:

"The restoration of the rebel States to the Union must rest upon the principle of civil and political equality of both races; and it must be sealed by general amnesty." Words truly worthy of him who declared, in 1863, at Philadelphia, in the very hall in which the Declaration of Independence had been elaborated, that all his political opinions originated from careful meditation on the sentiments first expressed in that hall, which have since become the world's inheritance.

The morning of April 14th seemed to prophesy a happy day for Mr. Lincoln. On it General Grant arrived at Washington to prepare the disbanding of a portion of the Union armies; on it also Mr. Lincoln welcomed home his eldest son, Captain Robert Lincoln, who was returning to his studies, and whose coming seemed to his father a sure sign of peace.

At half after four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Stanton called at the White House; he had just received a communication from Thompson and Sanders, two rebel agents in Canada, whose names have since then become sadly notorious, asking leave to pass through the Union States. Mr. Stanton was opposed to granting this leave. But after a moment's thought, Mr. Lincoln said: "Let us close our eyes, and let them pass unnoticed."

The President afterward drove out with Mrs. Lincoln. He seemed unusually animated; his wife was almost frightened on noticing this, and said:

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"I have seen you thus only once before; it was just before our dear Willie died." This allusion made to his son's death saddened him a moment, but a while after his spirits rose again. He spoke of the future, of the easy task that was left him to perform, and of the happy days so many signs seemed to announce.

That Friday evening, April 14th, was entirely given up to rejoicing; many houses were illuminated; torch-light processions were in the streets, and the sound of music passing was heard in the distance. But to the eye of the keen observer that public gladness was far from being unanimous throughout the city of Washington.

On the day of the taking of Richmond I had seen among other things a "gentleman" purchase a newspaper which contained one of the first telegrams announcing the capture of the town, then crumple it, and throw it violently to the ground. Many infallible signs indicated that the city contained a large number of inhabitants who regretted slavery and who sided with the slaveholders.

It was in the early part of the evening, and at that very moment near the rejoicing groups, that a few miserable wretches, filled with the sanguinary passions which slavery had lighted within them, were giving the last touch to what they termed "The Confederacy's Revenge." For four years past had the thought of assassination germinated and developed in the South. The President's murder had become a topic of common conversation. Many spoke of it in the camps, many spoke of it through the streets of Richmond. And all these cowardly passions, all this blood-thirstiness, had found their exponents in that band of assassins. In Tenth Street they were posted to await their victim; they stood close by the happy crowd which passed before them, and whose triumphant shouts doubtless seemed to them so many goads to vengeance, if they yet hesitated to strike.

At about nine o'clock that evening Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln entered the Tenth Street Theatre. At half-past ten a man passed into the Presidential box unnoticed, approached Mr. Lincoln from behind, applied a pistol to his ear, fired his shot, then leaped upon the stage and escaped, informing the spectators that he had slain him whom he dares call a tyrant.

Mr. Lincoln fell forward seemingly lifeless. He was at once carried over to one of the neighboring houses opposite the theatre.

Instantly the news spread through the city. At eleven o'clock I was myself standing before the house in which Mr. Lincoln was lying. The crowd was rapidly increasing; squads of soldiers were coming, too, and soon formed in line on the pavement. At that moment all were silent, and no one exactly knew what had happened. Suddenly I heard Booth's name muttered by the crowd: he was the assassin, it was said. A few minutes later we heard that Mr. Seward had been murdered at his house, and soon after rumors were current of similar deeds perpetrated upon Mr. Stanton and General Grant. Then the aspect of the crowd changed all of a sudden. Until then it had seemed panic-stricken; all at once it became infuriated. Everyone thought himself in the presence of mysterious enemies hidden in the darkness of night, and from whose murderous steel it became incumbent to save those who were yet alive.

The first floor of the house where Mr. Lincoln had just been carried was composed of three rooms, opening on the same corridor. It was in the third, a small room, that the dying man lay.

His face, lighted by a gas-jet, under which the bed had been moved, was pale and livid. His body had already the rigidity of death. At intervals only the still audible sound of his breathing could be faintly heard, and at intervals again it would be lost entirely. The surgeons did not entertain hope that he might recover a moment's consciousness. Judge William T. Otto, a thirty years' friend of Mr. Lincoln's, was standing at the bedside holding his hand; around the bed stood also the Attorney-General, Mr. Speed, and the Rev. Mr. Gurney, pastor of the church Mr. Lincoln usually attended.

Leaning against the wall stood Mr.

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Stanton, who gazed now and then at the dying man's face, and who seemed overwhelmed with emotion. From time to time he wrote telegrams or gave the orders which, in the midst of the crisis, assured the preservation of peace. The remaining members of the Cabinet and several Senators and generals were pacing up and down the corridor. Thus the night passed on. At last, toward seven o'clock in the morning, the surgeon announced that death was at hand, and at twenty minutes after seven the pulse ceased beating.

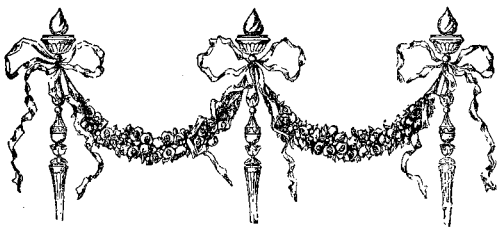
Everyone present seemed then to emerge from the stupor in which the hours of night had been spent. Mr. Stanton approached the bed, closed Mr. Lincoln's eyes, and drawing the sheet over the dead man's head, uttered these words in a very low voice: "*He is a man for the ages.*"

On that same Saturday morning, April 15th, at ten o'clock, Chief Justice Chase went over to the hotel where Vice-president Johnson had taken up his residence, and there, in a small chamber, administered the oath of office to Mr. Lincoln's successor.

In the midst of such tragical events the transmission of supreme power took place in a perfectly natural manner. Mr. Johnson, unknown or hated yesterday, received to-day the support of the entire North. Hardly had he come into power, when he found himself in possession of an authority almost irresistible. The unanimous regrets bestowed upon his noble predecessor, did not impede for one moment the exercise of his function.

Nothing revealed to me more clearly the true greatness of America. The voice of public opinion was already placing the man who had governed during the civil war beside the man who had commanded during the struggle for independence; the honest and pure liberator of slaves beside the one whose sword had made the nation free—Lincoln beside Washington; and already the people was wending its way toward its destiny, which no one can fathom without being convinced of its greatness.

Thus while I stood motionless and awed with sadness before Mr. Lincoln's bloody remains, his country had already recovered self-possession. I then understood and realized that a nation may place her confidence in a chief without giving herself wholly to him; and that room still is left for great characters and great virtues in a people proud enough to believe that however pure, honest, and noble those to whom it intrusts governmental honors may be, itself remains greater yet than they.



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THE POOR IN NAPLES.

By Jessie White Va. Mario.

THE old saying *Vedi Napoli poi morir* may be translated "See misery in Naples to learn what misery means"—to realize what amount of hunger, nakedness, vice, ignorance, superstition, and oppression can be condensed in the caves, dens, and kennels unfit for beasts, inhabited by the poor of Naples. In 1871 it was affirmed by the "authorities" that, of the entire population of the city, two-thirds had no recognized means of livelihood; no one knew how more than a quarter of a million human beings lived, still less where they passed their lives of privation, pain, and wretchedness; or how, when death ended all, their bodies were flung down to rot together in foul charnel holes, far away and apart from the holy ground where the upper third were laid to rest that—

> "From their ashes may be made
> The violets of their native land."

Five years later, in 1876, when misery, gaunt and stark, reared its head for the first time defiantly in every city, town, and village of Italy—the grinding tax, proving the proverbial feather on the too patient camel's back, "inquiries into distress, its causes and possible remedies," were proposed by some of the old makers of Italy, who maintained that the aim of the revolution had been to create a country for all the Italians and not for a privileged few. The government sanctioned the proposal, and the agricultural inquiry was set on foot and carried out in every province by special commissioners. It revealed such depths of misery in the rural districts as could never be imagined or believed in by those who still apostrophize:

> "Thou Italy, whose ever golden fields,
> Ploughed by the sunbeams only, would suffice
> For the world's granary."

In Lombardy, Mantua, and Venetia, all fertile wheat-producing provinces, it was found that the patient, toiling, abstemious peasant, fed upon maize exclusively, tasting white bread only at gleaning time, rarely touching wine, washing down his unsavory *polenta* with impure, fetid water, was affected with *pellagra*. This awful disease—now, alas, become endemic and hereditary—after wasting the body by slow degrees, affects the brain and lands the victims raving maniacs in the male and female mad asylums of Venice and of Milan. It is now being successfully grappled with in the first stages, by the parish doctors who, in many communes, are authorized to administer white bread, wine, and even meat; in the second, by special establishments where patients are received and treated, *i.e.*, well fed until they recover *pro tem.*; while for the poor wretches who have reached the third stage, there is no help but in the grave, no hope save in a speedy release.

But a worse state of things was revealed in Naples by private studies and researches set on foot by Pasquale Vil-

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lari* and the recruits he pressed into the service of his native city. The facts and figures set down in unvarnished prose in his "Southern Letters," convinced the authorities "that something must be done if only to protect the 'upper third' from the possible upheaval of the seething masses below, increasing ever in numbers, terribly disproportioned to the means of accommodation provided for them."

Heart-rending as were the descriptions given of the misery of the masses by Villari, Fucino Renato, Fortunato Sonnino, and others, they by no means prepared me for the actual state of things which I heard, saw, and touched in Naples, accompanied alternately by priests, policemen, and parish doctors, and always by old friends and comrades of the campaigning days when all believed that the overthrow of despots, the ousting of the foreigner, the abolition of the temporal power, when Italy should be one in Rome, would find bread and work for all as the result of liberty and the ballot.

I spent hours and days, later, weeks and months, in the lower quarters of Porto, Pendino, Mercato, and Vicaria, in the *fondaci*, the cellars, caves, grottoes, brothels, and *locande* (penny-a-night lodging-houses) where the *miserables* congregate. Sickening were the sights by day, still sadder the scenes by night as you passed church steps, serving as the only bed for hundreds; under porches where you stumbled over, without awakening the sleepers, who also occupied the benches of the vendors of fish and other comestibles in Basso Porto, while in fish-baskets and empty orange-boxes, curled up like cats but without the cat's fur coat, were hundreds of children of both sexes who had never known a father and rarely knew their mother's name or their own. It was a farce to talk of statistics of births and deaths in these quarters. "The existence of the boys is known to the authorities," writes an eminent physician, now (Assessore d'igiene) Sanitary Officer in the Municipality of Naples, "when they are taken up for theft or a *piccola mancanza;* of the girls when they come on the brothel registers" (abolished, humanity be praised! in 1889). Of what use was it to take stock of vice, disease, and crime, save to hold it up as the legitimate outgrowth of the foul dens in which the "masses" herd? In the first report made by the corporation it was shown that 130,000 lived in the *bassi e sotterranei*, in cellars, caves, and grottoes. No mention was then made of the *fondaci*, which the Swedish physician, Axel Munthe,† stigmatizes as "the most ghastly human dwellings on the face of the earth."

Let the American reader take that wonderful book, "How the Other Half Lives," and look at the photograph of Hell's Kitchen and Sebastopol (page 6). Imagine such a building, but with blank walls all round, no windows in any, entered by a dark alley leading to a court where the common cesspool fraternizes with the drinking-water well, where, round the court, are stables for cows, mules, donkeys, and goats—while in the corners of the same court, tripe, liver and lights vendors prepare their edibles, or stale-fishmongers keep their deposits—and they will have the framework and exterior of a *fondaco*. Then let them construct in their mind's eye one single brick or stone staircase leading up to inner balconies—up, up, three, four, or five stories. Fifteen or twenty rooms are entered from each balcony, which serves for door and window,

* The present writer was among the recruits, but for a long time declined to write of misery in Naples for the Italian press, believing that the state of the poor in London was even worse than in Naples. Professor Villari, the well-known author of the lives of Savonarola and Machiavelli, now Minister of Public Instruction, undertook to go to London and see for himself, and on his return we received a long letter from which the following is an extract:

"I assure you, on my honor, that the poor in Naples are infinitely worse off than the poor in London. Furnished with an order from the chief of police in London, I have visited with detectives in plain clothes the worst quarters of the city—the Docks, the East End, saying always: "Show me all that is most horrible in London. I want to see the dwellings of the most wretched and miserable inhabitants.'

"Great and widespread is misery in London; but I do not hesitate to declare, with profound conviction, that those who say that the conditions of the poor in London are worse than those of the poor in Naples, have either never seen the poor in London or have never visited the poor in Naples. If it happens that cases of death from starvation are more frequent in London than in Naples, the cause lies in the climate of London. If in Naples we had the climate of London a very large number of our poor would find peace in the grave and cease to live a life that is worse than death.

"PASQUALE VILLARI.

"FLORENCE, March 30, 1876."

After the receipt of this letter we published, in 1877, a book entitled La Miseria di Napoli.

† See Letters from a Mourning City.

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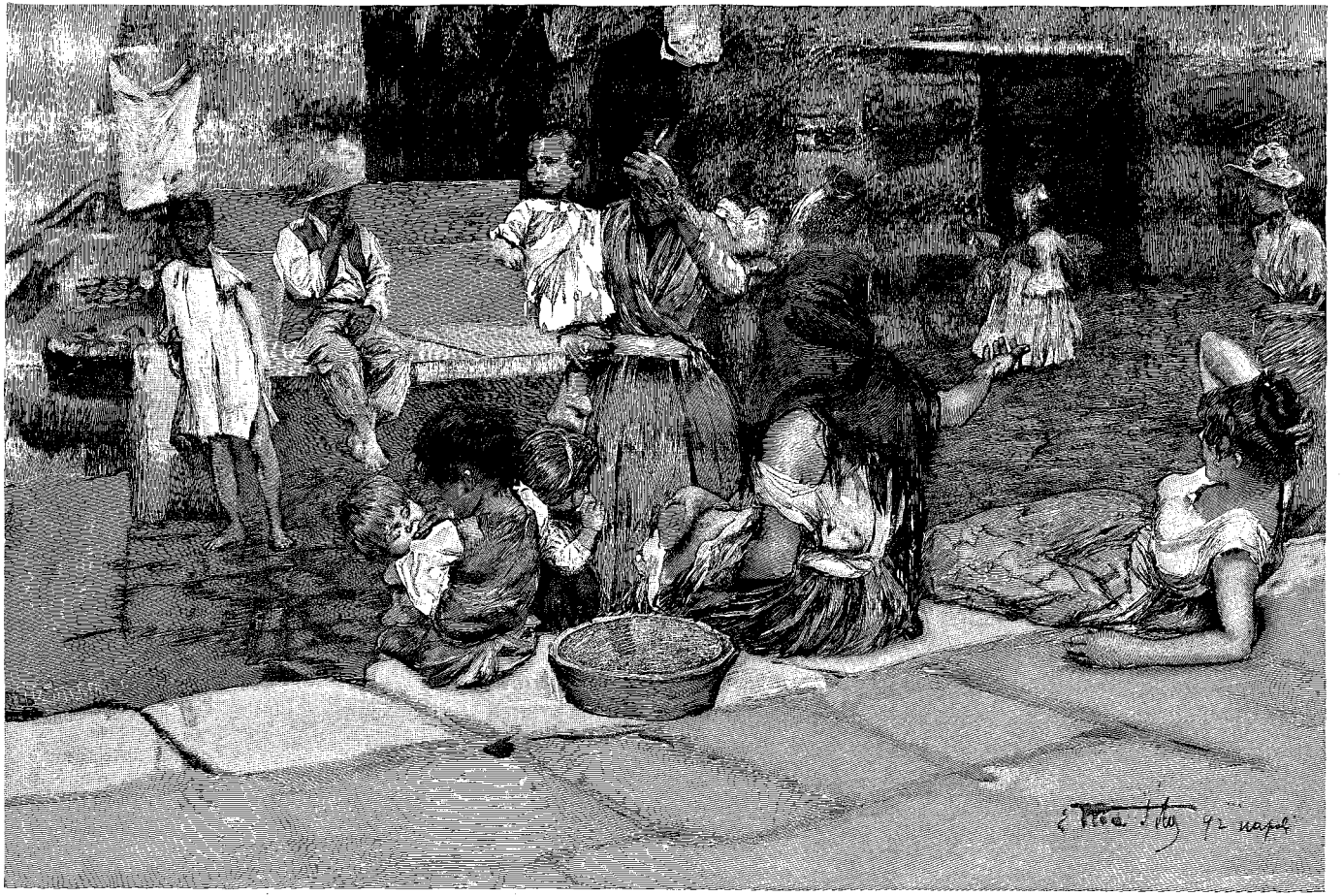

DRAWN BY ETTORE TITO.

An Evicted Family of Neapolitans.

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

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there being no other aperture: each corner room on each story being absolutely dark even at mid-day, as each balcony is covered with the pavement

A Girl of the People.

of the upper one. Put a hole between each two rooms for the public performance of all private offices; shut out from the top story such light as might gleam from the sky, by dint of poles, strings, ropes, and cords laden with filthy rags—and you have a more or less accurate idea of the interior of the *fondaco* of Naples.

All of these I have visited at intervals during the last seventeen years, finding their numbers diminished at each visit, but never till this year have I found a new tenement inhabited by the evicted *funnachère* for whom they were ostensibly built.

In 1877 the municipality made a grant of land to a co-operative society for the purpose of building houses for the poor. As soon as these were finished, small shop-keepers, civil servants, etc., secured all the apartments; then, irritated by the taunts that they were living in houses built for the poor, inscribed on the front of the block, "The houses of the Co-operative Society are not poor-houses!" Again, in 1879, a loan was raised for demolishing the worst *fondaci* and grottoes, cellars, and caves, and for the erection of airy, healthy tenements for the people, and in 1880 the writer was invited by the mayor to inspect these. Capital houses they were! built on the spot where last I had seen the *fondaci* — Arcella, Castiglione, Conventino, San Camillo, Cento Piatti, Piscavino S. Felice, Miroballo—and after due admiration of the spacious court, wide street, decent ingress, outer balconies, etc., I ventured to ask: "Where are the *funnachère?* These clean, well dressed people, with their pianos and excellent furniture, are not the poor creatures we used to visit here."

"Of course they are not," said the contractor, "what are they to us?" while a vice-syndic said: "This is my section, I know that my *rione* is redeemed, that we have got rid of the plebs: what care we where they are gone? Let them burst, it would be better for them. *Crepino pure, che sarà meglio!*"*

As I was turning from the spot in silent despair, an old man came up and said: "I can tell you where some of the poor creatures are gone. They were turned out into the streets, many of them went into the *fondaci* that remain, two families, and even three in a room; the price of these has been raised as the numbers grow less, and many of them are in the grotto at the Rampa di Brancaccio. With a newspaper man, sceptical of "the misery of the poor in Naples," and an English and a German lady, I walked along the splendid Corso Vittorio Emanuele, whence you have

* I quote from a letter printed in the *Pungolo*, of Naples, on the day of the visit.

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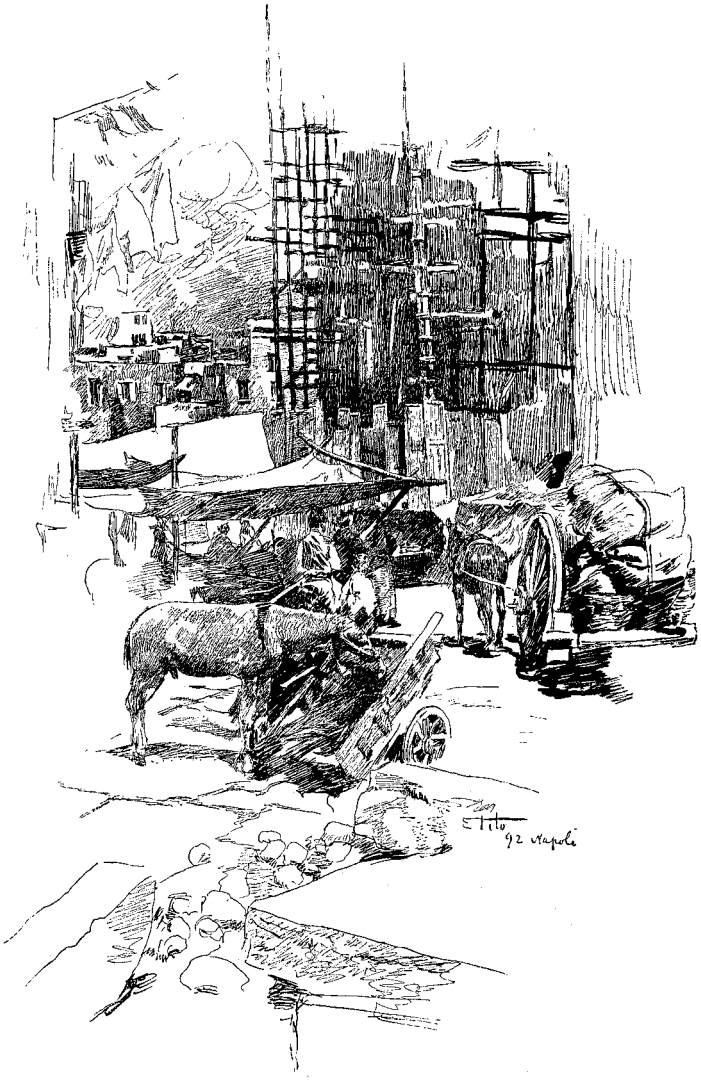
the finest view of Naples, of Vesuvius and the sea, and suddenly:

"Out of the sun-lit glory
Into the dark we trod—"

literally dropping down into the grotto del Brancaccio, where, at first, absolute darkness seemed to reign.



An Old Street in the Poor Quarter being Metamorphosed.

It was a cavern with mud for pavement, rock for walls, while the water dripped from the ceiling, and one sink in the centre served for the "wants of all." Here were lodged more than two hundred human beings, some forty families; their apartments being divided by a string where they hung their wretched rags. The families who had the "apartments" by the grating that served for window, paid ten, nine, eight, seven lire per month each. These poor creatures subscribed among themselves two lire so that a poor old man should not be turned out, but allowed to sleep on straw by the common sink, and they fed a poor woman who was dying, with scraps from their scant repasts. This

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grotto yielded its owner a monthly rent, always paid up, far exceeding that paid by the inhabitants of the new tenements and decent houses, and he continued to

In order to convince the sceptic still further that there was no exaggeration in the accounts of the horrors, we invited him to accompany us to what was

Gossip in Pendino Street, Naples.

so "grind the faces of the poor" until 1884, when King Cholera carried off his tenants, and the grotto was closed as was the charnel-house to which the inmates were carried to their last abode.

then the only cemetery for the poor of Naples. It is an immense square with three hundred and sixty-five holes, each covered with a huge stone, with a ring in each for uplifting. On the first of Jan-

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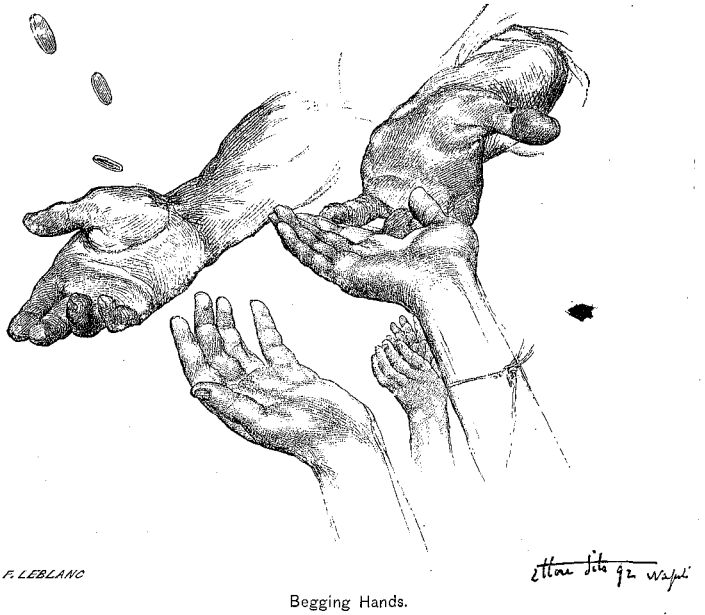
uary, hole No. 1 was opened and all the poor who died on that day were brought up in great pomp of funeral car and trappings, with priests and tapers, etc. The first to be thrown in was a corpse with shirt and trousers. "He is a private," said La Raffaella, the poor woman who used to take charge of the child corpses, kiss each of them so that they might take the kiss to "limbo." "He died at home and his people had dressed him." He was placed in the zinc coffin, the crank swung this over the hole, you heard a fall, then the coffin came up *empty;* next were flung down the naked corpses of the inhabitants of the poor-houses and charitable institutions, then the little children. Last came up the car of the Hospital Degli Incurabili, with the scattered members swept from the dissecting table. Then the hole No. 1 was closed not to be reopened until next year. On the morrow, over hole No. 2 the same horrors were re-enacted. The victims of King Cholera in 1884 were the last buried in these charnel-holes; the cemetery was closed when he was dethroned, and a new cemetery for the poor opened just opposite the monumental cemetery of the rich at Foria.

It was in the summer of that year that the cholera reappeared and its swift and sudden ravages compelled attention to the "where" and "how" its numerous victims lived and died. In these same quarters of Porto Pendino, Mercato, and Vicaria, 20,000 died of cholera in 1836–37; an equal number in 1854–65, 1866, and 1873, while the higher quarters of Naples were comparatively free from the scourge. In 1884, from the 17th of August to the 31st, the cases were not more than three every twenty-four hours. On the 1st of September 143 were attacked, 72 succumbed on the 10th of the same month; 966 cases, 474 deaths, are given as the official statistics; the sum total of deaths is variously stated at eight, nine, and ten thousand. But official bulletins are never trustworthy in these cases, the authorities strive to abate panic, and it is a well-known fact that numbers of cases were never reported to the municipality, the dead being carried off in carts and omnibuses to the special cholera cemetery and charnel-house, without any possible register. Dr. Axel Munthe, who lived and worked among the poor during the entire time, gives it as his belief, supported by others, that during "not one but four or five days there were about one thousand cases per diem." So markedly was the disease confined to the poor quarters that for many days it was impossible for the municipal authorities to do anything to alleviate its ravages; the poor, ignorant, superstitious plebs being firmly convinced that the cholera had been introduced among them for the express purpose of diminishing their numbers.



Begging Hands.

Hence the refusal to go to the hospital, to take the medicines sent, to allow disinfectants to be used, to abstain from fruit, vegetables, and stale fish, even when good soup and meat were offered

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instead. Then it was that King Humbert went to Naples and visited in person the stricken patients in their *fondaci* and cellars, in the caves and slums, and this, his first experience of actual misery, save as the result of war or a sudden catastrophe, made such a profound impression on his mind that he promised the poor people there and then that they should have decent houses built expressly for them. Even now they will tell you that *Oo Re* kept his word, but that the *Signori* have taken the *palaces* all for themselves.

"Hunger," a Sketch in the Poor Quarter.

The royal example was speedily followed; bands of students and workingmen under the white cross proffered their services, and the Neapolitan citizens who had not all fled, enlisted under the doctors, who are ever brave and devoted in Italy, and worked as nurses, cooks, helpers of the living, even as porters of the dead. The poor people, ever grateful, gentle, docile, yielded to these "kind strangers," and allowed themselves to be taken to the hospitals or tended in their own dens where, by the white cross band alone, assistance was furnished to 7,015 cases. Of the volunteer nurses, Lombards, Tuscans, Romans, some ninety in all, several were attacked but only three succumbed, all adhering strictly to the rules laid down as to diet and the specifics to be used in case of seizure. The cholera, at its height between the 10th and 18th of September, abated gradually from that day until the 9th of October, when suddenly, on the 10th and 11th, 122 were attacked and 37 succumbed. This 10th of October is the first of the famous *ottobrate*, when the poorest of the poor manage to get a taste of the new wine which is still fermenting, and that year it is very probable that they toasted with unwonted zeal the disappearance of the cholera, which on the 9th had not made a single victim. The luscious blue figs, the bread and watermelons which could in that cholera year be had for a song, were also unusually abundant. The regulations at last enforced by the authorities had been relaxed; the sale of rags recommenced, and to all these causes may doubtless be owing in part the reappearance of the foe supposed to be vanquished.

But fortunately for poor Naples, the cholera found in King Humbert an adversary determined to resist its intrusion for the future; and men of science, doctors, students, were encouraged to study the causes of the disease even more diligently than the cure for it, when in possession. When the sudden reappearance filled the city with fresh alarm, and the poor, wretched people were soundly abused in the newspapers

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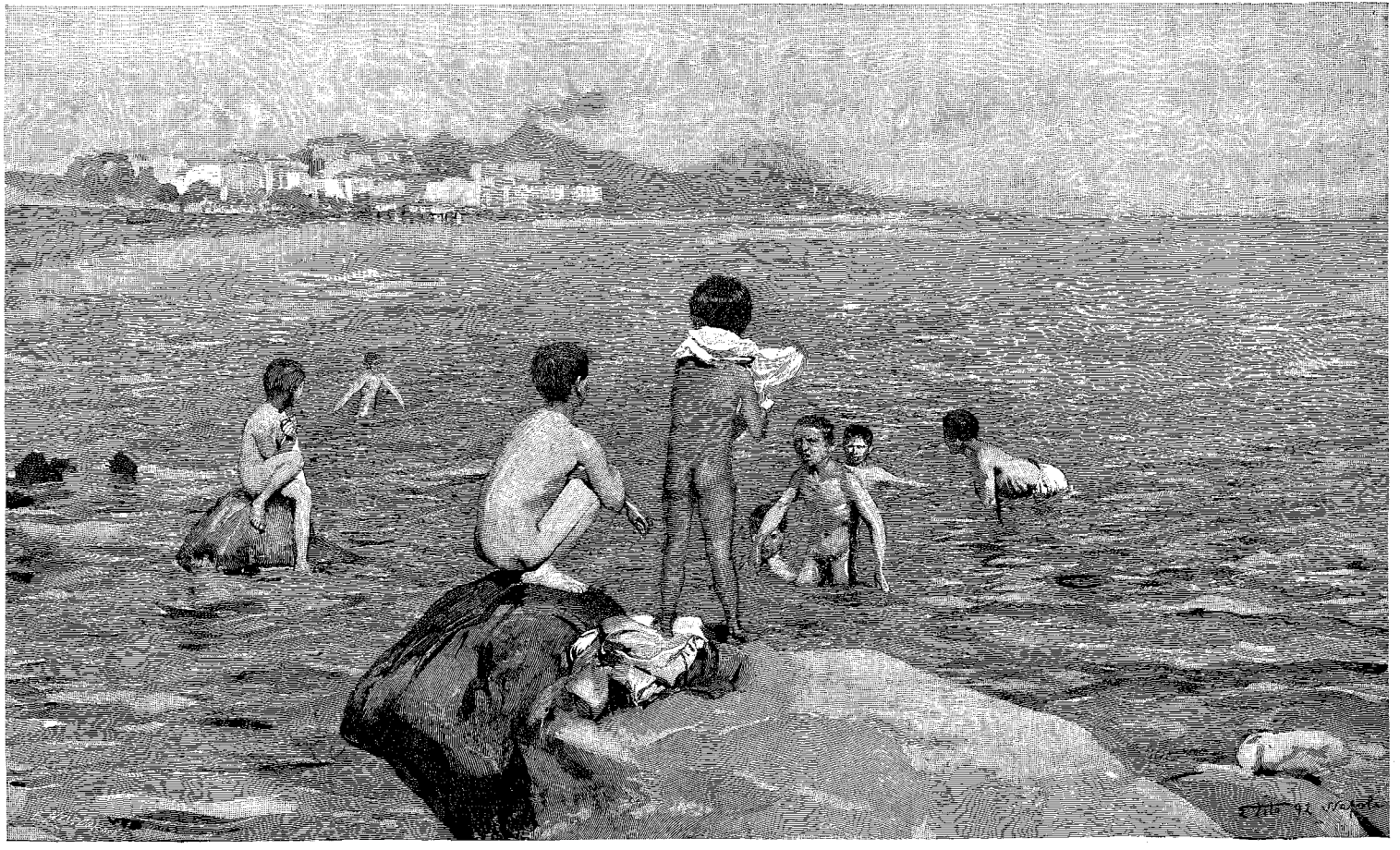

DRAWN BY ETTORE TITO.

Cheap Bathing.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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for their "orgies," more than one professor affirmed that the real cause must be traced to the sudden change of temperature, to the southwest wind, sirocco, which prevents the sewers from discharging their contents into the sea and drives the refuse back to the streets and shores, which, in the quarters of Pendino and Porto, are almost on a level with the sea; and to the condition of the water under ground which, swelled by the tremendous rainfalls, carried more putrid matter than usual into the drinking-wells and streams. Certain it is that as soon as the *tramontana* (north wind) began to blow, and the low tides allowed the impurities to put out to sea, the cholera diminished and for three years returned no more. Then came the narrations in the newspapers of the actual state of the habitations of the poor—how human beings and beasts were crowded together, how the stables were never cleaned, how the sinks filtered into the wells—twelve hundred and fourteen of these being foul but "possibly cleansible," while sixty-three were ordered to be filled up and closed. It was shown that these quarters were more densely populated than any other portion of Europe, London included; while the insalubrious trades were carried on in the most populous portions of the over-crowded quarters, there being no less than two hundred and thirty-five large and small rag and bone stores in the midst, while decayed vegetables, the entrails of beasts, stale fish were left where flung, scavengers and dustmen confining their labors to the quarters of the "upper third."

On the Stairs of Santa Lucia.

All these accounts King Humbert read attentively, and to old Depretis, then prime minister, said: "Italy must redeem Naples at any cost." And the old statesman answered: "Yes, Naples must be disembowelled." *Bisogna sventrare Napoli.* A bill was presented to the Chamber for the gift of fifty millions of lire, and the loan of other fifty millions for the sanitation of the unhealthy quarters of the city, and for the decent housing of the poor, and the sums were voted without a murmur, so great was the sympathy felt for the victims of the cholera and their survivors, whose misery was portrayed with heart-rending eloquence. The senate approved, and the king set his seal to the decree on January 15, 1885.

As studies for the amelioration of

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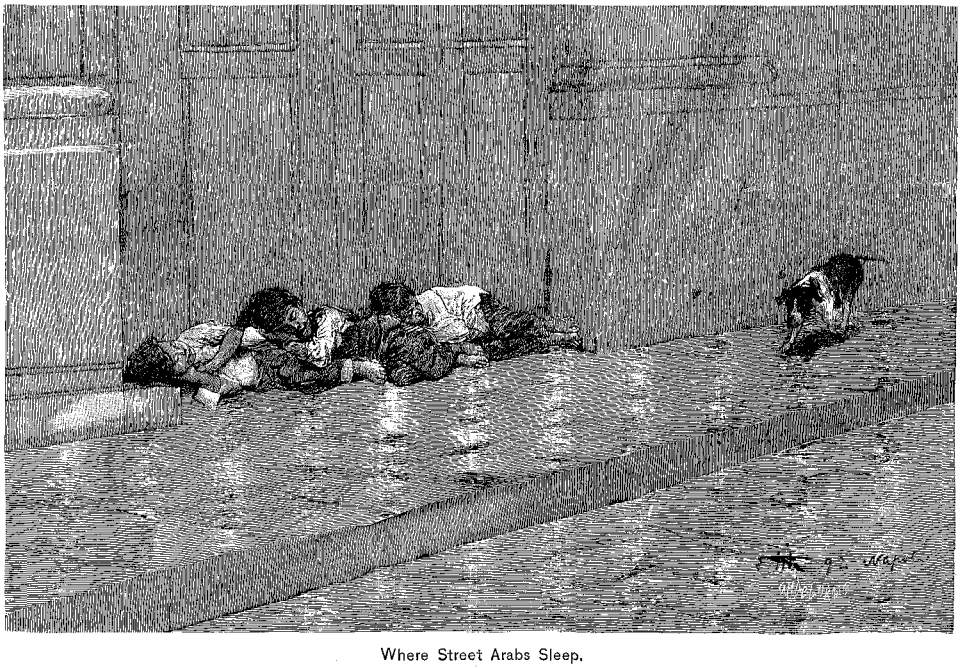
the poor quarters and the sanitation of Naples had been carried on, and paid for, and the authors of plans decorated during the last ten years, it was supposed that (the financial question solved) the work would be commenced there and then, but two more years were wasted in finding out "how not to do it."

Until 1850 Naples had always been reckoned one of the healthiest cities in Italy. Typhus and diphtheria were rare; no one had ever heard of a Neapolitan fever. True, when the rains were heavy the city in many parts was inundated with flowing streams called *lave*, and wooden bridges were erected over several streets, otherwise traffic would have been impossible. Once the so-called *lava dei vergini* carried away a horse and carriage in its impetuous course. To remedy this state of things the government of King Bomba ordered a system of sewers which, either owing to the ignorance of the engineers or the jobbery of the contractors, rendered the last state of Naples worse than the first.

Into these sewers, which had insufficient slope, not only the rain water, but the water from sinks, all the contents of the cesspools, were supposed to flow. But in seasons of drought nothing flowed; all remained in the sewers. Often the sewers were so badly constructed that instead of carrying off the contents of the cesspools they carried their own contents into the drinking-wells. Hence the stench often noticed in some of the best streets of Naples. Some of the conduits are almost on a level with the street; many of them have burst. One of the best modern engineers of Naples writes: "If you uncover the streets of our city ditches of putrid matter most baneful to health will reveal themselves to the eye of the indiscreet observer." He quotes one special spot, *Vicolo del Sole*, "where cholera, typhus, every sort of lung disease had reigned supreme." This "Sun alley," where the sun never shines, was closed, and the health of the neighborhood became normal. But when a number of people were ousted from their houses for the excavation of the *corso reale*, the Vicolo was again inhabited, and out of seventy-two inhabitants, the cholera carried off sixty. Every time that excavations were made



Where Street Arabs Sleep.

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in any part of the low quarters of Naples typhus or diphtheria, or the newly invented Neapolitan fever, broke out—and, to quote official statements, "if one case of fever broke out in a house where the cesspool communicated with the drinking-well, all the families who drew water from that well were laid low with the same fever. Again, these horrible sewers when they

Interior of a Poor Quarter.

succeeded in emptying themselves, did so in the most populous quarters of the city, so that the Riviera became a putrid lake, and in the best quarters of Chiaia the stench at eventide was so horrible that the people used to call it the *malora di* Chiaia (bad hour of). When the southwest wind blew the high tide prevented the sewerage from going out to sea, so all the matter brought down remained strewed along the shore. The best hotels were closed owing to the fever that prevailed, and are now nearly all replaced by others built in the higher quarters, the Rione Amadeo, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, etc.

Hence the first thing to be thought of for the sanitation of Naples was the renovation and purification of the drains. The fewest possible excavations, the greatest possible extent of *colmate* (raising the level), was clearly indicated; and as this "silting up" the lower quarters has to be done, not as in Lincolnshire fens by allowing water to leave its own sediments, but by material imported, it was and is a very costly proceeding.

Alas! that the lessons taught by the former attempts at redeeming the slums should have been forgotten, or rather deliberately neglected. "Don't begin at the end instead of at the beginning," said G. Florenzano, in 1885. Don't begin by pulling down the old houses until you have built new ones for the evicted tenants of the *fondaci*, grottoes, etc. If you go on the old system the poor creatures who now have a roof over their heads will have to crowd the remaining *fondaci* even as did those of Porto when you beautified the Via del Duomo, or they will crowd into the cloisters of S. Tommaso di Aquino, where the cholera mowed down so many victims. You can pull down houses in a week, but it takes a year to build them, and another year must elapse before they are habitable." The discussions and commissions went on for two years and a half. There was the question of whether the municipality

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should expropriate, demolish, and rebuild on its own account. The majority were against this, urging that public bodies are the worst of all workers. Then should the whole contract be given to one society or to several? And here the war of the "one lot" or "lot of lots" raged fiercely. "Whoever gets the contract, however few or many be the contractors," said Villari, from his seat in the Senate, and other 'sentimentalists,' "let them be bound over to build healthy houses for the poor who will be evicted from the slums, on a site not so far from their old homes as to prevent them from carrying on their daily employments, and at rents certainly not higher than those they pay at present."

To this, practical people answered that: "No building society would build at a loss, and that healthy houses in healthy sites in the populous quarters of Naples could not be erected for the letting price of five lire per room."

"Then let the municipality first deduct from the hundred millions given for the poor of Naples such sums as *are* necessary for building these houses without profit," retorted the sentimentalists; "in the long run they will be found to pay, but in any case they must be built."

As usual the *vox clamante* resounded in the desert only. In 1888, the municipality entered into a contract with a building society of Milan for the entire work of expropriation, demolition of old houses, the construction of new ones, and the all-important work of laying down the sewers and paving the streets above. The laying down of gas and the canalization of the water of the Serino in the new quarters was alone retained in the hands of the municipality and separately contracted for. The contract itself, to use the words of the minority of the "communal councillors," represented a direct violation of the spirit of the law passed by the Italian parliament in the interests of the community and for the sanitation of Naples, while the commission of inquiry delegated by the council to examine and report on the works, affirmed that "Private speculation, substituted for the superintendence of the commune and the State, naturally ignored the philanthropic impulse of the law,

One of the New Blocks of Tenements in Naples.

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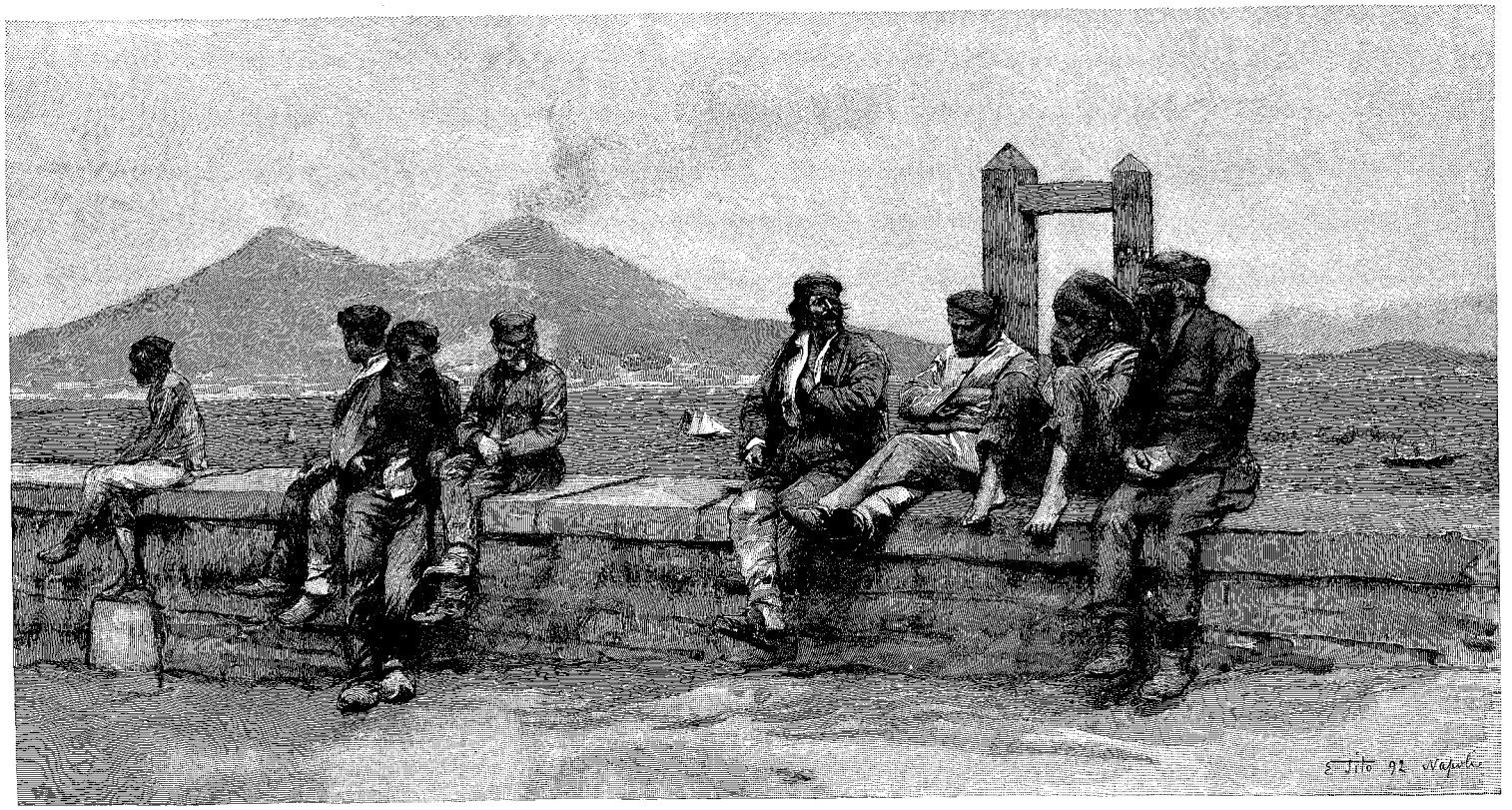

DRAWN BY ETTORE TITO.

The Pleasures of Idleness.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

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allowing industrial calculation and bankers' rings to boss the enterprise especially planned for the benefit of the poorest classes and to sanify the lowest quarters of the city." So much for the spirit of the contract.

Coming to its execution, the municipality neither armed itself with sufficient powers for compelling the contractors to perform their work properly, nor did it put such powers as were reserved into execution. Consequently expropriations which, by the terms of the contract, ought to have allowed three months to elapse between the notice to quit and the actual departure, were often carried out within a week of the notice given. Availing themselves of the law which sanctions expropriations at a fixed price for public benefit, the society bore hard on many small proprietors, whose houses they took without any immediate need, and these, until the time comes for their demolition, are underlet to the worst class of usurers, who have evicted the tenants and doubled the rent. Then the first houses were jerry built. One fell while building and killed several workmen. Again, the contract bound the society to build houses only three stories high, to avoid the overcrowding so complained of in the old quarters. They built them of four stories. The courtyards were to occupy one-sixth of the whole area of each tenement—they were found to occupy barely one-seventh or even one-eighth. Finally (and this raised a popular outcry at last), in no single tenement built by the society could the evicted poor find a room, because they were all about twice the price of their former ones, and so far removed from the scene of their daily labors that it was very doubtful whether they could inhabit them at all. It is neither edifying nor interesting to seek out who were the chief culprits; certainly the municipal authorities, who took no thought for the poor for whom the money was voted, were the original sinners. But when the hue and cry was raised the money was spent and it was no use crying over spilt milk. The municipality was bankrupt. Besides inheriting the debts and deficits of its predecessors, it had squandered vast sums on useless works, given three millions to the society which built the King Humbert Gallery—a capital building for the cold and uncertain climate of Milan; quite a superfluity in sunny Naples, where everybody lives in the open air, and where you can hardly yet get sellers and buyers to use the new covered market-place instead of the street pavements.

So the municipality was dissolved by the government and a Royal Commissioner sent to take the affairs of the commune in hand. When I came here last October affairs seemed past praying for, the state of overcrowding in the poorest quarters was worse than ever. I found houses condemned as unsafe and propped up with shores, without a window-pane or door on hinges, crowded to excess—the *fondaci* left standing with double their old numbers of inhabitants; the cellars full, and at night the streets turned into public dormitories. True, the water from the Serino had been brought into Naples, and this is a priceless boon which can only be appreciated by those who remember the bad old days when even at the best hotels you dared not drink a glass of unboiled water; when the poor people had to purchase water at one or two sous per litre, those who could not do so going athirst. Then the old charnel-house is actually closed, and the new cemetery is as beautiful as a cemetery need be. Though it has only been open two years it is already nearly full. The poor have the graves and a parish coffin gratis, but after eighteen months the "bones are exhumed to make room for the fresh corpses." The families who can afford to do so pay for a niche in which to deposit the "bones," while the remains of those who have no friends able to do so are placed in a huge *cistern* outside the cemetery. At any rate the poorest have now for a time a grave to themselves and need not say with envy as they used to do when accompanying some *signore* to the monumental cemetery, "*O Mamma mia, vurria murì pe staccà!*" "Mother mine, I would die to stop here."

Then Naples as a city is undoubtedly

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renovated and beautified; always *bella*, ever *dolce*, it is now one of the most commodious cities in the world. Trams take you from Posilipo to the royal palace, from the Via Tasso to the *Reclusoria*. New palaces, new houses rise up to the east and west of the city.

Besides the demolitions and reconstructions of the famous Societa di Risanimento, another society has built largely at the *Rione Vasto* at *Capuana*, *case economiche* and *edifizi civili* which we should call workmen's houses and houses for well-to-do people. Even so in the *Rione Arenaccia Orientale*, in the *Rione S. Efrem Vecchio Ottocalli Ponti Rossi*. In the *Rione Vomero-Arenella* the Banca Tiberina has built enormously; constructed two *funicolari* (cable railways), and in two years the population of that quarter has increased from 751 to 3,991; but there are no *funnachère* among them.

In the favorite quarter of foreign artists, Santa Lucia, where the oyster and "fruits of the sea" mongers and their wives, the sulphur-water vendors, fryers of *polipi* and *peperoni*, congregate, these *luciani* also inhabit *fondaci* not quite as filthy as those of Porto and Pendino, nor are they nearly as docile. They strongly objected to the tramway as an invasion of their rights, and laughed to scorn the builders of the new houses on the shore of the Castello Dell' Uovo and of the new *loggie* for the shell-fish vendors. "The first high wind," they say, would carry stalls and fish into the sea, and as for the new houses, they *pizzicano* (are too dear), *non jamme 'n terra* (they shall not demolish our houses), they tell you, and as yet no one has dared to tackle them. The new houses are divided into charming little apartments with a kitchen and convenience in each, but the kitchen and one room cost 15 lire, others 20, 30, even 35 lire.

With a budget of thirty million lire and a huge deficit, little margin was left to the Royal Commissary, who had to cut down estimates, retrench in every department, "economize to the bone," but as winter approached, the cry of the people became audible in high places. It was one thing to camp out in the summer, but quite another to use the streets for bed and the sky for roof in the months of December, January, and February, while the new commission of engineers and medical men pronounced many of the hovels still inhabited to be "dangerous to life and limb," and ordered the society to repair or close them at once. The society chose the latter alternative, thus reducing still further the scant accommodation—but the Royal Commissary was not a "corporation." He had a soul, or at least a heart. "For six months," he writes, in his report to the government at the close of his mission, "a famished mob, *turba famelica*, have thronged the stairs of the municipality; children of both sexes, utterly destitute, who must of necessity go to the bad; mothers clasping dying babies to their milkless breasts; widows followed by a tribe of almost naked children; aged and infirm of both sexes, hungry and in tatters—and this spectacle, which has wrung my heart, reveals but a small portion of the prevalent destitution. One can but marvel at the docile nature of the lower orders of Neapolitans, who bear with such resignation and patience their unutterable sufferings. One cannot think without shuddering of this winter, which overtook whole families without a roof over their heads, without a rag to cover them, without the slightest provision for their maintenance."

To remedy this awful state of things in some degree, this royal extraordinary commissary, in Naples for six months only (Senator Giuseppe Saredo), gave it to be understood that the society *must* find means of lodging the evicted poor in some of the new tenements at the old prices. He even consented to a compromise, by which, leaving all the work of laying down drains and filling up low places intact, he consented to the delay in certain buildings which ought to have been completed in the third *biennio*, on the conditions that the society should cede tenements capable of housing fifteen hundred people, no single room to cost more than five lire per month. The first great exodus took place in December; unfortunately, the housing schedules were not all given to people who could not afford to pay more than five lire; and when I visited

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the tenements the brass bedsteads and mahogany chests of drawers told tales of past homes in quite other places than in the slums. But in many rooms we did find our *funacchère;* the thin end of the wedge was inserted, and when the Royal Commissary's term of office came to an end the new Syndic repeated the experiment, and arranged with the society for other tenements capable of housing other two thousand of the poorest. This time the vice-syndics have had a warning that if they give schedules to any but the houseless poor their offices and honors will be transferred. At first the idea of removing the poor costermongers, porters, coal-heavers, fish, snail, and tripe vendors so far from their old slums and haunts seemed unpractical and even cruel; but having revisited those haunts and the slummers in their new homes, seen the shops opened on the ground floors of the new dwellings, turned on the water tap which is in each room or apartment, inspected the closets which are perfectly scentless, I can only express a feeling of thankfulness that the axe has been laid at the root of the tree at last.

It is not only a question of health and longevity—the poor people in the *fondaci* cellars and underground dens were entirely at the mercy of the *camorra* which, however the police and the authorities may flatter themselves, has never been killed and very slightly scotched. These poor creatures, crowded in one spot, are the terrified victims of the *camorrist*, that "unclean beast of dishonest idleness" of yore, who now has cleaned himself up a bit, but is as bestial, dishonest, and idle as ever. With the dispersion of the slummers and the allotment to each of a room or rooms with doors that lock, and windows that open, the *camorrists'* reign is over, especially as the society, though compelled to charge only five lire per room, has no help from the municipality in collecting rents, and therefore selects for porters (concierge) men who attend to their interests and not to those of the *camorra*.

What is now wanted in the new quarters are infant schools, elementary and industrial schools, of all of which Naples possesses some of the most perfect that I have ever seen in Italy or in England. Naples, a city of contrasts in all respects, is especially so in the management of her public and private institutions.

Of charitable institutions belonging to the poor by right, Naples has enough and to spare, with two hundred edifices and over eight or ten millions of annual income. But these edifices and this income serve every interest save that of the poor. Administrators, priests, governors, electors, deputies, councillors and their clients get thus the lion's share. The Albergo dei Poveri, with an income of over a million and a half, maintains a family of employés exceeding seven hundred, while the poor, many of whom are merely protégés of the rich, have dwindled down to two thousand. The children have scarcely a shirt to change; the school for deaf and dumb boys has been so neglected for years that only now has the new director been able to form a class. The girls in charge of the *figlie della carità*, French nuns, are kept so hard at work at embroidery and flower making that their health is ruined, and the agglomeration of old men and women, young boys and girls under one roof is by no means conducive to order, discipline, or morality. One "governor" succeeds to another. One sells 5,000 square metres of land to a building society for eleven lire per metre, at a time when in certain portions of the city land is worth three and four hundred lire. His successor brings an action against the purchaser and the costs are enormous. Another has farmed out the rents to some collector at far too low a price; another action is brought. The chemist is proved to have substituted flour for quinine, Dover's powders without opium, and is suspended. But the *corpo delicto*, *i.e.*, the analyzed medicines, have disappeared; the chemist will come off triumphant and the Albergo dei Poveri will have to pay costs and damages, and possibly to meet an action for libel. Of course there is a deficit in the budget; and this will continue to increase, whoever may be governor, as long as the system remains and as long as places are created for

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protégés of Senator A, Deputy B, or Counsellor C.

The enormous hospital of the *Incurabili*, where also a royal commissionary presides, was found to be in a most deplorable state. The number of patients reduced from one thousand to seven hundred; the meat of inferior quality to that prescribed. Despite the 25,000 lire which appear in the budget for linen, there were not sufficient sheets to change the beds of the sick, yet there was an accumulated deficit of 869,030 lire, and for last year alone 200,000 lire. As the present special commissioners have really reduced the expenditure, while increasing the number of patients admitted, diminished the enormous number of servants, and by supplying food to those on guard deprived them of the temptation to steal the rations of the sick; as they have thoroughly cleansed the hospital from garret to cellar, constructed water-closets, etc., we hope they will be allowed to remain in office sufficient time to render a return to former abuses impossible.

Some improvement there is, we notice, in the Foundling Hospital, which was in a wretched state, the mortality among infants amounting to ninety-five and even one hundred per cent. The system adopted of giving them out to be nursed by poor families in the city and country round Naples, answers admirably, as the poor people here regard them as the "Virgin's children"—*figlie della Madonna*. Still there are over three hundred big, lazy girls in the establishment who ought to have been put out to earn their living long ago.

The *Casa di Maternita*, lately added to the establishment, is admirably conducted, and the secrets of the poor girls or women who demand admission are religiously kept.

The famous convent of the *Sepolte Vive* of Suor Orsola Benincasa, which created such a sensation in the newspapers a year since, is now completely reformed; the few surviving nuns are pensioned off and allotted a residence in some distant portion of the enormous edifice, while the income of 100,000 lire is applied to the education of poor children. There are also classes for the children of parents who can pay, a normal school, and a kindergarten.

As the reformed law of charitable institutions is only two years old, and the government and municipal authorities are doing their best to apply it in spite of the clergy and the vested interests of innumerable loafers, we may hope that in time to come the poor and the poor alone may profit by this their own and only wealth. How such wealth may be profitably applied is shown by the numerous establishments founded and maintained by private charity. The children's hospital, *Ospitale Lina*, founded and maintained by the well-known philanthropist, Duchessa Ravaschiera, is a perfect gem. There are eighty beds, each occupied by a poor child for whom a surgical operation is necessary. All the first surgeons and doctors of Naples give their services. The Duchess herself, who founded the hospital in memory of her only daughter, Lina, superintends it in person, often living and sleeping there, and the delight of the children when "*Mamma Duchessa*" enters the wards is very touching.

The asylum for girls orphaned during the cholera of 1884 is another example of how much can be done, with comparatively small sums, under personal supervision. Here 285 boarders and 250 day scholars are maintained at a cost of little over 100,000 francs, subscribed by individuals, by the Bank of Naples, the Chamber of Commerce, etc. All the children frequent the elementary schools, and are each taught a trade, dressmaking, plain needlework, making and mending—*maglieria* (machine knitted vests), stockings, petticoats, etc., artificial flowers, embroidery, and lace making. At the Exposition of Palermo there was a beautiful collection of the work done by the girls of this school; we could wish that they were not compelled to toil so many hours a day, but necessity knows no law, and the administration of the superintendent, Baron Tosti, is above all praise. There are two educational and industrial schools for boys in Naples which may serve as models to the other provinces of Italy and to other nations.

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The *Instituto Casanova** for boys who have attended the infant schools was founded in 1862 by Alfonzo della Valle di Casanova. Elementary schools and workshops were opened under the same roof and carried on privately with great success until 1880; then recognized as a *Corpo Morale* by the government, which assigned a large building with open spaces for gymnastics and recreation, surrounded by eleven new workshops. Industrial schools generally are a failure, owing to the expense incurred by the payment of directors of workshops, the purchase of machines, tools, instruments, and raw material. In this establishment the workshop alone is given rent free to the master—blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, boot-makers, brass-workers, cameo, lava workers, workers in bronze, sculptors, ebonists, wood-carvers, and printers—with whom a regular contract is signed, for a certain number of years, by which, on "November 1st, directors A, B, and C shall open a workshop, furnishing it with all such machines and instruments as are necessary for carrying on and teaching his trade to a fixed number of pupils." In case of bankruptcy the master must at once quit the workshop. The boys for the first two years, that is until they are nine, attend the elementary schools exclusively; then they or their parents choose their trade, and as soon as their work becomes profitable, they are paid a certain sum fixed by the master-workman and the director of the establishment, who receives the pay of the boys weekly and gives half to them, half to the establishment. At first the boys were compelled to place all their portion in postal savings banks, but as all are day scholars and are housed and fed by their parents, it was found that these, being too poor to maintain them, removed them from the school before they were proficient in their respective trades. From the report up to March 6, 1892, we find 559 "present," 104 pupils who had quitted the establishment as skilled workmen, all of whom are eagerly sought by the directors of workshops in this city. The income of the institute does not exceed 72,000 francs, of which 22,000 is paid to school-masters and servants; the remainder goes in buildings, prizes to the pupils, etc. The *Casanova* opera also has a beautiful department at the Exposition at Palermo, where albums and pamphlets show its whole history from the beginning.

A similar institution, much rougher, but even more meritorious, is the working school in the ex-convent of S. Antonio a Tarsia. The boys collected here are the real waifs and strays taken from the streets—gutter sparrows, literally. The founder is Giovanni Florenzano, ex-member of parliament and at the present moment (*assessore*) officer of public instruction in the municipality of Naples. It is conducted on the same principles as that of Casanova, but, alas! not with equal funds. There is a workshop for carpenters, ebony-workers, wood-carvers, and gilders, for blacksmiths, workers in bronze, for the manufacture of iron and steel instruments, and a large printing-office. The boys gathered there number from two hundred and fifty to three hundred. Unfortunately the impecuniosity of the municipality has deprived this school of four thousand francs annually.

Signor Florenzano, who has done much for popular instruction in Naples, in 1883 opened a Sunday-school for recreation in a large hall with a pretty garden in the Vico Cupa a Chiara, where seven hundred children, all under separate patronage of benevolent men and women, were clothed, and on every Sunday taught choral singing, gymnastics, and military exercises. Alas! both the hall and garden have been demolished by the pickaxe of a building society, and, at the present moment the children are dispersed. This idea of placing every boy in the working school under the protection of some well-to-do person is excellent. A few more such industrial schools as these of Casanova and Tarsia would be the making of the next generation of Neapolitan boys. These private institutions also form a striking contrast with the so-called reformatories, penitentiaries, and correctional establishments with which

* An American lady, well known in Boston for her work in prison reform, said to us, as we were taking her over these schools: "We have nothing so good as this in America."

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Italy, and especially Naples, abounds. In three of these which we visited lately, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that there are no reforms, and no penitents in any of them. In one of these, where each boy costs three francs per day, *discoli*, merely naughty boys and boys sent by their own parents to be disciplined, are mixed up with culprits who have been condemned once, twice, and thrice, for whom "paternal discipline" is a derision, who break down the doors of their cells, kick the jailors, and yet are fed on coffee and milk in the morning, meat at mid-day, soup at night, and wine three times a week.

We have not space for even a brief reference to prison discipline in Italy, but we may say as a general rule that delinquents and criminals alone are housed, fed, clothed, and cared for by the State; that the greater the crime, the more hardened the criminal, the better does he lodge, dress, and, till yesterday, fare!

We must not close this story of the poor in Naples without a reference to two other institutions dedicated to the poor alone. The one is the school for the blind at Caravaggio, which, with the boarding-house and school founded by Lady Strachen, offer a pleasant contrast to the blind institute at S. Giuseppe, dependent on the *Albergo dei Poveri*. The blind institute, now called Prince of Naples, founded by the brothers Martucelli, is admirable. The blind boys and girls read, write, print, and play various instruments, are shoemakers, carpenters, basket and Venetian blind-makers. The correspondent of the London *Times*, on seeing the department of this school at the Palermo Exhibition, could hardly believe that the work was done by blind children.

The Froebel Institute, now called the Victor Emanuel International Institute, was founded by Julia Salis Schwabe, an enthusiastic admirer of Garibaldi, who, in 1860, appealed to women to open popular schools for the education of the poor in the southern provinces. Professor Villari took it under his especial protection, and the old medical college at S. Aniello was assigned for the purpose, so that poor girls taken from the streets could be housed, fed, and educated. At present the boarding-school has been much reduced, but the day, infant, and elementary schools are simply perfect. Side by side with the classes for poor children, are paying classes for the well-to-do, who are taught to find pleasure in bringing clothes and boots for their poorer companions. The "haves" pay seven lire a month, which suffices to give a capital soup every day to about four hundred children of the "have nots." The establishment serves also as a training-school for teachers of this Froebelian, or as it ought to be called, Pestalozzian system, certainly the most admirable yet invented for keeping children bright, happy, and active, and while placing no undue strain on their intellectual faculties, disciplining and preparing them for the age when these can be exercised. It is a school such as this which I long to see opened in the new quarters where the children taken from the *fondaci* cellars and slums in general are now housed. Very dismal they look, shut up in the respective rooms, seated upon the window-sills, longing for the open street, of *basso porto*, the filthy courtyards, where there were goats and rats to play with, any amount of dirt for the "makin' o' mud pies," and the chance of a stray *pizza* or *frazaglia*, the gift of kindly foodmongers. Now, of course the porters forbid the leaving open the doors of the "apartments," the squatting on staircases, the congregating in the courtyards where no "wash-pools" have been erected, "expressly to prevent the slummers from reducing the new tenements to the state of the old *fondaci*." All this is highly proper, but very forlorn for the little ones.

By degrees it is to be hoped that the inhabitants of Naples, rich and poor, will be induced to go and live in the suburbs. At present there is a population which has increased from a little over four hundred thousand to nearly six hundred thousand, crowded over eight square kilometres; deduct the space occupied by churches and public buildings, and there is little more than seven square kilometres. And this is the first greatest misfortune for the

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poor in Naples. The problem of housing them solved, it will be, after all, but the alpha of the business. There is neither "bread nor work" for the masses, who increase and multiply like rabbits in a warren. On this point they are extremely sensitive. Finding a lad of eighteen for whom we were trying to get work just married to a girl of sixteen, we ventured to remonstrate, asking how they were to keep their children? "*Volete anche spegnere la razza dei pezzenti*"—"Do you want even to extinguish the race of miserables?" the husband asked, indignantly.

Hitherto the surplus population of the provinces has swarmed off to Brazil and the United States. From the former country many of them return with sad tales of whole families swept away by yellow fever, of hard labor hoeing coffee with insufficient remuneration, and the impossibility of obtaining proper nourishment. And now comes the natural but sad report from the United States, accentuated by Mr. Chandler, in the *Forum*, that republican citizens are tired of the poor, meek, feckless, unclean offshoots of royal courts and aristocratic institutions who extract a livelihood from New York's ash-barrels; who contract for the right to trim the *ash-scows* before they are sent out to sea, whereas a few years ago men were paid a dollar and a half a day for the said "trimming;" who keep the stale beer dives and pig together in the "bend;" who used at home to receive but five cents per day and "wittals" that dogs refuse, undersell their labor abroad, and thus lower the wages of the natives.

We cannot wonder that the cry is: "Send them back—here they are encumbrances."

But when this safety-valve is closed some new outlet will have to be found to prevent an explosion, and the "upper third" will do well to devise the ways and means while yet there is time.

AN OLD LOVE-LETTER.

By Margaret Crosby.

THE flying years, the silent years,
Swept o'er this safely hidden page,
Till Time, that deep-sunk mystery clears,
Gives me the dateless heritage.

Where beat the heart, where burnt the brain,
That all this pain and passion felt?
On leaves defaced by mould and stain,
The secret of a life is spelt.

Why rashly lift, why rudely rend,
The softening veil that Death and Time,
Conspiring Life with Art to blend,
Have hung between her soul and mine?

Enough to know, enough to feel
That one immortal bliss endures;
The love these ardent words reveal
May haply mirror mine—or yours.

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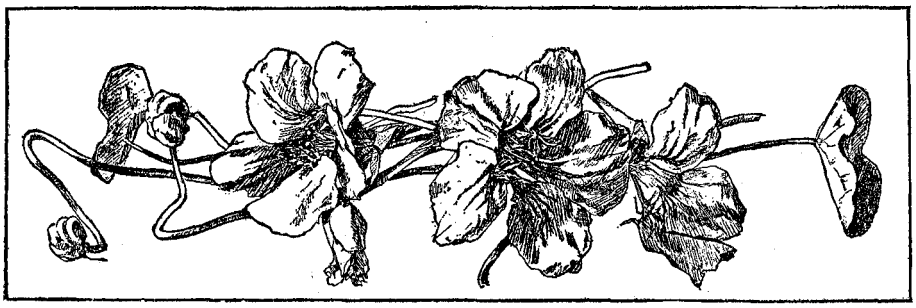

THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL.

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

PREFACE.

I SHOULD feel a serious delicacy in presenting to the world a sketch so autobiographical as this if I did not feel myself absolved from any charge of the bad taste of personality by the fact that I believe I might fairly entitle it "The Story of *any* Child with an Imagination." My impression is that the Small Person differed from a world of others only in as far as she had more or less imagination than other little girls. I have so often wished that I could see the minds of young things with a sight stronger than that of very interested eyes, which can only see from the *outside*. There must be so many thoughts for which child courage and child language have not the exact words. So, remembering that there was one child of whom I could write from the inside point of view, and with certain knowledge, I began to make a little sketch of the one I knew the best of all. It was only to be a short sketch in my first intention, but when I began it I found so much to record which seemed to me amusing and illustrative, that the short sketch became a long one. After all, it was not myself about whom I was being diffuse, but a little unit of whose parallels there are tens of thousands. The Small Person is gone to that undiscoverable far-away land where other Small Persons have emigrated—the land to whose regretted countries there wandered, some years ago, two little fellows, with picture faces and golden love-locks, whom I have mourned and longed for ever since, and whose going—with my kisses on their little mouths—has left me forever a sadder woman, as all other mothers are sadder, whatsoever the dearness of the maturer creature left behind to bear the same name and smile with eyes not quite the same. As I might write freely about them, so I feel I may write freely about her.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

MAY, 1892.

CHAPTER I.

THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL.

I HAD every opportunity for knowing her well, at least. We were born on the same day, we learned to toddle about together, we began our earliest observations of the world we lived in at the same period, we made the same mental remarks on people and things, and reserved to ourselves exactly the same rights of private personal opinion.

I have not the remotest idea of what she looked like. She belonged to an era when photography was not as ad-

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vanced an art as it is to-day, and no picture of her was ever made. It is a well authenticated fact that she was auburn-haired and rosy, and I can testify that she was curly, because one of my earliest recollections of her emotions is a memory of the momentarily maddening effect of a sharp, stinging jerk of the comb when the nurse was absent-minded or maladroit. That she was also a plump little person I am led to believe, in consequence of the well-known joke of a ribald boy cousin and a disrespectful brother, who averred that when she fell she "bounced" like an india-rubber ball. For the rest, I do not remember what the looking-glass reflected back at her, though I must have seen it. It might, consequently, be argued that on such occasions there were so many serious and interesting problems to be attended to that a reflection in the looking-glass was an unimportant detail.

In those early days I did not find her personally interesting—in fact I do not remember regarding her as a personality at all. It was the people about her, the things she saw, the events which made up her small existence, which were absorbing, exciting, and of the most vital and terrible importance sometimes. It was not until I had children of my own, and had watched their small individualities forming themselves, their large imaginations giving proportions and values to things, that I began to remember her as a little Person, and in going back into her past and reflecting on certain details of it and their curious effects upon her, I found interest in her and instruction, and the most serious cause for tender deep reflection on her as a thing touching on that strange, awful problem of a little soul standing in its newness in the great busy, tragic world of life, touched for the first time by everything that passes it, and never touched without some sign of the contact being left upon it.

What I remember most clearly and feel most serious is one thing above all: it is that I have no memory of any time so early in her life that she was not a distinct little *individual*. Of the time when she was not old enough to formulate opinions quite clearly to herself I have no recollection, and I can remember distinctly events which happened before she was three years old. The first incident which appears to me as being interesting, as an illustration of what a baby mind is doing, occurred a week or so after the birth of her sister, who was two years younger than herself. It is so natural, so almost inevitable, that even the most child-loving among us should find it difficult to realize constantly that a mite of three or four, tumbling about, playing with india-rubber dogs and with difficulty restrained from sucking the paint off Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, not to mention the animals, is a *person*, and that this person is ten thousand times more sensitive to impression than one's self, and that hearing and seeing one, this person, though he or she may not really understand, will be likely, in intervals of innocent destruction of small portable articles, to search diligently in infant mental space until he or she has found an explanation of affairs, to be pigeon-holed for future reference. And yet I can most solemnly declare that such was the earliest habit of that "One I knew the best of all."

One takes a fat, comfortable little body on one's knee and begins to tell it a story about "a fairy" or "a doggie" or "a pussy." And the moment the story begins the questions begin also. And with my recollection of the intense little Bogie whom I knew so well and who certainly must have been a most every-day-looking little personage, giving no outward warning of preternatural alertness and tragic earnestness, my memory leads me to think that indeed it is not a trifle to be sufficiently upright and intelligent to answer these questions exactly as one should. This first incident, which seems to me to denote how early a tiny mind goes through distinct processes of thought, is a very clear memory to me.

I see a comfortable English bedroom, such as would to-day seem old-fashioned without being ancient enough to be picturesque. I remember no articles of furniture in the room but a rather heavy four-posted carved mahogany bed, hung with crimson damask, ornamented with heavy fringe and big cords and tassels, a chair by this bedside—I think it was

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an arm-chair covered with chintz—and a footstool. This was called "a buffet," and rhymed with Miss Muffet eating her curds and whey. In England Miss Muffet sat on "a buffet," on the blood-curdling occasion when

> "There came a big spider
> And sat down beside her
> And frightened Miss Muffet away."

This buffet was placed upon the hearth-rug before the fire, and a very small being was sitting upon it, very conscious, in a quiet way, of her mamma lying on the crimson-draped bed, and the lady friend who was sitting in the chair by her, discussing their respective new babies. But most of all was the Small Person on the buffet conscious of their own personal new baby who was being taken care of by a nurse just near her.

Perhaps the interest of such recollections is somewhat added to by the fact that one can only recall them by episodes, and that the episodes seem to appear without any future or any past. Not the faintest shadow of the new baby seems to appear upon the camera, up to this moment, of the buffet, and I have no remembrance of any mental process which led to the Small Person's wishing to hold it on her knee. Perhaps it was a sudden inspiration.

But she did wish to hold it, and notified as much, apparently with sufficient clearness, to the nurse.

The shadow of the nurse has no name and no special individuality. She was only a figure known as "The Nurse."

But she impresses me in these days as having been quite definite in her idea that Persons not yet three years old were not to be trusted entirely with the new-born, however excellent their intentions were.

How the Small Person expressed herself in those days I do not know at all. Before three years articulation is not generally perfect, but if hers was not I know she was entirely unaware of her inadequacies. She thought she spoke just as other people did, and I never remember her pronunciation being corrected. I can recall, with perfect distinctness, however, what she *thought* she expressed and what her hearers *seemed* to understand her to say.

It was in effect something like this:

"I want to hold the New Baby on my knee."

"You are too little," said the Nurse.

"No, I am not too little. The New Baby is little, and I am on the buffet, and I will hold her tight if you will put her on my knee."

"She would slip off, I am afraid."

"No, I will hold her tight with both arms, just like you do. Please give her to me." And the Small Person spread her small knees.

I don't know how long the discussion lasted, but the Nurse was a good-natured person, and at last she knelt down upon the hearth-rug by the buffet, holding the white-robed new baby in her arms and amiably pretended to place it in the short arms and on the tiny knees, while she was really supporting it herself.

"There," she said. "Now she is on your knee." She thought she had made it all right, but she was gravely mistaken.

"But I want to hold her *myself*," said the Small Person.

"You are holding her," answered the Nurse, cheerfully. "What a big girl to be holding the New Baby just like a grown-up lady."

The Small Person looked at her with serious candor.

"I am *not* holding her," she said. "*You* are holding her."

That the episode ended without the Small Person either having held the New Baby, or being deceived into fancying she held it, is as clear a memory to me as if it had occurred yesterday, and the point of the incident is that after all the years that have passed I remember with equal distinctness the thoughts which were in the Small Person's mind as she looked at the Nurse and summed the matter up, while the woman imagined she was a baby not capable of thinking at all.

It has always interested me to recall this because it was so long ago, and while it has not faded out at all, and I see the mental attitude as definitely as I see the child and the four-post bed with its hangings, I recognize that she was too young to have had in her vo-

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cabulary the *words* to put her thoughts and mental arguments into—and yet they were there, as thoughts and mental arguments are there to-day—and after these many years I can write them in adult words without the slightest difficulty. I should like to have a picture of her eyes and the expression of her baby face as she looked at the Nurse and thought these things, but perhaps her looks were as inarticulate as her speech.

"I am very little," she thought. "I am so little that you think I do not know that you are pretending that I am holding the new baby, while really it is you who are holding it. But I do know. I know it as well as you, though I am so little and you are so big that you always hold babies. But I cannot make you understand that, so it is no use talking. I want the baby, but you think I shall let it fall. I am sure I shall not. But you are a grown-up person and I am a little child, and the big people can always have their own way."

I do not remember any rebellion against an idea of injustice. All that comes back to me in the form of a mental attitude is a perfect realization of the immense fact that people who were grown up could do what they chose, and that there was no appeal against their omnipotence.

It may be that this line of thought was an infant indication of a nature which developed later as one of its chief characteristics, a habit of adjusting itself silently to the inevitable, which was frequently considered to represent indifference, but which merely evolved itself from private conclusions arrived at through a private realization of the utter uselessness of struggle against the Fixed.

The same curiosity as to the method in which the thoughts expressed themselves to the small mind devours me when I recall the remainder of the bedroom episode, or rather an incident of the same morning.

The lady visitor who sat in the chair was a neighbor, and she also was the proprietor of a new baby, though her baby was a few weeks older than the very new one the Nurse held.

She was the young mother of two or three children, and had a pretty sociable manner toward tiny things. The next thing I see is that the Small Person had been called up to her and stood by the bed in an attitude of modest decorum, being questioned and talked to.

I have no doubt she was asked how she liked the New Baby, but I do not remember that or anything but the serious situation which arose as the result of one of the questions. It was the first social difficulty of the Small Person—the first confronting of the overwhelming problem of how to adjust perfect truth to perfect politeness.

Language seems required to mentally confront this problem and try to settle it, and the Small Person cannot have had words, yet it is certain that she confronted and wrestled with it.

"And what is your New Baby's name to be?" the lady asked.

"Edith," was the answer.

"That is a pretty name," said the lady. "I have a new baby, and I have called it Eleanor. Is not that a pretty name?"

In this manner it was—simple as it may seem—that the awful problem presented itself. That it seemed awful—actually almost unbearable—is an illustration of the strange, touching sensitiveness of the new-born butterfly soul just emerged from its chrysalis—the impressionable sensitiveness which it seems so tragic that we do not always remember.

For some reason—it would be impossible to tell what—the Small Person did *not* think Eleanor was a pretty name. On strictly searching the innermost recesses of her diminutive mentality she found that she *could* not think it a pretty name. She tried, as if by muscular effort, and could not. She thought it was an *ugly* name; that was the anguish of it. And here was a lady, a nice lady, a friend with whom her own mamma took tea, a kind lady, who had had the calamity to have her own newest baby christened by an ugly name. How could anyone be rude and hard-hearted enough to tell her what she had done—that her new baby would always have to be called something ugly? She positively quaked with misery. She stood quite still and looked

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at the poor nice lady helplessly without speaking. The lady probably thought she was shy, or too little to answer readily or really have any opinion on the subject of names. Mistaken lady: how mistaken, I can remember. The Small Person was wrestling with her first society problem, and trying to decide what she must do with it.

"Don't you think it is a pretty name?" the visitor went on, in a petting, coaxing voice, possibly with a view to encouraging her. "Don't you like it?"

The Small Person looked at her with yearning eyes. She could not say "No" blankly. Even then there lurked in her system the seeds of a feeling which, being founded on a friendly wish to be humane, which is a virtue at the outset, has increased with years, until it has become a weakness which is a vice. She could not say a thing she did not mean, but she could not say brutally the unpleasant thing she did mean. She ended with a pathetic compromise.

"I don't think," she faltered—"I don't think—it is—as pretty—as Edith."

And then the grown-up people laughed gayly at her as if she were an amusing little thing, and she was kissed and cuddled and petted. And nobody suspected she had been thinking anything at all, any more than they imagined that she had been translating their remarks into ancient Greek. I have a vivid imagination as regards children, but if I had been inventing a story of a child, it would not have occurred to me to imagine such a mental episode in such a very tiny person. But the vividness of my recollection of this thing has been a source of interest and amusement to me through so many mature years that I feel it has a certain significance as impressing upon one's mind a usually unrealized fact.

When she was about four years old a strange and serious event happened in the household of the Small Person, an event which might have made a deep and awesome impression on her but for two facts. As it was, a deep impression was made, but its effect was not of awfulness, but of unexplainable mystery. The thing which happened was that the father of the Small Person died. As she belonged to the period of Nurses and the Nursery she did not feel very familiar with him, and did not see him very often. "Papa," in her mind, was represented by a gentleman who had curling brown hair and who laughed and said affectionately funny things. These things gave her the impression of his being a most agreeable relative, but she did not know that the funny things were the jocular remarks with which good-natured maturity generally salutes tender years. He was intimately connected with jokes about cakes kept in the dining-room sideboard, and with amiable witticisms about certain very tiny glasses of sherry in which she and her brothers had drunk his health and her mamma's, standing by the table after dinner, when there were nuts and other fruits adorning it. These tiny glasses, which must really have been liqueur glasses, she thought had been made specially small for the accommodation of persons from the Nursery.

When "papa" became ill the Nursery was evidently kept kindly and wisely in ignorance of his danger. The Small Person's first knowledge of it seemed to reach her through an interesting adventure. She and her brothers and the New Baby, who by this time was quite an old baby, were taken away from home. In a very pretty countrified Public Park not far away from where she lived there was a house where people could stay and be made comfortable. The Park still exists, but I think the house has been added to and made into a museum. At that time it appeared to an infant imagination a very splendid and awe-inspiring mansion. It seemed very wonderful indeed to live in a house in the Park where one was only admitted usually under the care of Nurses who took one to walk. The park seemed to become one's own private garden, the Refreshment Room containing the buns almost part of one's private establishment, and the Policemen, after one's first awe of them was modified, to become almost mortal men.

It was a Policeman who is the chief feature of this period. He must have been an amiable Policeman. I have no doubt he was quite a fatherly Policeman,

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but the agonies of terror the One I knew the best of all passed through in consequence of his disposition to treat her as a joke, are something never to be forgotten.

I can see now from afar that she was a little person of the most law-abiding tendencies. I can never remember her feeling the slightest inclination to break a known law of any kind. Her inward desire was to be a good child. Without actually formulating the idea, she had a standard of her own. She did not want to be "naughty," she did not want to be scolded, she was peace-loving and pleasure-loving, two things not compatible with insubordination. When she was "naughty," it was because what seemed to her injustice and outrage roused her to fury. She had occasional furies, but went no further.

When she was told that there were pieces of grass on which she must not walk, and that on the little boards adorning their borders the black letters written said "Trespassers will be prosecuted," she would not for worlds have set her foot upon the green, even though she did not know what "prosecuted" meant. But when she discovered that the Park Policemen who walked up and down in stately solitude were placed by certain awful authorities to "take up" anybody who trespassed, the dread that she might inadvertently trespass some day and be "taken up" caused her blood to turn cold.

What an irate Policeman, rendered furious by an outraged law, represented to her tender mind I cannot quite clearly define, but I am certain that a Policeman seemed an omnipotent power, with whom the boldest would not dream of trifling, and the sole object of whose majestic existence was to bring to swift, unerring justice the juvenile law-breakers who in the madness of their youth drew upon themselves the eagle glance of his wrath, the awful punishment of justice being to be torn shrieking from one's Mamma and incarcerated for life in a gloomy dungeon in the bowels of the earth. This was what "Prison" and being "taken up" meant.

It may be imagined, then, with what reverent awe she regarded this supernatural being from afar, clinging to her Nurse's skirts with positively bated breath when he appeared; how ostentatiously she avoided the grass which must not be trodden upon; how she was filled with mingled terror and gratitude when she discovered that he even descended from his celestial heights to *speak* to Nurses, actually in a jocular manner and with no air of secreting an intention of pouncing upon their charges and "taking them up" in the very wantonness of power.

I do not know through what means she reached the point of being sufficiently intimate with a Policeman to exchange respectful greetings with him and even to indulge in timorous conversation. The process must have been a very gradual one and much assisted by friendly and mild advances from the Policeman himself. I only know it came about, and this I know through a recollection of a certain eventful morning.

It was a beautiful morning, so beautiful that even a Policeman might have been softened by it. The grass which must not be walked upon was freshest green, the beds of flowers upon it were all in bloom. Perhaps the brightness of the sunshine and the friendliness of nature emboldened the Small Person and gave her giant strength.

How she got there I do not know, but she was sitting on one of the Park benches at the edge of the grass, and a Policeman—a real, august Policeman—was sitting beside her.

Perhaps her Nurse had put her there for a moment and left her under the friendly official's care. But I do not know. I only know she was there, and so was he, and he was doing nothing alarming. The seat was one of those which have only one piece of wood for a back and she was so little that her short legs stuck out straight before her, confronting her with short socks and plump pink calf and small "ankle-strap" shoes, while her head was not high enough to rest itself against the back, even if it had wished to.

It was this last fact which suggested to her mind the possibility of a catastrophe so harrowing that mere mental anguish forced her to ask questions even from a Minion of the law. She looked at him and opened her lips half a dozen

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times before she dared to speak, but the words came forth at last:

"If anyone treads on the grass must you take them up?"

"Yes, I must." There is no doubt but that the innocent fellow thought her and her question a good joke.

"Would you have to take *anyone* up if they went on the grass?"

"Yes," with an air of much official sternness. "*Any*one."

She panted a little and looked at him appealingly. "Would you have to take *me* up if I went on it?" Possibly she hoped for leniency because he evidently did not object to her Nurse, and she felt that such relationship might have a softening influence.

"Yes," he said, "I should have to take you to prison."

"But," she faltered, "but if I *couldn't help* it—if I didn't go on it on purpose."

"You'd have to be taken to prison if you went on it," he said. "You couldn't go on it without knowing it."

She turned and looked at the back of the seat, which was too high for her head to reach, and which consequently left no support behind her exceeding smallness.

"But—but," she said, "I am so little I might fall through the back of this seat. If I was to *fall* through on to the grass should you take me to prison?"

What dulness of his kindly nature—I feel sure he was not an unkindly fellow—blinded the Policeman to the terror and consternation which must in some degree have expressed themselves on her tiny face, I do not understand, but he evidently saw nothing of them. I do not remember what his face looked like, only that it did not wear the ferocity which would have accorded with his awful words.

"Yes," he said, "I should have to pick you up and carry you at once to prison."

She must have turned pale; but that she sat still without further comment, that she did not burst into frantic howls of despair, causes one to feel that even in those early days she was governed by some rudimentary sense of dignity and resignation to fate, for as she sat there, the short legs in socks and small black "ankle-straps" confronting her, the marrow was dissolving in her infant bones.

There is doubtless suggestion as to the limits and exaggerations of the tender mind in the fact that this incident was an awful one to her and caused her to waken in her bed at night and quake with horror, while the later episode of her hearing that "Poor Papa" had died seemed only to be a thing of mystery of which there was so little explanation that it was not terrible. This was without doubt because, to a very young child's mind, death is an idea too vague to grasp.

There came a day when someone carried her into the bedroom where the crimson-draped four-post bed was, and standing by its side held her in her arms that she might look down at Papa lying quite still upon the pillow. She only thought he looked as if he were asleep, though someone said: "Papa has gone to Heaven," and she was not frightened, and looked down with quiet interest and respect. Seven years later the sight of a child of her own age or near it, lying in his coffin, brought to her young being an awed realization of death, whose anguished intensity has never wholly repeated itself; but being held up in kind arms to look down at "Poor Papa," she only gazed without comprehension and without fear.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE FLOWER-BOOK AND THE BROWN TESTAMENT.

I DO not remember the process by which she learned to read or how long a time it took her. There was a time when she sat on a buffet before the Nursery fire—which was guarded by a tall wire fender with a brass top—and with the assistance of an accomplished elder brother a few years her senior, seriously and carefully picked out with a short, fat finger the capital letters adorning the advertisement column of a newspaper.

But from this time my memory makes a leap over all detail until an occasion when she stood by her Grand-

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mamma's knee by this same tall Nursery fender and read out slowly and with dignity the first verse of the second chapter of Matthew in a short, broad, little speckled brown Testament with large print.

"When — Jesus — was — born — in — Bethlehem — of Judea," she read, but it is only this first verse I remember.

Either just before or just after the accomplishing of this feat she heard that she was three years old. Possibly this fact was mentioned as notable in connection with the reading, but to her it was a fact notable principally because it was the first time she remembered hearing that she was any age at all and that birthdays were a feature of human existence.

But though the culminating point of the learning to read was the brown Testament, the process of acquiring the accomplishment must have had much to do with the "Little Flower book."

In a life founded and formed upon books, one naturally looks back with affection to the first book one possessed. The one known as the "Little Flower book" was the first in the existence of the One I knew the best of all.

No other book ever had such fascinations, none ever contained such marvellous suggestions of beauty and story and adventure. And yet it was only a little book out of which one learned one's alphabet.

But it was so beautiful. One could sit on a buffet and pore over the pages of it for hours and thrill with wonder and delight over the little picture which illustrated the fact that A stood for Apple-blossom, C for Carnation, and R for Rose. What would I not give to see those pictures now. But I could not see them now as the Small Person saw them then. I only wish I could. Such lovely pictures! So like real flowers! As one looked at each one of them there grew before one's eyes the whole garden that surrounded it—the very astral body of the beauty of it.

It was rather like the Brown Testament in form. It was short and broad, and its type was large and clear. The short page was divided in two; the upper half was filled with an oblong black background, on which there was a flower, and the lower half with four lines of rhyme beginning with the letter which was the one that "stood for" the flower. The black background was an inspiration, it made the flower so beautiful. I do not remember any of the rhymes, though I have a vague impression that they usually treated of some moral attribute which the flower was supposed to figuratively represent. In the days when the Small Person was a child, morals were never lost sight of; no well-regulated person ever mentioned the Poppy, in writing for youth, without calling it "flaunting" or "gaudy;" the Violet, without laying stress on its "modesty;" the Rose, without calling attention to its "sweetness," and daring indeed would have been the individual who would have referred to the Bee without calling him "busy." Somehow one had the feeling that the Poppy was deliberately scarlet from impudence, that the Violet stayed up all night, as it were, to be modest, that the Rose had invented her own sweetness, and that the Bee would rather perish than be an "idle butterfly" and not spend every moment "improving each shining hour." But we stood it very well. Nobody repined, but I think one rather had a feeling of having been born an innately vicious little person who needed laboring with constantly that one might be made merely endurable.

It never for an instant occurred to the Small Person to resent the moral attributes of the flowers. She was quite resigned to them, though my impression is that she dwelt on them less fondly than on the fact that the rose and her alphabetical companions were such visions of beauty against their oblong background of black.

The appearing of the Flower book on the horizon was an event in itself. Somehow the Small Person had become devoured by a desire to possess a book and know how to read it. She was the fortunate owner of a delightful and ideal Grandmamma — not a modern grandmamma, but one who might be called a comparatively "early English" grandmamma. She was stately but benevolent; she had silver-white hair, wore a cap with a full white net border, and carried in her pocket an antique

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silver snuff-box, not used as a snuff-box, but as a receptacle for what was known in that locality as "sweeties," one of which being bestowed with ceremony was regarded as a reward for all nursery virtues and a panacea for all earthly ills. She was bounteous and sympathetic, and desires might hopefully be confided to her. Perhaps this very early craving for literature amused her, perhaps it puzzled her a little. I remember that a suggestion was tentatively made by her that perhaps a doll would finally be found preferable to a book, but it was strenuously declared by the Small Person that a book, and only a book, would satisfy her impassioned cravings. A curious feature of the matter is that, though dolls at a later period were the joy and the greater part of the existence of the Small Person, during her very early years I have absolutely no recollection of a feeling for any doll, or indeed a memory of any dolls existing for her.

So she was taken herself to buy the book. It was a beautiful and solemn pilgrimage. Reason suggests that it was not a long one, in consideration for her tiny and brief legs, but to her it seemed to be a journey of great length—principally past wastes of suburban brick-fields, which for some reason seemed romantic and interesting to her, and it ended in a tiny shop on a sort of country road. I do not see the inside of the shop, only the outside, which had one small window, with toys and sweet things in glass jars. Perhaps the Small Person was left outside to survey these glories. This would seem not improbable, as there remains no memory of the interior. But there the Flower book was bought (I wonder if it really cost more than sixpence); from there it was carried home under her arm, I feel sure. Where it went to, or how it disappeared, I do not know. For an æon it seemed to her to be the greater part of her life, and then it melted away, perhaps being absorbed in the Brown Testament and the more dramatic interest of Herod and the Innocents. From her introduction to Herod dated her first acquaintance with the "villain" in drama and romance, and her opinion of his conduct was, I am convinced, founded on something much larger than mere personal feeling.

CHAPTER III.

THE BACK GARDEN OF EDEN.

I DO not know with any exactness where it was situated. To-day I believe it is a place swept out of existence. In those days I imagine it was a comfortable, countrified house, with a big garden round it, and fields and trees before and behind it; but if I were to describe it and its resources and surroundings as they appeared to me in the enchanted days when I lived there, I should describe a sort of fairyland.

If one could only make a picture of the places of the world as these Small Persons see them, with their wondrous proportions and beauties—the great heights and depths and masses, the garden-walks which seem like stately avenues, the rose-bushes which are jungles of bloom, the trees adventurous brothers climb up and whose topmost branches seem to lift them to the sky. There was such a tree at the bottom of the garden at Seedly. To the Small Person the garden seemed a mile long. There was a Front Garden and a Back Garden, and it was the Back Garden she liked best and which appeared to her large enough for all one's world. It was all her world during the years she spent there. The Front Garden had a little lawn with flower-beds on it and a gravel walk surrounding it and leading to the Back Garden. The interesting feature of this domain was a wide flower-bed which curved round it and represented to the Small Person a stately jungle. It was filled with flowering shrubs and trees which bloomed, and one could walk beside them and look through the tangle of their branches and stems and imagine the things which might live among them and be concealed in their shadow. There were rose-bushes and lilac-bushes and rhododendrons, and there were laburnums and snowballs. Elephants and tigers might have lurked there, and there might have been fairies or gypsies, though I do not think her mind formu-

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lated distinctly anything more than an interesting suggestion of possibilities.

But the Back Garden was full of beautiful wonders. Was it always Spring or Summer there in that enchanted Garden which, out of a whole world, has remained throughout a lifetime the Garden of Eden? Was the sun *always* shining? Later and more material experience of the English climate leads me to imgaine that it was not *always* flooded and warmed with sunshine, and filled with the scent of roses and mignonette and new-mown hay and apple-blossoms and strawberries all together, and that when one laid down on the grass on one's back one could not always see that high, high world of deep sweet blue with fleecy islets and mountains of snow drifting slowly by or seeming to be quite still—that world to which one seemed somehow to belong even more than to the earth, and which drew one upward with such visions of running over the white soft hills and springing, from little island to little island, across the depths of blue which seemed a sea. But it was always so on the days the One I knew the best of all remembers the garden. This is no doubt because, on the wet days and the windy ones, the cold days and the ugly ones, she was kept in the warm nursery and did not see the altered scene at all.

In the days in which she played out of doors there were roses in bloom, and a score of wonderful annuals, and bushes with gooseberries and red and white and black currants, and raspberries and strawberries, and there was a mysterious and endless seeming alley of Sweetbriar, which smelt delicious when one touched the leaves and which sometimes had a marvellous development in the shape of red berries upon it. How is it that the warm, scented alley of Sweetbriar seems to lead her to an acquaintance, an intimate and friendly acquaintance, with the Rimmers's pigs, and somehow through them to the first Crime of her infancy.

The Rimmers were some country working-people whose white-washed cottage was near the Back Garden. Rimmer himself was a market gardener, and in his professional capacity had some connection with the Back Garden itself and also with the gardener. The cottage was very quaint and rural, and its garden, wherein cabbages and currant-bushes and lettuces, etc., grew luxuriantly, was very long and narrow, and one of its fascinating features was the pig-sty.

A pig-sty does not seem fascinating to mature years, but to Six-years-old, looking through an opening in a garden hedge and making the acquaintance of a little girl pig-owner on the other side, one who knows all about pigs and their peculiarities, it becomes an interesting object.

Not having known the pig in his domestic circles, as it were, and then to be introduced to him in his own home, surrounded by Mrs. Pig and a family of little Pink Pigs, squealing and hustling each other, and being rude over their dinner in the trough, is a situation full of suggestion.

The sty is really like a little house. What is he thinking of as he lies with his head half-way out of the door, blinking in the sun, and seeming to converse with his family in grunts? What do the grunts mean? Do the little Pink Pigs understand them? Does Mrs. Pig really reply when she seems to? Do they really like potato and apple parings, and all sorts of things jumbled together with buttermilk and poured into the trough?

The little girl whose father owns the pigs is very gifted. She seems to know everything about the family in the sty. One may well cherish an acquaintance with a person of such knowledge and experience.

One is allowed to talk to this little girl. Her name is Emma Rimmer. Her father and mother are decent people, and she is a well-behaved little girl. There is a little girl whose mother keeps the toll-gate on the road, and it is not permitted that one should converse with her. She is said to be "a rude little girl," and is tabooed.

But with Emma Rimmer it is different. She wears a print frock and clogs, and speaks in the Lancashire dialect, but there seems to be no serious objection to occasional conversation with her. At some time the Small Person must have been taken into the narrow

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garden, because of a remembrance of luxuries there revealed. A yard or so from the door of the cottage there was a small wooden shed, with a slanting roof protecting a sort of table or counter, with toothsome delicacies spread upon it for sale.

They were refreshments of the sort which the working classes patronize during their Sunday walks into the country. Most of them are purchasable for one penny, or one halfpenny, in coin of the realm. Pieces of cardboard in the cottage window announce:

"Pop. A penny a bottle.
Ginger beer
Sold here.
Also Nettle beer."

On the stall there are, "Real Eccles Cakes. One penny each." "Parkins. A halfpenny." There are glass bottles with "Raspberry Drops" in them, and "Bulls Eyes," and "Humbugs"—beautiful striped sticky things which taste strongly of peppermint. If one is capitalist enough to possess a halfpenny, one can spend half an hour in trying to decide what luxury to invest it in.

There was in those days in the air a rumor—for which Emma Rimmer was responsible—a sort of legend repeated with bated breath and not regarded with entire confidence—of a female Monte Christo of tender years, who once had spent a whole sixpence at a time. But no one saw her. She was never traced and could not have belonged to the neighborhood. Indeed there was an impression in the small person's mind that she was somehow connected with someone who worked in factories—perhaps was a little factory girl herself. No well-regulated little girl, with a nurse's eye upon her, would have been permitted to indulge in such reckless, even vulgar, extravagance.

Through the nearness of these temptations Crime came. The Serpent entered the Back Garden of Eden. The Serpent was innocent little Emma Rimmer.

There was a day on which the Small Person was playing with Emma Rimmer. Perhaps the air was sharp and hunger-creating, perhaps she had not eaten all her bowl of bread-and-milk at her Nursery breakfast that morning. Somehow she was not in the Back Garden, but in the road outside the big gates which opened into the carriage-way. Why she was without her Nurse is not explained. She seemed to be jumping about and running in a circle with Emma Rimmer, and she became suddenly conscious of a gnawing sense of vacancy under the belt of her pinafore. "I am so hungry," she said; "I am so hungry." Emma looked at her and then continued to jump up and down.

Something unusual must have been in the situation, because there seemed to be none of the usual methods to fall back upon in the way of going in search of bread-and-butter.

"I wish I had a halfpenny," she continued. "If I had a halfpenny I would get you to go to your cottage and get me a halfpenny parkin." A parkin is a spicy thing made of molasses and oatmeal and flavored with ginger. It can only be found in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Emma stopped jumping and looked sharply reflective. Familiarity with commerce had rendered her daring.

"Why does'na tha' go an' get a parkin on trust?" she said. "My mother 'd trust thee for a ha'p'ny."

"Ah!" gasped the Small Person.

The boldness of the suggestion overwhelmed her. She had never dreamed of the possibility of such a thing.

"Aye, she would," said Emma. "Tha' could just get thy parkin an' pay next toime tha' had a ha'p'ny. A moit o' people does that way. I'll go an' ax Mother fur thee now."

The scheme seemed so gigantic, so far from respectable, so fraught with peril. Suppose that one got a parkin "on trust," and *never* got a halfpenny, and one's family were consequently involved in eternal dishonor and disaster.

"Mamma would be angry," she said; "she would not let me do it."

"Tha' needn't say nowt about it," said Emma.

This was not actual duplicity, I am convinced. Her stolid rusticity retained its red cheeks like rosy apples, and she hopped about like a cheerful sparrow.

It was doubtless this serene and mat-

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ter-of-fact unconsciousness of any serious aspect of the matter which had its effect upon the Small Person. There is no knowing how long the discussion lasted, or in what manner she was finally persuaded by prosaic, practical argument that to make an investment "on trust" was an every-day commercial affair. The end of the matter was that stress of the moment prevailed and Emma went for the parkin.

But the way of the infant transgressor is hard. The sense of proportion is as exaggerated in regard to mental as to physical objects. As lilac and rhododendron bushes form jungles, and trees reach the sky, so a nursery law defied assumes the stature of a crime, and surrounds itself with horror. I do not think there is a defalcator, an absconding bank president, a criminal of any degree, who is beset by such a monster of remorse as beset the Small Person, when her guilt was so far an accomplished fact that the brown and sticky cake was in her hand.

The incident is nothing, but its effect, in its illustration of the dimensions facts assume to the contemplative mind of tender years, has its interest. She could not eat the "parkin." Her soul revolted against it after the first bite. She could not return it to Mrs. Rimmer with a semi-circular piece taken out of its roundness, and the marks of small, sharp teeth on the edge. In a situation so fraught with agony and so clouded with infamy she could confide in no one. I have never murdered anyone and had the body of my victim to conceal from the public eye, but I know how a murderer suffering from this inconvenience feels. The brown, sticky cake with the semi-circular bite taken out of it, was as awful and as difficult to manage. To dispose of it involved creeping about on tiptoe, with beating heart and reeling brain. It involved looking stealthily for places where evidences of crime might be concealed. Why the Small Person hit on a specially candid shelf in a cupboard in an undisguised sideboard in the dining-room, as a good place, it would be difficult to say. I comfort myself by saying that this indicated that she was naturally unfitted for crime and underhanded ways, and was not the least clever in stealth.

How she separated from her partner in iniquity I do not remember. My chief memory is of the awful days and nights which followed. How many were there? She thought a thousand—it is probable there were two or three.

She was an infant Eugene Aram, and the body of her victim was mouldering in the very house with her. Her anguish, however, did not arise from a fear of punishment. Her Mamma was not severe, her Nurses were not allowed to slap her. It was a mental affair altogether. She felt that she had disgraced her family. She had brought ignominy and dishonor upon her dearest relatives. She was very fond of her relatives, and her conception of their moral and mental altitude was high. Her Mamma was a lady, and her little daughter had gone and bought a halfpenny parkin "on trust." She would have felt it not the least an undue thing if a thunderbolt had struck her dead in the Back Garden. It was no longer the Back Garden of Eden. A degraded criminal defiled it with her presence.

And the Body was mouldering in the sideboard, on the second shelf in the little cupboard.

I think she would have faded away and perished with the parkin, as witch-stricken victims perish with the waxen figure which melts—but there came relief.

She had two brothers older than herself, and so to be revered, as representing experience and the powerful mind of masculinity. (Being an English little girl she knew the vast superiority of the Male.) The younger of the two was a combative little fellow with curly hair, a belted-in roundabout, a broad white collar, and two broad white front teeth. As she was only a girl, he despised her in a fraternal British way, but as she was his sister he had a kind of affection for her, which expressed itself in occasional acts of friendly patronage. He was perhaps seven or eight years old.

In some moment of severest stress of anguish she confessed herself to him. It is so long ago that I cannot describe the manner or the occasion. I can only remember the magnificence of his

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conduct. He must have been a good-natured little fellow, and he certainly had a lordly sense of the family dignity, even as represented or misrepresented by a girl.

That he berated her roundly it is not unlikely, but his points of view concerning the crime were not as disproportionately exalted as her own. His masculine vigor would not permit her to be utterly crushed, or the family honor lost. He was a Man and a Capitalist, as well as a Man and a Brother. He had a penny of his own, he had also a noble and Napoleonic nature. He went to the cottage of Mrs. Rimmer (to his greater maturity was accorded the freedom of leaving the garden unaccompanied by a nurse) *and paid for the parkin.* So the blot was erased from the escutcheon, so the criminal, though still feeling herself stained with crime, breathed again.

She had already begun to have a sort of literary imagination, and it must in some way have been already fed with some stories of heroic and noble little boys whose conduct was to be emulated and admired. I argue this from the fact that she mentally and reverently compared him to a boy in a book. What book I cannot say, and I am not sure that she could have said herself, but at that time he figured in her imagination as a creature too noble to be anything but a creation of literature—the kind of boy who would refuse to steal apples, and invariably gave his plum-cake to beggars or hungry dogs.

But there was a feature of the melting away of this episode which was always a mystery to her. Her Mamma knew all, so did her Grandmamma, so did the Nurses, and yet she was not treated as an outcast. Nobody scolded her, nobody reviled her, nobody seemed to be afraid to leave her with the Baby, for fear she might destroy it in some mad outburst of her evil instincts. This seemed inexplicable. If she had been branded on the brow, and henceforth kept under the custody of a strong escort of policemen, she would not have been surprised. And yet she was allowed to eat her breakfast bowl of bread-and-milk at the Nursery table with innocent children, and to play in the Back Garden as if her presence would not blight the gooseberries, and the red currants would not shrivel beneath her evil eye.

My opinion is that, hearing the story from the Capitalist in the roundabout, her Mamma and her Grandmamma were privately immensely amused, and felt it more discreet to preserve a dignified silence. But that she was not swept from the earth as she deserved, did not cause her to regard her crime as less. She only felt the wonderfulness of mercy as embodied in one's Grandmamma and one's Mamma.

CHAPTER IV.

LITERATURE AND THE DOLL.

WHETHER as impression-creating and mind-moulding influences, Literature or the Doll came first into her life it would be most difficult to decide. But remembering the rôle the Doll played, and wherein its fascination lay, I see that its way must have been paved for it in some rudimentary manner by Literature, though their clearly remembered existences seem to have begun at one and the same time. Before the advent of literary influence I remember no Doll, and, curiously enough, there is, before the advent of the Doll, a memory of something like stories—imperfect, unsatisfactory, filling her with vague, restless craving for greater completeness of form, but still creating images for her, and setting her small mind at work.

It is not in the least likely she did not own dolls before she owned books, but it is certain that until literature assisted imagination and gave them character, they seemed only things stuffed with sawdust and made no special impression.

It is also certain that she cannot have been told stories as a rule. I should say that she did not hear them even as the exception. I am sure of this because I so well recollect her desperate efforts to wring detail of any sort from her nurses.

The "Slaughter of the Innocents" seems to me to have been the first story impression in her life. A little illustrated scripture history afforded a picture of

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Jewish mothers rushing madly down broad stone stairways clasping babies to their breasts, of others huddling under the shadow of high walls clutching their little ones, and of fierce armed men slashing with swords.

This was the work of Herod the King. And "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning. Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not."

This was the first story, and it was a tragedy—only made endurable by that story of the Star in the East which led the way to the Manger where the little Child lay sleeping with a light about his head—the little Child before whom the wise men bent, worshipping and offering gifts of frankincense and myrrh. She wondered greatly what frankincense and myrrh were, but the wise men were beautiful to her, and she could see quite clearly the high deep dome of blue which vaulted the still plain where the Shepherds watched their flocks at night, when the angel of the Lord came to them and glory shone round about and they were "sore afraid," until the angel said unto them, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

This part of the story was strange and majestic and lovely, and almost consoled her for Herod the King.

The Nurse who was the unconscious means of suggesting to her the first romance of her life, must have been a dull person. Even at this distance I find myself looking back at her vague, stupid personality with a sense of impatience.

How could a person learn a couple of verses of a song suggesting a story, and not only neglect to learn more, but neglect to inquire about the story itself.

And oh, the helpless torture of hearing those odd verses and standing by that phlegmatic person's knee with one's yearning eyes fixed on her incomprehensible countenance, finding one's self unable to extort from her by any cross-examination the details!

Even the stray verses had such wonderful suggestion in them. They opened up such vistas. At that time the Small Person faithfully believed the song to be called "Sweet Alice Benbolt"—Miss Alice Benbolt being, as she supposed, the name of the young lady described in the lines. She was a very sensitive young lady, it appeared, from the description given in the first verse:

"Ah, don't you remember Sweet Alice Benbolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so brown,
How she wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?"

It did not then occur to the Small Person that Miss Benbolt must have been trying in the domestic circle; she was so moved by the tender image of a brown-haired girl who was called "Sweet Alice" and set to plaintive music. Somehow there was something touching in the way she was spoken of—as if people had loved her and were sorry about her for some reason—the boys who had gone to the school-house "under the hill," connected with which there seemed to be such pathetic memories, though the Small Person could not comprehend why they were pathetic. But there was a pathos in one verse which broke her heart when she understood it, which she scarcely did at first.

"In the little churchyard in the valley Benbolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Sweet Alice lies under the stone."

"Why does she lie there?" she asked, with both hands on the Nurse's knee. "Why does Sweet Alice lie under the stone?"

"Because she died," said the Nurse, without emotional compunctions, "and was buried there."

The Small Person clung rather helplessly to her apron.

"Sweet Alice," she said, "Sweet Alice with hair so brown?"

(Why was the brown hair pathetic as well as the name? I don't know. But it was.)

"Why did she die?" she asked. "What did she die for?"

"I don't know," said the nurse.

"But—but—tell me some more," the Small Person gasped. "Sing some more."

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"I don't know any more."
"But where did the boys go?"
"I don't know."
"What did the schoolmaster do?"
"The song doesn't tell."
"Why was he grim?"
"It doesn't tell that either."
"Did Sweet Alice go to school to him?"
"I dare say."
"Was he sorry when she died?"
"It does not say."
"Are there no more verses?"
"I can't remember any more."

Questioning was of no use. She did not know any more and she did not care. One might implore and try to suggest, but she was not an imaginative character, and so the Small Person was left to gaze at her with hungry eyes and a sense of despair before this stolid being, who *might* have known the rest and would not. She probably made the woman's life a burden to her by imploring her to sing again and again the stray verses, and I have no doubt that at each repetition she invented new questions.

"Sweet Alice Benbolt," she used to say to herself. "Sweet Alice with hair so brown." And the words always called up in her mind a picture which is as clear to-day as it was then.

It is a queer little picture, but it seemed very touching at that time. She saw a hillside covered with soft green. It was not a high hill and its slope was gentle. Why the "schoolhouse under the hill" was placed on the top of it, would be difficult to explain. But there it was, and it seemed to look down on and watch benignly over something in a corner at the foot of it. The something was a slab of the granite so gray lying among the soft greenness of the grass.

"And Sweet Alice lay under the stone."

She was not a shadow—Sweet Alice. She is something far more than a shadow even now, in a mind through which thousands of shadows have passed. She was a tender thing—and she had brown hair—and somehow people loved her—and she died.

It was not until Literature in the form of story, romance, tragedy, and adventure had quickened her imagination that the figure of the Doll loomed up in the character of an absorbing interest, but once having appeared it never retired from the scene until advancing years forced the curtain to fall upon the exciting scenes of which it was always the heroine.

That was the truth of the matter—it was not a Doll, but a Heroine.

And some imagination was required to make it one. The Doll of that day was not the dimpled star-eyed creature of to-day, who can stand on her own firm little feet, whose plump legs and arms can be placed in any position, whose attitudes may be made to express emotions in accordance with the Delsarte system, and who has parted lips and pearly teeth, and indulges in features. Not at all.

The natural advantages of a doll of that period confined themselves to size, hair which was sewn on a little black skull-cap—if it was not plastered on with mucilage—and eyes which could be jerked open if one pulled a wire which stuck out of her side. The most expensive and magnificent doll you could have was merely a big wax one, whose hair could be combed and whose eyes would open and shut. Otherwise they were all the same. Only the face and neck were of wax, and features were not studied by the manufacturers. All the faces were exactly the same shape, or rather the same shapelessness. Expression and outline would have been considered wanton waste of material. To-day dolls have cheeks and noses and lips and brows, they look smiling or pensive, childlike or sophisticated. At that time no doll was guilty of looking anything at all. In the middle of her smooth, round face was a blunt excrescence which was called a nose, beneath it was a line of red paint which was meant for a mouth, on each side of it was a tight-looking black or blue glass eye as totally devoid of expression and as far removed from any resemblance to a real eye as the combined talents of ages of doll manufacturers could make it. It had no pupil and no meaning, it stared, it glared, and was only a little more awful when one pulled the wax lid

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For myself I have since thought that possibly the tendency the Doll developed for falling into the depths of the ocean arose from an unworthy desire to distract the attention of her companion from his musical rhapsodies. He was, of course, obliged to lay his instrument aside while he leaped overboard and rescued her from the sharks, and she may have preferred that he should be thus engaged. Were my nature more hardened than years have as yet made it I might even say that at times she perhaps thought that the sharks might make short work of his lute—or himself—and there *may* have been moments when she scarcely cared which. It *must* be irritating to be played to on a lute, when one is perishing slowly from inanition.

But ah! the voyages in the Green Arm Chair, the seas it sailed, the shores it touched, the enchanted islands it was cast upon! The Small Person has never seen them since. They were of the fair world she used to see as she lay upon her back on the grass in the Back Garden of Eden, and looked up into the sky where the white islands floated in the blue. One could long for a no more perfect thing than that, after the long years of wanderings on mere earth, one might find them again, somewhere—somewhere. Who knows where?

How surprised the governess would have been, how amused the mamma, how derisive in their ribald way the brothers, if they had known that the Sitting Room Cupboard was a temple in Central America—that the strange pigmy remnants of the Aztec royal race were kept there and worshipped as gods, and that bold explorers, hearing of their mysterious existence, went in search of them in face of all danger and difficulty and with craft and daring discovered and took them away. All these details were in a penny pamphlet which had been sold at the hall of exhibition where the two Aztec dwarfs had been on view, the object of the scientific explorer having apparently been to make a good thing of them by exhibiting them at a shilling a head, children half price.

The Small Person had not been taken to see them; in fact, it is possible that the exhibition had not belonged to her time. But at some time, some member of her family must have been of their audience, for there was the pamphlet, with extraordinary woodcuts of the explorers, woodcuts of the Aztecs with their dwarfed bodies and strange receding profiles, and woodcuts of the temple where they had been worshipped as the last remnant of a once magnificent, now practically extinct, royal race.

The woodcuts were very queer, and the Temple was apparently a ruin, whose massive broken and fallen columns made it all the more a place to dwell upon in wild imaginative dreams. Restored, in the Sitting Room Cupboard, it was a majestic pile. Mystic ceremonials were held there, splendid rites were solemnized. The Doll took part in them, the Small Person officiated. Both of them explored, both discovered the Aztecs. To do so it was necessary to kneel on the floor with one's head inside the cupboard while the scenes were enacted, but this in no wise detracted from the splendor of their effect and the intensity of their interest. Nothing could. The Sitting Room Table must have been adorned with a cover much too large for it, or else in those days table-covers were intended to be large. This one hung down so far over the table that when one sat on the floor underneath it with the Doll, it became a wigwam. The Doll was a squaw and the Small Person a chief. They smoked the calumet and ate maize, and told each other stories of the war-trail and the happy hunting-grounds. They wore moccasins, and feathers, and wampum, and brought up pappooses, and were very happy. Their natures were mild. They never scalped anyone, though the tomahawk was as much a domestic utensil as the fire-irons might have been if they had had an Indian flavor. That it was dark under the enshrouding table-cloth made the wigwam all the more realistic. A wigwam with bay windows and a chandelier would not have been according to Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper. And it was so shut out from the world there, one could declaim—in undertones—with such freedom. It seemed as if surely *outside* the wall of the table-cloth there was no world at all—no real world

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—it was all under the Sitting Room Table—inside the wigwam. Since then I have often wondered what the grown-up people thought, who, coming into the room, saw the table-cloth drawn down, and heard a little voice whispering, whispering, whispering, beneath its shadow. Sometimes the Small Person did not know when they came or went, she was so deeply absorbed—so far away.

Ah, the world went very well then. It was a wonderful world—so full of story and adventure and romance. One did not need trunks and railroads; one could go to Central America, to Central Africa—to Central Anywhere—on the arm of the Nursery Sofa—on the wings of the Green Arm Chair—under the cover of the Sitting Room Table.

There is a story of the English painter Watts which I always remember as a beautiful and subtle thing, though it is only a brief anecdote.

He painted a picture of Covent Garden Market, which was a marvel of picturesque art and meaning. One of his many visitors—a lady—looked at it long and rather doubtfully.

"Well, Mr. Watts," she said, "this is all very beautiful, of course, but *I* know Covent Garden Market and I must confess *I* have never seen it look like this."

"No?" replied Watts. And then, looking at her thoughtfully. "Don't you wish you could!"

It was so pertinent to many points of view.

As one looks back across the thousand years of one's life, to the time when one saw all things like this—recognizing how far beyond the power of maturer years it is to see them so again, one says with half a smile, and more than half a sigh:

"Ah, does not one wish one could!"

(To be continued.)

IMPRESSIONS OF A DECORATOR IN ROME.

By Frederic Crowninshield.

First Paper.

So great and incessant have been the vicissitudes in the "Eternal City" from the misty days of Romulus to the twentieth of September, 1870, when the Italian soldiery poured over the breach at Porta Pia, and so marked and rapid ever since, that a mere chronicling of the topographical changes of any epoch must always prove interesting, and none more so than those of the last twenty-one years. Yet, stupendous as have been these objective mutations, they have not outstripped the subjective evolution of the sight-seer. A quarter of a century has witnessed the transformation of artistic methods and æsthetic canons. Mr. Murray may importune us to admire the "macchinisti," the "tenebrosi," and all of that ilk, or try to fix our wandering attention on his big-lettered gods by excerpts from the poets—still it will wander. The following sheets have been indited by one who loves the beautiful, and has been much interested in monumental decoration, not from a historical or an archæological point of view. Art and archæology frequently meet on common ground, but each has its distinctive province. It has long been my opinion that Rome is the richest treasure house of artistic precedents in the world. Other places may be more opulent in certain departments. The so-called "Gothic" is notably lacking. Paris, Dresden, London, Florence, Venice, or Madrid may be better endowed with easel-pictures—though there are not a few master-pieces in the Roman galleries. But as a whole, the Italian capital knows no rival. She has moreover her specialties. Her frescos are

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incomparable, the Cosmati work unique, the *opus alexandrinum* abundant; nor can any city illustrate with more splendid examples the evolution of mosaic from the time of the ancients to the age in which we now live.

In these days of what may be termed the Greek "fad," it is the fashion to sneer at everything Roman. It would be superfluous to say that no intelligent person, with a jot of artistic feeling or training, can fail to revere the sweet and pure simplicity of the matchless Greek forms, be they embodied in the graceful Lekythos, a coquettish Tanagra, a beardless Ephebos of the Phidian school, or the perfectly proportioned edifices of the Acropolis. Yet this worshipful attitude need not preclude a sincere admiration for the colossal buildings of Rome. If anyone wants to experience the joys of pure construction, let him stand in the Pantheon. Degraded as it now is with false decoration, the mere form, the splendid aërial concavity sends a shiver down the spine. Nor must it be taken for granted that Roman decoration of the best epoch is a thing to be scoffed at. Such colored stucco-work as we find in the lately excavated Teverine villa, or on the Palatine, and particularly in the tombs on the Via Latina, are marvels of refinement, invention, and execution. When we speak of Roman art, we must do so with reserve. There never has been, strictly speaking, an original, indigenous art. The political and ecclesiastical supremacy of Rome drew unto herself, in all ages, the artistic *élite* of the world. Greek artists were supreme in imperial days long after their political independence had been forfeited. Renaissance Rome attracted the very flower of Tuscany. Moreover, her great traditions, her vast and suggestive ruins, amplified the Florentine manner, gave it a "bigness," if I may be allowed the term, it never would have acquired on its native soil. For several centuries individuals, societies, and governments have recognized the artistic importance of a sojourn in Rome, and time has justified their attitude. It is to be hoped that we, too, who are not backward in generous aid to promising youth, may so concentrate and regulate our somewhat diffused and independent benefactions as to enable our young architects, painters, and sculptors to add something to their valuable but insufficient Parisian experiences, and follow the example of the French themselves, by consulting original documents in the great archives of Rome. The vision of an American Villa Medici is indeed entrancing.

In order to present in a condensed form a concrete idea of numberless incoherent and ill-assorted impressions, the diarial method has been adopted, because its informality licenses an abruptness of transition from one topic to another, and quickens the interest in subjects that have been exhaustively treated in an endless series of pedantic and somniferous works.

June 12, 1890.—It was about half-past five A.M., when I awoke in the express from Paris, which was nearing Palo, a small station on the Mediterranean, about an hour's distance from Rome. The cool, refreshing "ponente" was blowing in from the sea, and the yielding, pale grass was glistening in the dazzling light of morning. Many years ago I had first entered Rome by this same route, and was on the *qui vive* of expectancy to catch a glimpse of the familiar landmarks. Would they have lost their charm after more than a decade's stern life of American realities? The gorgeous poppies glowing scarlet against the gray brick ruins, the grand sweep of the middle distance—a vast amphitheatre—exquisitely varied by the undulations of the soil and perspective of aqueducts, the shadow-flecked forms of the Alban and Sabine hills, and the sculpturesque silhouette of more distant Leonessa, soon dispelled any doubts. There is nothing comparable to this unique Roman Campagna. To convey an adequate idea of its ineffable beauties, its lovely tones, and perfect lines through the medium of words is a hopeless task. It must be seen and *felt*—for there are those who cannot feel it, and deem it a *triste*, unsightly waste. One is often prone to gauge the artistic sensibilities of a person by the degree of their impressibility to its subtle charms. Unlike most of our own scenery (east of the Mississippi, at least) it has an anat-

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omy. Form cannot be slighted by its pictorial interpreter, who in spite of his inclinations must for the nonce turn classicist. As for me, I never weary of chanting its changing glories, changing with the seasons, with the skies, with the hot blasts of the moist, white *scirocco*, or the cold waves of the clear, blue *tramontana*. One is almost inclined to assert that landscape plays the protagonist's *rôle* here, notwithstanding the allurements of countless artistic treasures. Pure heroism is needed at times to drag the resisting body and reluctant soul out of their lovely environments into the sombre abodes of the chefs-d'œuvre. To put it humbly, it goes against the grain to "do the sights." 'Tis so much more delectable to loaf away the hours under the sombre green ilexes of a stately villa, if the temperature be high, or bask in the sunshine of a garden or piazza, if it be cool, than exercise the legs and brains in a round of duty. . . .

The train sweeps around S. Giovanni in Laterano, passes Minerva Medica, and we are in Rome.

June 13, 1890.—My friend Lanciani piloted me about the city, for verily there had been such a shifting of landmarks, a guide was necessary. Conservative love for a past, vainly regretted by the impossible, irreconcilable æsthetes, and their captious aggressiveness against the present, freely ventilated in print, had prepared me for the very worst, so that the pleasurable surprise produced by the first glimpse of the new city was almost too reactionary. Roma Nuova proved to be no eyesore, while those parts of Roma Vecchia through which we drove seemed to be much the same as in the days of Pio Nono. A feverish and unwarranted speculation, not peculiar to Italy, which ruined many a princely house, and enriched many an obscurity, impoverished those who incontinently bought, and made the fortunes of those who judiciously sold, metamorphosed stately villas and sequestered gardens into blocks of cheap, perishable, and unnecessary constructions, some of which were abandoned before they were roofed in. Only a very few of those buildings which were necessitated by the legitimate and urgent demands of a newly established government, as well as by the sudden increment of the population to considerably more than twice its former number, satisfy the artistic or practical eye. *Per contra*, they are well grouped in the healthiest sections of the city, separated by broad, clean, well-paved streets, or effectively massed about a piazza. From a sanitary point of view they form a striking contrast to the low-lying, damp, dingy, and over-crowded lanes of old Rome, of which some of the most pestiferous sections, such as the Ghetto, have been remodelled without detriment to the precious monuments of antiquity. It can scarcely be expected that a paternal government should jeopard the lives of its subjects to gratify the whims of travelling æsthetes. Possibly, if the population of the too densely inhabited quarters of the city were evenly distributed over the newer and healthier, the untenanted houses would be occupied to the great advantage of all concerned. But here am I, an artist, dilating on the distribution of the population! Let us at once return to the fine arts. The modern Italian seems to have an inborn and ineradicable "hankering" after plaster. To do him justice, he makes good plaster. He slakes his lime and preserves it in pits, where it lies for an indefinite period in store. He never uses it till it has lain there for at least a year, and the prudent frescoist will insist on a duration of two years. Consequently it is thoroughly slaked, will not blister nor flake. The artisan handles his plaster with consummate manual skill. He imitates the more precious materials with an astounding facility, inspired apparently by the mere joy of counterfeiting in a compliant medium. Slender resources formerly suggested the substitution of plaster for stone, but years of falsification have so perverted the national taste that the sham has ceased to be offensive. Naturally this mortar veneer is quickly deflowered, its freshness lasting but a few years. The ravages of time and weather are occasionally vamped up, but not drastically enough to prevent a general air of shabbiness in the older constructions, pleasing and profitable to the aquarellist, but disagreeable to the tidy citizen. The

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whole epidermis of the cheapest houses is plaster. Frequently the base courses and trimmings are of travertine, the rest coarse brick, tufa, or concrete, plastered. The color applied with a vehicle of milk, or glue and milk, with perhaps a touch of oil, is usually very agreeable. Pale tones predominate, such as light ochres, and reds, or browns, that harmonize admirably with the sky and with each other, producing a general air of cheerfulness. The uniformity is occasionally broken by a loggia brilliantly decorated in the Pompeian fashion, the cast shadows of roof and column toning down the garishness, and more frequently by a gay *sgraffito* façade of light-buff arabesques, on a cool gray or umber ground, which are sometimes grouped about centres of highly colored pictures executed "a buon fresco." On paper this sounds crude and noisy. In reality it is not. The vibrating air ties it all together, and the general concordance of tone and method permits emphasized color spots, and gains by them.

Truth compels me to state that there are not a few façades of genuine material, save at times the cornice. These are either of travertine, or a lovely combination of delicate rose, or buff brick, with travertine trimmings. The new Villa Ludovisi, for example, the recent additions to S. Giovanni in Laterano or the many nameless residences. With due circumspection it can be asserted that, for artistic effect, no mundane stone is comparable to travertine. From the hour it leaves the stone-cutter's hands to such as we see it to-day in the Flavian Amphitheatre after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, it thoroughly satisfies the eye. Unlike white marble, it does not perforce pass through a chill and unsympathetic novitiate before proving acceptable. It starts both with texture and tone. From a rich cream color when it is quarried, it runs through the gamut of ochres into a rich burnt-sienna, or deeper vandyke, and sometimes into soft markings of velvety black. Count Vespignani, architect to the Vatican, in answer to my question whether the finer qualities of this stone would resist the inclemencies of the American climate, replied that, though he could not speak from personal experience, he saw no reason to doubt its ability to do so, seeing that on such fountains as the "Tritone" in the piazza Barberini, which alternately freezes and thaws during the colder winters, it had very successfully resisted for years the action of the weather. Travertine calls to my mind the curb-stones of that material, which constructively are very good. They are not merely juxtaposed as with us, but are mortised by means of semi-circular joints, producing a pleasing effect, as well as adding considerably to their stability.

While the general harmony of new Rome is enhanced by uniformity of tone and decoration, it is *assured* by the uniformity of architectural style, and that a simple one. There are no acrid transitions from Romanesque to Moorish, from Gothic to "Queen Anne." Eclecticism does not obtain. The architects work but in one vein, the classic, or that modification of it known as the "renaissance," and which, both in ancient and "revival" practice, is much freer and more elastic than many imagine. The classic is their legitimate heritage, well adapted to the natural conditions of the country. They act wisely in adapting a style, flesh of their flesh, to the modified environments of the nineteenth century, rather than inefficiently dabble with an exotic. The classic in its purest forms has always been synchronous with a refined and cultivated civilization, and its principles are in full sympathy with the thoughts and habits of to-day.

Picturesque grotesqueness is irreconcilable with our modern feeling. It is to be regretted that the modern Roman, with his easy access to the most perfect examples of the past — the reserved, elegant, and unobtrusive forms of the ancients, as well as the refined fancies of the quattro-centisti — should prefer the ponderous details of the "barocco," and vulgar taste of the decadence. Were the past veiled, with a few rare exceptions one would say that there was no taste. The Latin races seem for the moment to be infected with the barocco malady. Certain symptoms, as yet scarcely perceptible, leave me, however, to hope that, for the Italians at least, the cure is not far distant.

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When we weigh the charges of vandalism preferred against the Italian Government with the positive benefits they have conferred on the world of art, we shall find that the latter preponderate. Time, the new order of things, and the exigencies of modern life have brought about certain unavoidable changes for which no one in particular is responsible. That the ubiquitous chimney should loom against the sky somewhat aggressively; that factories should be established in some of the less attractive environs; that, last and worst of all, certain temporary structures of a Coney Island-like order of architecture near the Tor di Quinto should mar the beautiful view from the Acqua Acetosa across the historic meadows of the Tiber, are disagreeable but patent facts. Yet as we drove through the Roman Forum I noticed that it had been greatly amplified. From the old, insignificant excavation around the column of Phocas, through the splendid expanse of uncovered ruin on either side of the Sacred Way, as far as S. Francesca Romana, there is visible testimony of a considerable outlay of money and intelligence by a government amply endowed with the latter, but much in need of the former. The necessary excavations for the very buildings which the irreconcilables so deeply deplore, have brought to light a countless mass of artistic and archæological documents. Should anyone doubt the veracity of my statement, let him turn to the long lists in the monthly bulletins of archæological discoveries made in the different provinces of regenerated Italy. Taking, then, both the official and unofficial excavations into consideration, the vast number of rare objects unearthed during the extension of the new city, the establishment of several museums, the severity of the laws protecting the so-called "national monuments," which often weigh heavily on the individual, and the rescuing of many precious relics from threatening disintegration, the lover of the fine arts has cause to rejoice rather than complain.

In contrast to all this, it must be remembered that, in comparatively recent papal times, restorations were freely made, well-intentioned no doubt, and in accordance with the methods then in vogue, but to-day deemed barbaric. The interior, for instance, of S. Agnese Fuori le Mura, the sham mosaics on the exterior of the basilica of S. Lorenzo, the façade of S. Pudentiana, etc. Let those who have never yet seen the Eternal City be assured that it is still worthy of a pilgrimage.

July 10, 1890.—Visited S. Giovanni in Laterano to study the restorations, begun during the reign of Pius IX. by the father, and recently completed by the son, Count Francesco Vespignani. In order to enlarge the basilica, the choir has been lengthened by moving back the apse with its splendid mosaics, the work of a Franciscan monk, Jacopo Torriti, commenced during the pontificate of Nicholas IV. (1288–1292). The new side walls and ceiling have been treated to harmonize with the rest of the church, which is ultra barocco, tawdry, and restless. There were never, perhaps, such antitheses of taste as in Rome, such oppositions of the rare and vulgar. Priceless jewels of art have too frequently a setting of tasteless finery. A homogeneous ensemble is the exception. Unless the sight-seer be an expert, it is difficult to make the required abstractions. Without dwelling on the unsympathetic side-walls of the choir, or reopening the controversy touching the necessity, or propriety, of the restorations, but accepting them as an accomplished fact, it must be conceded that the circular termination of the choir, or apse proper, is one of the most successful, sumptuous, and well-composed decorative works of modern times, and possibly the most costly. Certainly I know of no other that vies with it in opulent, ringing effect.

Words never portray to the intelligence a satisfactory idea of the visual impression produced by art or nature. Photography and chromo-lithography, accessible to all, are much more eloquent; therefore I shall dispense with a detailed description of the apsidal decorations, merely signalizing the different zones that girdle the domed semicircle. Four pointed windows, glazed with white bull's eyes, and red "cathedral" in the interstices, pierce the apsis about midway from the pavement to the

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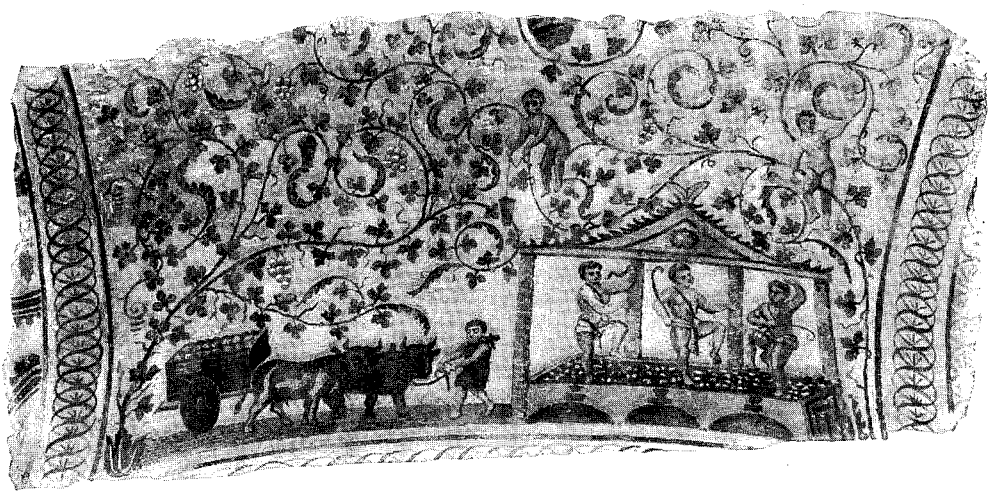
apex of the dome. The sills of these windows correspond to the boundary line between the old work and the new, while just above their heads the dome begins to spring. This semi-spherical surface is cut by a narrow band into two unequal zones. In the upper, or narrower, is depicted the head of Christ with attendant angels, the ground being dark blue. On the lower are represented certain saintly personages, standing on a narrow strip of flowering meadow, and grouped processionally on either side of the cross. The background is gold. Beneath this composition, and separated from it by a number of narrow fillets, is the zone intersected by the windows already referred to. On it are represented a number of the apostles, as well as the artist and his assistant, standing like the figures above on a flower-bedecked field. The background is gold. The figures in the zone above are, according to Gerspach, 13 feet 9 inches high. In this zone they are but 9 feet 2 inches, except the artists, who have represented themselves on a greatly diminished scale. The reveals of the windows are richly ornamented with conventionalized floriated designs, on alternate blue and gold grounds. There are no architraves of foreign material, the transitions from the reveals to the walls being effected by a necessarily rounded angle—if one may be permitted the barbarism—covered with tesseræ.* This is in accordance with sound mosaic doctrine, giving great breadth and a certain soft richness to the decorated surface; everything being carpeted, as it were, with uninterrupted color of the same quality. All below the windows is modern. First, a broad dark-blue band with a dedicatory inscription in gold (what an impressive thing, subjectively and objectively, is an inscription!), then a superb girdle of floriated forms on a deep-red ground. Here the mosaic ceases. Beneath these bands there is a lofty dado of white marble, the white being almost obliterated by incrustations of colored stones, symmetrically arranged in circles or rectangles, and framed by that peculiar kind of glass mosaic known as "Cosmati" work, which is supposed to have originated, or rather to have been developed, in Rome, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, by the Cosmati family. Of this work the city offers many splendid examples—the ambones, or pulpits, of Ara Cœli, for instance, the basilica of S. Lorenzo Fuori le Mura, the church of SS. Nereo ed Achilleo, the cloisters of S. Giovanni in Laterano, and S. Paolo Fuori, etc. The chancel is paved with large pieces of highly colored polished marble, geometrically grouped about the arms of Leo



Mosaic on the Vaults of Santa Costanza.

* Tesseræ are the small blocks, or cuboids, with which the mosaic is composed.

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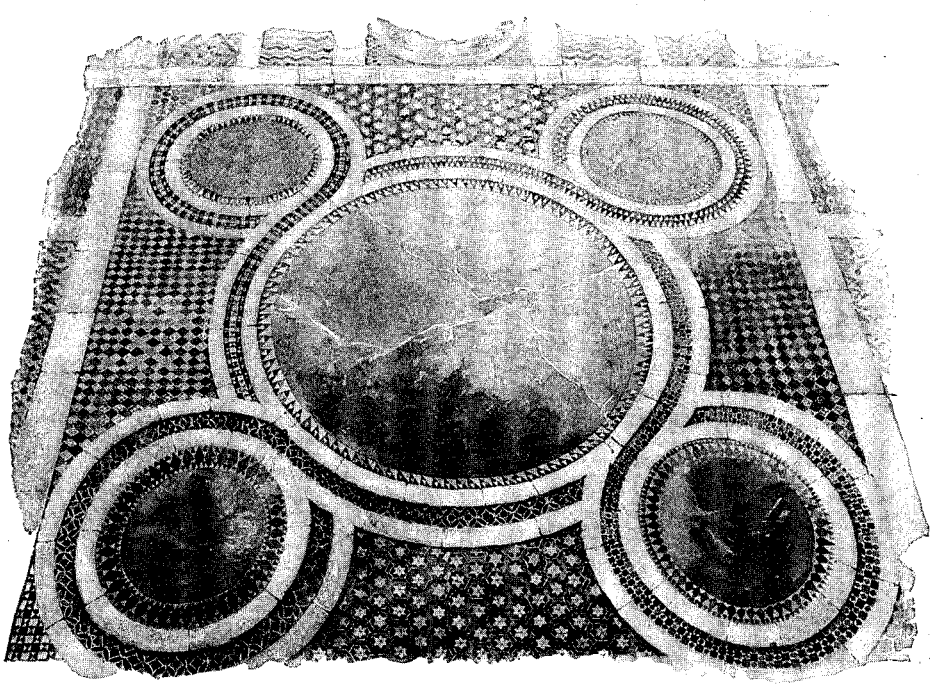
XIII., in order to harmonize with the contiguous pavement of the transept; otherwise it is to be presumed *opus alexandrinum*, the usual accompaniment of thirteenth century mosaic, would have been used. While the arrangement of the principal picture is similar to most apsidal compositions, being processional, the majestic proportions of the vault, and the preponderance of lustrous background, produce a greater feeling of space than usual without in the least offending by emptiness, but, on the contrary, heightening by opposition the intricacy of the closer work below. The composition is not so original and opulent as that by the same artist in S. Maria Maggiore, which, by the way, has apparently suffered much less at the hands of the restorers. Like many



Mosaic Floor (Opus Alexandrinum), Santa Maria in Cosmedin.

other apsidal mosaics, however, the latter is so ill-lighted, that without a special staging it would be difficult to appreciate its technical qualities. What the S. Giovanni composition (which is brilliantly illuminated) loses in originality and wealth of massed story, and loaded decorative forms, it gains in openness so dear to the modern heart. Its general tonality is blue-green, heightened by an abundant use of gold, and a very moderate use of red. From the suppression of classic decorative canons, down to their rehabilitation in the beginning of the sixteenth century after the excavations in the baths of Titus, this blue-green-gold tonality generally obtains for vaults and ceilings. Red is used merely as a foil, and with great reserve. The classic scheme for vault or pavement—and most of the extant mosaics are pavements—was a white ground brilliantly flecked with color, the white usually predominating, or at least, framing the colored motives. The simple combination of black and white, of course, then as in all times, was freely used for the floor. In the earliest Christian mosaics, as in the catacomb frescos, classic traditions still predominate. The mosaics on the vaults of S. Costanza (fourth century) are but little more than antique decorations rebaptized. The mosaic picture in the apsis of S. Pudentiana, of the same century, is still imbued with classicism. The drawing is infinitely

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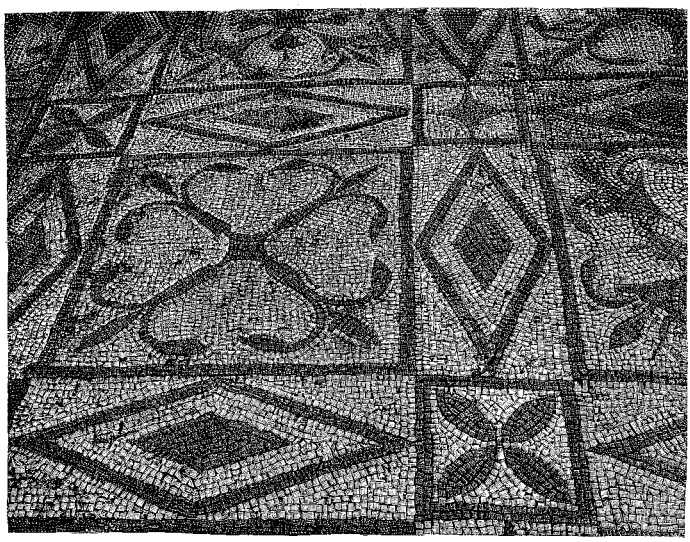
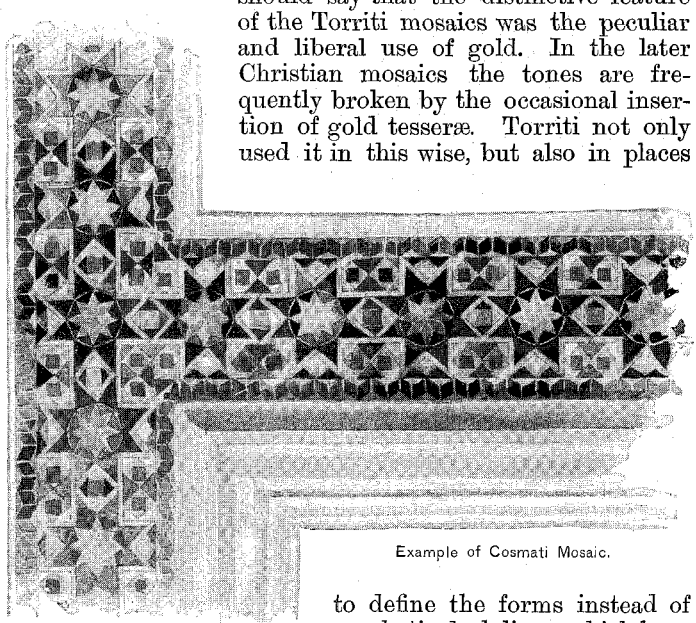


Mosaic Pavement, Ostia.

superior to anything that followed it for centuries, infinitely superior even to that of Jacopo Torriti, but infinitely *inferior* in color-splendor. Though the art of delineation degenerated with the centuries following the obliteration of the Roman Empire, till the human form became a mere grotesque conventionality; color, through the development of glass mosaic, took upon itself a solemn splendor the ancients never dreamed of. The antique mosaics were exquisite and appropriate in their way, a light, graceful, scholarly way, but the times had changed, and new thoughts, new tastes, and new creeds, demanded more sombre, richer, and, if you will, more barbaric impressions. As far as pure decorative execution is concerned, it seems to me that the mosaics of the thirteenth century, and especially those of Torriti, surpass all others, and may well claim the attention of those who are interested in the propagation of this splendid art.

Several conditions operate against an adequate appreciation of the technical methods employed by the early mosaicists; their frequent great height from the spectator, the obscurity in which they are enveloped, and worst of all, their frequent restorations—if some of the barbaric manipulations to which they have been subjected can be so dignified. Occasionally, I suspect, they have even been painted. Nor is it always easy to differentiate concisely, though one may feel it, the method of an epoch from that immediately preceding or following it, so gradual is the evolution of mosaic technique. Yet I should say that the distinctive feature of the Torriti mosaics was the peculiar and liberal use of gold. In the later Christian mosaics the tones are frequently broken by the occasional insertion of gold tesseræ. Torriti not only used it in this wise, but also in places to define the forms instead of emphatic dark lines, which have



Example of Cosmati Mosaic.

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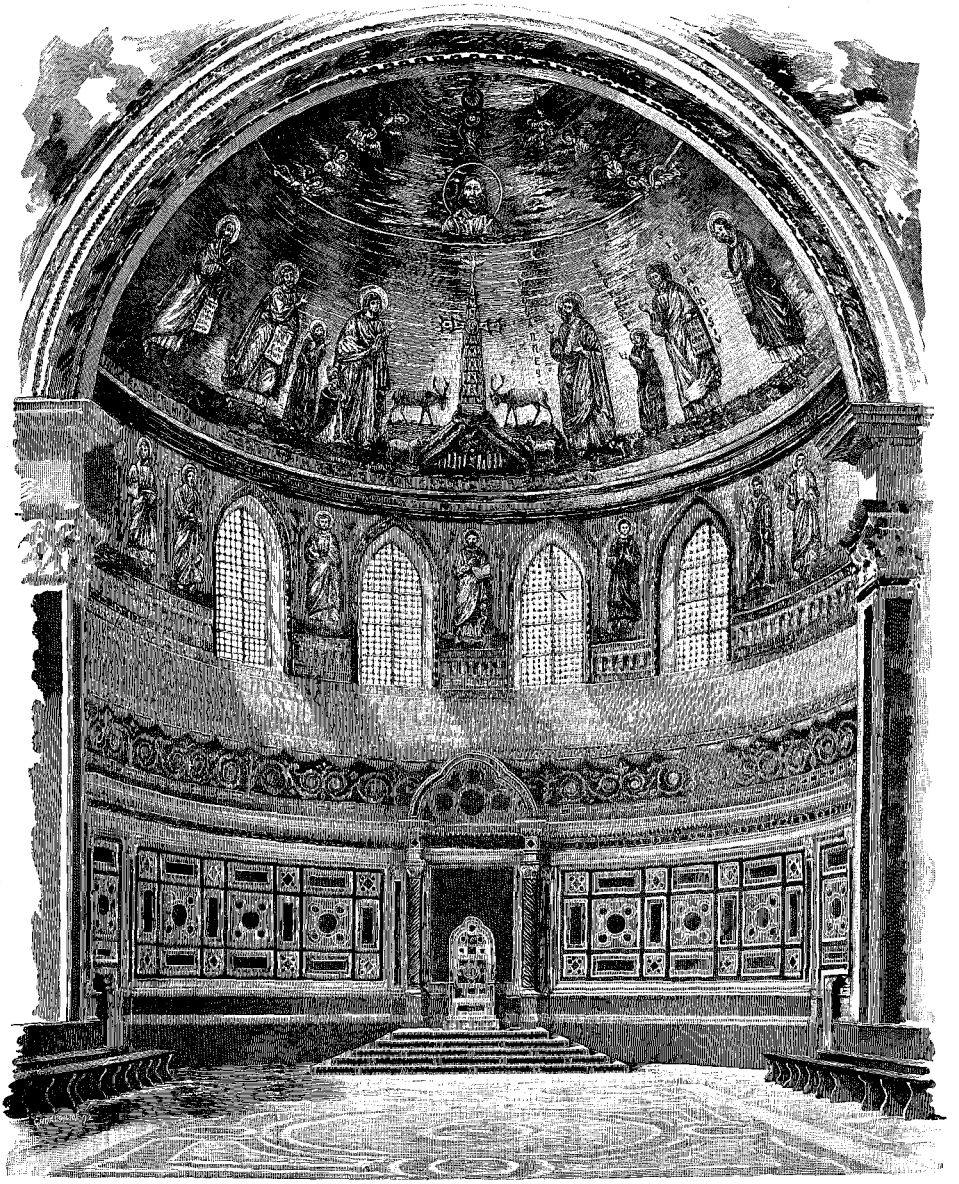

Apse of San Giovanni in Laterano.

been employed with great moderation and, from below at least, are scarcely visible. In the Chigi Chapel mosaics (Santa Maria del Popolo) by Luigi di Pace, after the designs of Raphael, masses of gold are most infelicitously used to express the high-lights on the drapery, while in San Giovanni it is more delicately and evenly distributed, producing a richer, but less harsh and garish effect. Like all cunning mosaicists, Torriti has enhanced the value of his color, and "cleaned up" his work by a moderate use of pure white. The surface of these mosaics, both in the old parts and in the new, is exceedingly rough. Consequently the vitreous tesseræ glisten marvellously, even the opaque cubes radiating a certain amount of light. Nor are they placed close together, the interstices be-

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ing filled with the grayish-white cement in which they are set, a technical detail that contributes potently to the harmony of the whole. In the sacristy of Santa Maria in Cosmedin there is an interesting mosaic said to have been presented to St. Peter's by John VII., in 705 A.D., and brought hither from the old basilica. That it is a very ancient mosaic is evident. It bears no marks of restoration, is wonderfully fresh, is conveniently placed on a level with the eye, and well lighted. It offers, therefore, favorable conditions for study. Among other things I noted that the surface was very rough; that the tesseræ were so far apart that, viewed closely, the forms were unintelligible, though perfectly distinct from a distance of several yards; that the cement, or rather plaster, was almost dead-white; that the blue-greens and red were made up of glass tesseræ, while a white robe was composed of stone cubes, with here and there shining bits of white opaque glass; that the whole was sprinkled with occasional tesseræ of gold; and finally, that the forms were outlined not with black, but usually with a darker shade of the circumscribed tone.

The old mosaicists work directly on the wall from the cartoon which they designed themselves. There can be no doubt that this method, when possible, is the best, not only for mosaics, but for all mural decoration. At the world-famed mosaic factory of the Vatican, the mother of all governmental works, I was informed that this direct method would be too costly and lengthy, a statement one cannot gainsay without personal experience. It is likely enough that, for equal quantities of work executed in the shop and on the wall, respectively, a greater expense would be incurred for the latter; but I hold that much less work would be necessary were the wall attacked directly, under the personal supervision of the artist. Superfluous labor would be at once apparent, and therefore eliminated. Be this as it may, the process adopted for the modern parts of the S. Giovanni mosaics, as well as for all the Vatican mural work in this material, are excellent, and inferior only to the direct system. The work is executed in compartments in the atelier, and thence transferred to the wall. These compartments are not prepared after the Murano, or Venetian, method —a method they deem too indirect, and even perishable, and which consists in gluing the tesseræ *face downward* to a paper design. The Roman mosaicist, by inserting his tesseræ into sand *face upward*, and afterward gluing paper over the whole, sees what he is about, and can work more effectively.

As before observed, everything below the windows in the apse of S. Giovanni is modern, the dedicatory band, arabesque zone, and panelled dado of Cosmati work. In all these both the style and technique of the thirteenth century have been scrupulously observed. I have already characterized the floriated zone as "splendid." This is a very temperate expression, for in verity it is the most beautiful as well as opulent mosaic border of modern times that I, at least, have seen.

In answer to my very practical question, what was the value of such work per square metre, Count Vespignani said that he thought it would cost in round numbers from 80 to 100 lires, or, translated into equally round American figures, from $1.50 to $2 per square foot. Due recognition, however, must be taken of the fact that the Vatican controls one of the best equipped, if not the very best, mosaic factories in the world. Nothing can exceed the elaboration of the Cosmati incrustations on the dado and the episcopal throne. The back of the latter, which no one can see without passing through the narrow passage between it and the delicately carved door of the episcopal waiting-room, is as profusely decorated with fine mosaics as the front. Indeed, there is an excessive elaboration of detail, if expense is to be considered. But expense has not been considered, the work costing even here, where labor is cheap and the facilities great, about four million lire, this sum including the architectural works necessitated by the lengthening of the choir. It is probable that a similar undertaking in America would cost at the very least two million dollars. Three million would probably come nearer to the mark. The elaboration of detail in no wise compromises the breadth of the

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ensemble, seeing that the canons of good decoration, as practised by the Cosmati, have been faithfully followed, namely, subordination of detail to mass, a just equilibrium between the plain and ornamented spaces, the firm framing of the latter by bands of the former, and by the facile apprehension of the main or dominant decorative motives when distance has suppressed the details. It may be objected with reason that the lower part of the apse, or Cosmati work, seems hard and new. Yet this newness is unavoidable, unless one has recourse to the very doubtful expedient, certainly reprehensible when one builds for posterity, as in the present case, of feigning age. At all events, we should be deeply grateful to our artistic progenitors for not crushing all the life out of their precious materials, in which we know they gloried. Had they done so, we should never have been witnesses to the splendor of their works.

January 11, 1891.—Clear, ringing *tramontana* weather. Dazzling lights and intense skies above, below the cold dark shadows and damp pavements of narrow streets. F. and I dropped into the narrow, chilling interior of S. Prassede. The mosaics here are of a degraded epoch, art having pretty nearly touched bottom. Those of the tribune are almost identical with the apsidal mosaics of S. Cecilia, and the "Navicella." All were executed during the pontificate of Paschal I. (817–824 A.D.), who figures conspicuously in each with the square nimbus, signifying that he was then living. The figures in the mosaics of this epoch have been described as "utter caricatures," and deservedly. From a certain point of view, the academic, or even realistic, they are ridiculous. From another, the decorative, they are very successful. The composition of these mosaics is uniformly good, the color deep, splendid, impressive, and the ensemble both solemn and monumental. On the vault of S. Prassede, Christ in the centre, and saints on either hand, stand rigidly against a dark-blue ground. Their garments in the main are light, one all gold. The forms of the flesh as well as those of the draperies and accessories are rudely indicated by dark lines. White is effectively, if somewhat naïvely, used for the high-lights of the features, besides being knowingly distributed throughout the picture. Below these figures, on a blue ground, there is a broad belt of gold (with an intervening fillet or two), on which are represented the customary emblematical twelve lambs, six on either side, advancing toward the thirteenth in the centre, bearing the cross. The motive of the whole is very simple. Blue above, on which are projected lighter figures, gold below, relieved by the whitish lambs. In these early Christian mosaics, the blue of the sky is not graded to imitate nature, nor is it a dead, even tone. The mosaicist broke it with cognate colors, not enough to destroy the unity of the blue, but sufficiently to break its monotony and give it life. These broad expanses of color may be likened to the wash of a skilful aquarellist, who constantly breaks it either by the introduction of other tones, or by increasing or diminishing its intensity, in order to give it artistic quality.

The little chapel in S. Prassede, called "orto del paradiso," is literally carpeted with mosaics of the same epoch as those of the apse. It is a marvel of dusky richness, and well deserves its appellation "garden of paradise." With all their barbarisms of expression, and linear solecisms, these products of a degraded era are decoratively superior to the far-famed, but too-small-in-scale and raw-toned mosaics of the Chigi Chapel from Raphael's designs, to the richer ones after Baldassare Peruzzi in S. Croce in Gerusalemme, to the excellent, if too pictorial, composition in the Abbadia delle Tre Fontane by F. Zucchio, or to those of our own day by Burne-Jones in the late Mr. Street's American church on the Via Nazionale. It is not my intention to weigh Mr. Burne-Jones's talent as a designer, nor to tax him with the faults of execution; yet I deem it a duty to observe that a greater waste of time, money, and energy than has been lavished in the grading of the sky which covers the vault (not to mention other places), and from which every iota of shimmering life has been scrupulously eliminated, it is difficult to conceive. And this in

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Rome, with its stores of eloquent precedents! In the same apsis there is a little band near the pavement, executed on the spot by a clever workman, which technically is worth the whole composition above.

EXPERIENCE.

By Edith Wharton.

I.

Like Crusoe with the bootless gold we stand
Upon the desert verge of death, and say:
"What shall avail the woes of yesterday
To buy to-morrow's wisdom, in the land
Whose currency is strange unto our hand?
In life's small market they have served to pay
Some late-found rapture, could we but delay
Till Time hath matched our means to our demand."

But otherwise Fate wills it, for, behold,
Our gathered strength of individual pain,
When Time's long alchemy hath made it gold,
Dies with us—hoarded all these years in vain,
Since those that might be heir to it the mould
Renew, and coin themselves new griefs again.

II.

O, Death, we come full-handed to thy gate,
Rich with strange burden of the mingled years,
Gains and renunciations, mirth and tears,
And love's oblivion, and remembering hate,
Nor know we what compulsion laid such freight
Upon our souls—and shall our hopes and fears
Buy nothing of thee, Death? Behold our wares,
And sell us the one joy for which we wait.
Had we lived longer, life had such for sale,
With the last coin of sorrow purchased cheap,
But now we stand before thy shadowy pale,
And all our longings lie within thy keep—
Death, can it be the years shall naught avail?

"Not so," Death answered, "they shall purchase sleep."

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THE WANDERINGS OF COCHITÍ.

By Charles F. Lummis.

OF that unique racial chess-playing of the Pueblos, whereof the board was half the size of Europe and the chessmen were stone cities, there is one foremost example—the Quéres pueblo of Cochití. Other towns may very possibly have moved more (and we know of several movings of each one); but of it we have the clearest and fullest itinerary—a record of eight distinct consecutive moves, beginning many centuries before history, and ending with the Spanish reconquest in 1694. In that time the Cochiteños successively occupied the most commanding "squares" along a fifty-mile line of one of the most weirdly, savagely picturesque checker-boards in all North America, and one of the least guessed by Caucasians. When we shall have become a little less a nation of mental mistletoes, American tourists and American writers and artists will find, in the wonderful wilderness between the Puyé and the present Cochití, fascinations for eye and pen and brush not inferior to those of the superannuated Mecca abroad. If we could but have had Hawthorne or Ruskin among those noble *potreros* and dizzy gorges! How either would have interpreted the gray romance of those grim, far days of the cave-house and the town-moving! For, with all the nobility of the landscape—which is entirely characteristic, and in its kind not surpassed anywhere—its strongest appeal is to the "human interest." How the first Americans lived and loved and toiled and watched and fought and endured here!

The Cochití upland is a vast and singular plateau in the centre of northern New Mexico, some fifty miles west of Santa Fé. Its average altitude is over seven thousand feet; and along the west it upheaves into the fine Valles range of eleven thousand. Between these peaks and the Rio Grande, a distance of twenty miles, lies the plateau proper—a vast bench, approximately level to the eye, furred with forests, peculiarly digitated by great cañons. It is a characteristically Southwestern formation; and yet it is distinct from anything else in the Southwest. It is our only country of *potreros*. It is difficult to diagram; but perhaps the best idea of its ground-plan is to be had by laying the two hands side by side upon a table, with every finger spread to its widest. The Rio Grande flows about north and south through the line of the knuckles, in a gorge over two thousand feet deep. The spread fingers represent the cañons; the wedge-shaped spaces between them are the tall *potreros*. These vast tongues of volcanic rock—some of trap, some of lava, some of dazzling pumice—a dozen or more miles long, eight to ten in width nearest the mountains, taper to a point at the river, and there break off in columnar cliffs from one thousand to twenty-five hundred feet in height. From the river, the western side of its dark gorge seems guarded by a long, bright line of gigantic pillars. As always, the Spanish nomenclature was aptly descriptive. Among the noblest of these cliff-pillars are the beetling Chapéro, over whose dire precipices the Cochiteños used to drive their game in the great communal round-hunts; the Potrero del Alamo, a terrific wedge of creamy rock, whose cliffs are nearly two thousand feet tall; and the wildly beautiful Potrero de las Vacas. It is a region of remarkable scenic surprises. Every approach is of enormous roughness; of alternate descent into savage chasms and toiling up precipitous *cumbres*, whose crest flings a sudden and ineffable vista against the eye. At one's feet, and far below, is the Plan del Rio—the yawning gulf of the Rio Grande—guarded by its western phalanx of potreros. To the east and north are the blackened

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leagues of the Santa Fé plateau, with its small volcanic cones, over which peep the snow-peaks of the coccyx of the Continent—the ultimate vertebræ of the Rockies. To the southeast the jagged peaks of the Ortiz range prick the sky, and the horizon hangs on the round shoulders of the giant Sandia. South are the dim wraiths of the Ladrones, and the silver beads of the river amid its lower fields and cottonwoods. The west is lost behind the dark ranks of the Valles giants, captained by the lonely pyramid of Abiquiu. It is a wonderful picture, and withal an awesome one. Here was the Coliseum of volcanic gladiators. Trap, basalt, lava, pumice, scoriæ — all is igneous. And this arson of a landscape has a startling effect. Superb as is the scenery, with its shadowy abysses and sunlit crags, there is awe in those black-burnt wastes, those spectral rocks, the sombre evergreen of those forests.

From the side cañons clear brooklets sing down to the hoarse and muddy river. The heights purr with dense juniper and piñon and royal pine; the cañons whisper with cottonwoods and willows. It is alone as death. In nearly four thousand square miles there is not a human being. Where once were the little corn-patches and the tall gray houses and the dimpled naked babes of thousands of the Acadians of the Southwest, the deer, the puma, the bear, and the turkey lord it again. Even the Indians seldom visit it, and not a dozen white men have seen its wonders. Yet it contains the largest village of artificial caves in the world, the only great stone "idols" in the United States, and many another value—including the scene of one of the most remarkable stormings in military history.

When the Hero Twins had led forth man from the inner wombs of earth to light through Shi-p'a-pú, the Black Lake of Tears; and the Winter-Wizards had frozen the infinite mud so that there could be going; and the First Men had fallen out and fallen apart, a wandering band of the Quéres halted in this digitate wilderness. Here was water, here was timber. Above all, here was safety. And here they sat down. It was their own wilderness, and away from its incomparable area they have never since cared to rove. It is identified with them—with their hopes and fears, their loves and wars, and wanderings.

Their first town was in the noble cañon of the Tyú-on-yi, now also known as the Rito de los Frijoles, in the northern part of this plateau. Here the Quéres drew a pre-historic diagram which would have saved a vast amount of foolish theorizing, if science had earlier poked its nose out of doors in pursuit of fact.

The fable of the so-called Cliff-builders and Cave-dwellers as a distinct race or races, has been absolutely exploded in science. The fact is, that the cliff-dwellers and the cave-dwellers of the Southwest were Pueblo Indians, pure and simple. Even a careless eye can find the proof in every corner of the Southwest. It was a question not of race, but of physical geography. The Pueblo cut his garment according to his cloth, and whether he burrowed his house, or built it of mud-bricks or stone-bricks or cleft stone, atop a cliff or in caves or shelves of its face, depended simply upon his town-site. The one inflexible rule was security, and to gain that he took the "shortest cut" offered by his surroundings. When he found himself—as he sometimes did in his volcanic range—in a region of tufa cliffs, he simply whittled out his residence. In the commoner hard-rock cañons, he built stone houses in whatever safest place. In the valleys, he made and laid adobes. He sometimes even dovetailed all these varieties of architecture in one and the same settlement.

The Tyú-on-yi, the first known home of Cochití, is one of the unique beauties of the Southwest. As a cañon, it is but five or six miles long, and at the widest a quarter of a mile across. Its extreme depth does not exceed two thousand feet. There are scores of greater cañons in this neglected land; but there is only one Tyú-on-yi. At the *Bocas*, where it enters the gorge of the Rio Grande, it is deepest, narrowest, grimmest. A few hundred yards

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above these savage jaws was the town-site. A ribbon of irrigably level land a few rods wide, threaded by a sparkling rivulet, hemmed with glistening cliffs of white pumice-stone fifteen hundred feet tall, murmurous with stately pines and shivering aspens, shut on the west by the long slope of the Jara, on the east by the pinching of its own giant walls—that is the Tyú-on-yi. That, but more. For along the sheer and noble northern cliff crumble the bones of a human past—a past of heroism and suffering and romance. In the foot of that stone snow-bank new shadows play hide and seek in strange old hollows, that were not gnawed by wind and rain, but by as patient man. It is an enchanted valley. The spell of the Southwest is upon it. The sun's white benediction, the hush of Nature's heart, the invisible haunting of a *Once*—that utmost of all solitudes, the silence that *was* life—they wrap it in an atmosphere almost unique. It is an impression of a lifetime. The great cave-villages of the Pu-yé and the Shú-fin-né, in their white castle-buttes thirty miles up the river, are not to be compared with it, though they are its nearest parallel in the world. It is not only a much larger village than either of them, but with a beauty and charm altogether peerless.

It was a large town for the pre-historic United States—a town of fifteen hundred to two thousand souls. The latter figure was never exceeded by *any* aboriginal "city" of the Southwest. The line of artificial cave-rooms is a couple of miles long, and in tiers of one, two, and three stories. With their "knives" of chipped volcanic glass for sole tools, the Cochiteños builded their matchless village. First, they hewed in the face of the cliff their inner rooms. These were generally rectangular, about six by eight, with arched roofs; but sometimes large, and sometimes circular. Some were sole houses and had tiny outer doorways in the rock, and as tiny ones from room to room within—a plan which has given rise, in ruins oftener seen by the theorizer, to the fable of cliff-dwelling pigmies. The builders, in fact, were of present Pueblo stature, and made these wee doorways simply for security. The man of the house could afford time to enter edgewise on hands and knees; an enemy could not. Some rooms combine cave and masonry, having an artificial outer wall. And some, again, were merely cave-storehouses and retreats back of a stone-brick house. Outside, against the foot of the cliff, is the chaos of fallen masonry. The builders adopted a plan peculiar to this plateau. With their same flakes of obsidian they sawed the tufa into large and rather regular bricks, and of these exclusively laid their masonry in an excellent mortar of adobe. A restoration of the Tyú-on-yi would show a long line of three-story terraced houses of these tufa-blocks against the foot of that weird cliff; the rafters inserted into still visible mortises in its face; without doors or windows in the ground floor, and abristle with the spar-like ladders by which the upper stories were reached, and back through their rooms, the caves. None of the outer houses are now standing—the best of their walls are but four or five feet high—but the dim procession of centuries that has toppled them to ruin has dealt kindlier with the caves. The caked smoke of the hearth still clings—half fossil—on the low-arched roofs and around the tiny window smoke-holes. The very plastering of the walls—for the home had already reached such painstaking that even the smooth rock must be hidden by a film of cement—is generally intact. The little niches, where trinkets were láid, are there; and in one house is even the stone frame of the pre-historic hand-mill. In several places are cave-rooms with their fronts and partitions of tufa masonry still entire; and one lovely little nook, well up the cañon, has still a perfect house unlike any other pre-historic building in America—walled cave, wood-framed door and windows, and all. In this climate wood is almost eternal. Timbers that have been fully exposed since 1670 in the "Gran Quivíra," have not even lost their ornamental carvings; and beams of vastly greater age are still sound. Here and there down the slope, toward the brook, are the remains of the circular subterranean estufas wherein the male village dwelt; and in a strangely

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scalloped swell of the cliff is still the house of the Cacique—a very fair hemisphere of a room, cut from the rock, with a floor diameter of some fifteen feet. Not far away, beside the rivulet, are the ruins of a huge communal house—one of the so-called "round" ruins. Exploration always shows that these alleged circles are merely irregular polygons. There never was a round pueblo; though the estufas were very generally round and there were other small single buildings of the same shape. The usual stone artifects are rarely to be found here, for roving Navajos have assiduously stripped the place of everything of aboriginal use. Only now and then a rude obsidian knife, an arrow-point, or a battered stone axe rewards the relic-seeker—beyond the innumerable fragments of ancient pottery.

So exceptionally complete are the links in a story which may very well go far back of William the Conqueror, that we even have legendary hints of the subdivisions of this immemorial village; and in a cave-room of the cluster which has suffered most from the erosion of the cliff, I once stumbled upon gentle José Hilario Montoya, the now Governor of the new Cochití, wrapped in his blanket and in reverie. He had stolen away from us, to dream an hour in the specific house that was of his own first grandfathers.

We have no means of knowing just how long the strange white town of the Rito has been deserted, but it has been many, many centuries; for its hunted people built successive towns, and farmed and fought and had a history in each of six later homes before the written history of America began. Though eternally harassed by the Navajos, the Tyú-on-yi held its own, we are told, until destroyed by its own brethren. The conditions of life there (and in all prehistoric pueblos) and the interwarring of the various tribes, are drawn with photographic accuracy of detail in that little-read but archæologically precious novel, "The Delight-Makers."

The survivors of the final catastrophe abandoned their ruined town in the Rito, and moving a day's march to the south, established themselves upon the table-top of the great Potrero de las Vacas. They were now seven or eight miles west of the chasm of the Rio Grande, and on the summit of the tongue-plateau between two of its principal side-cañons. They were a mile from water — the sparkling brooklet which flows past the Cueva Pintada—and therefore from their farms. But feeling this inconvenience little so long as it gave safety, they reared among the contorted junipers a new town—essentially unlike the quaint combination-pueblo of the Rito, but like to a more common pattern. It was the typical rectangular stone box of continuous houses all facing in. Here on the grim mesa, amid a wilderness of appalling solitude, they worried out the tufa blocks, and builded their fortress-city, and fended off the prowling Navajo, and fought to water and home again, and slept with an arrow on the string. How many generations of bronze babies frolicked in this lap of danger; and rose to arrowy youth that loved between sieges; and to gray-heads that watched and counselled; and to still clay that cuddled to the long sleep in rooms thenceforth sealed forever, there is no reckoning—nor when was the red foray, whereof their legends tell, of an unknown tribe which finished the town of the Mesa of the Cows. But when the decimated Quéres left that noble site, they left, beside their fallen home, a monument of surpassing interest. The Nahuatl culture, which filled Mexico with huge and hideous statues chiselled from the hardest rock, was never paralleled within the United States; for our aborigines had no metal tools whatever until after the Conquest. New Mexican work in stone (aside from the making of implements and beads) was confined to tiny fetiches which were rather *worn* than carved to shape, and to a few larger but very crude fetiches of softer rock. The only examples of life-size carving, or of any *alto relievo*, ever found in the enormous range of the Pueblos, are the four astonishing figures which were, and are, the homotypes of the chase-gods of wandering Cochití.

A few hundred yards up the dim trail which leads from the ruined town of the Potrero de las Vacas toward the near peaks, one comes suddenly upon a

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strange aboriginal Stonehenge. Among the tattered piñons and sprawling cedars is a lonely enclosure fenced with great slabs of tufa set up edgewise. This enclosure, which is about thirty feet in diameter, has somewhat of the shape of a tadpole; for at the southeast end its oval tapers into an alley, five feet wide and twenty long, similarly walled. In the midst of this unique roofless temple of the Southwestern Druids are the weathered images of two cougars, carved in high relief from the bedrock of the mesa. The figures are life-size; and even the erosion of so many centuries has not gnawed them out of recognition. The heads are nearly indistinguishable, and the fore-shoulders have suffered; but the rest of the sculpture, to the very tips of the outstretched tails, is perfectly clear. The very attitude of the American lion is preserved — the flat, stealthy, compact crouch that precedes the mortal leap. Artistically, of course, the statues are crude; but zoologically, they bear the usual Indian truthfulness. As to their transcendant archæologic value and great antiquity, there can be no question. The circumstantial evidence is conclusive that they were carved by the Cochiteños during the life of the town of the Potrero de las Vacas.

The cougar, puma, or "mountain-lion" — *mo-keit-cha*, in the Quéres tongue — is to the Pueblo the head of animate creation. In this curious mythology, each of the six like groups of divinities, "the Trues," which dwell respectively at the six cardinal points, includes a group of deified dumb animals. They are Trues also, and are as carefully ranked as the higher spirits, or even more definitely. The beasts of prey, of course, stand highest; and of them, and of all animals, the puma is Ka-béy-de, commander-in-chief. Under him there are minor officials; the buffalo is captain of the ruminants; the eagle, of birds; the crotalus, of reptiles. There are even several other animal gods of the hunt — the bear, the wolf, the coyote — but he is easily supreme. The hunter carries always a tiny stone image of this most potent patron, and invokes it with strange incantations at every turn of the chase. But it was reserved for the Cochiteños to invent and realize a life-size fetich — therefore, one nearer the actual divinity symbolized, and more powerful. And from that far, forgotten day to this incongruous one, the stone lions of Cochití have never lost their potency. Worshipped continuously for longer ages than Saxon history can call its own, they are worshipped still. No important hunt would even now be undertaken by the trustful folk of Cochití without first repairing to the stone pumas, to anoint their stolid heads with face-paint and the sacred meal, and to breathe their breath of power.

But now the town of the lions had fallen, and a second migration was imperative. In this new move to checkmate the tireless aggressor, the Cochiteños took a sort of "knight's leap." They dropped fifteen hundred feet from the mesa's top to the cañon, and thence at a right angle three miles down the brook, namely, to the Cueva Pintada. The site of this, their third known town, which they called Tsé-ki-a-tán-yi, was far ahead in safety and in picturesqueness of the second. In both these qualities it somewhat recalls the peerless Rito. The cañon is wider and not so deep, but of similar formation, and similarly wooded and watered. As always, the wanderers chose its noblest point. There the northern cliff of white pumice is five hundred feet high, and in its face is a great natural cave like a basin set on edge, fifty feet above the ground. Along the foot of this fine cliff they hewed out their cave-rooms and built their tufa masonry, and in the arch of the great natural cave itself they hollowed other chambers, attainable only by dizzy toe-holes in the sheer rock. The painted cave seems to have had some of the uses of a shrine, and along the crescent of its inner wall may still be traced prehistoric pictographs (along with more modern ones) done in the red ochre which abounds farther up the cañon. There are figures of the Kö-sha-re, the delight-makers, and of the sacred snake whose cult — once universal among the Pueblos — has still such astounding survival at Moqui; and of the round, bright house of the Sun-Father and of the morning and even-

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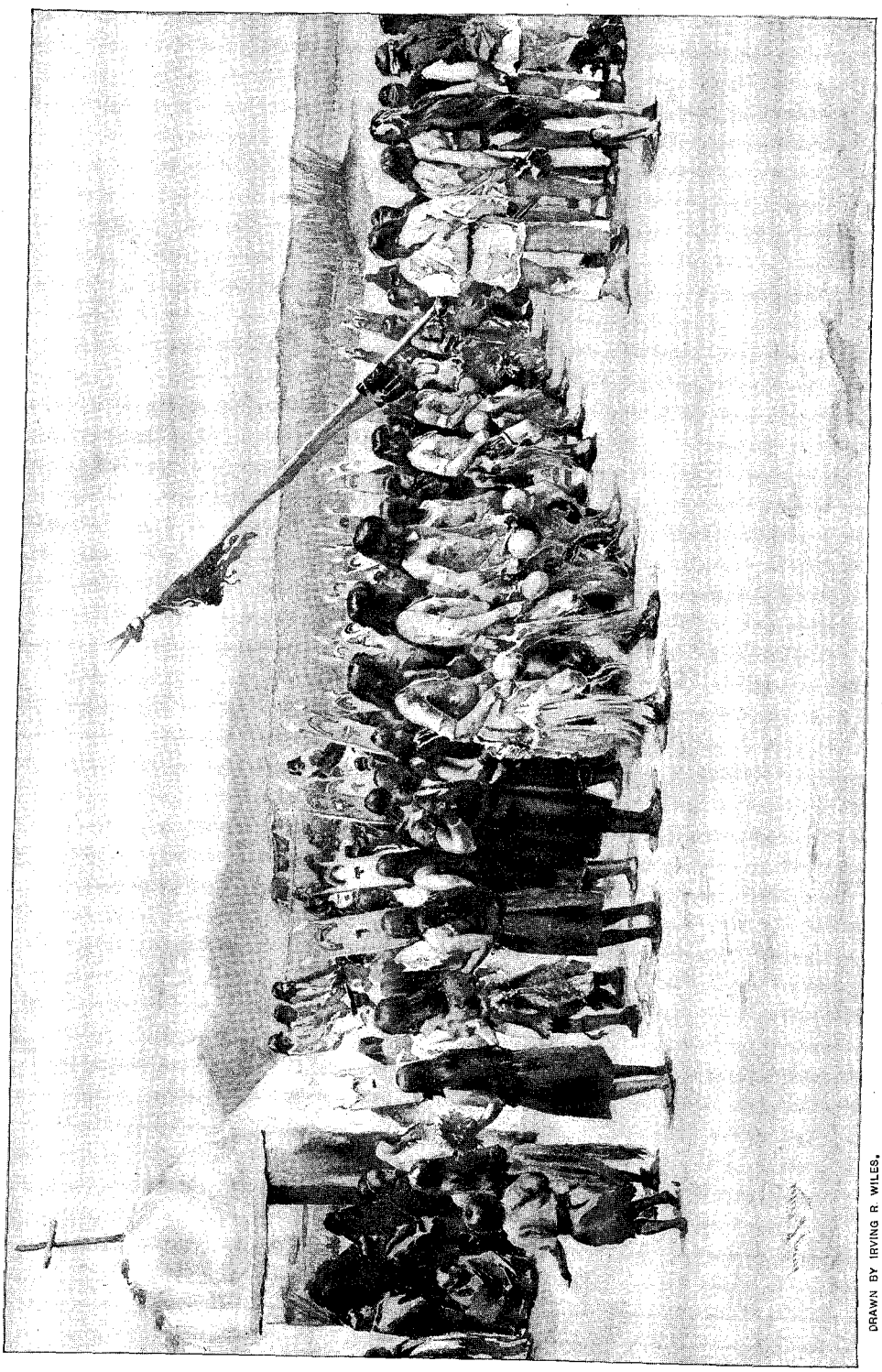

Dance of the Ayosh-tyú-cotiz—Present Pueblo of Cochiti.

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

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ing stars, and many other precious symbols.

At last the turn of Tsé-ki-a-tán-yi came too, and there was a day when they who had burrowed in its gray

José Hilario Montoya, Governor Pueblo of Cochití.

cliffs must bid it farewell. The cause of this migration is not certain. It may have been moral or military; omen of divine displeasure, or merely an overdose of Navajo—for the whole region was ceaselessly harried by this most powerful race of desert pirates. At all events, the beset Quéres had finally to abandon their third town and seek a fourth. This time they moved south a short march and built Ră-tya, whose ruins are now known as San Miguel. Here again they dwelt and suffered and made history; and from here again they were at last compelled, by supernatural or hostile pressure, to move on. Their fifth stone town they built in the Cañada de Cochití, twelve miles northwest from the present pueblo, and named it Cuá-pa. There was, and is, a lovely thread of a valley, just widening from the dark jaws of the cañon which splits the Potrero Viejo from its giant brother to the north.

Halfway back on the trail to the Cueva, atop the almost inaccessible Potrero de los Idolos, Bandelier—who was also the discoverer of the Rito, the Cueva Pintada, and the Potrero de las Vacas with its wonderful images—found two other stone cougars. They are life-size, but of different design from those of the northern potrero; less weathered, and evidently of later, though still prehistoric, origin. They, also, were carved in high relief from the bedrock with obsidian knives; they,

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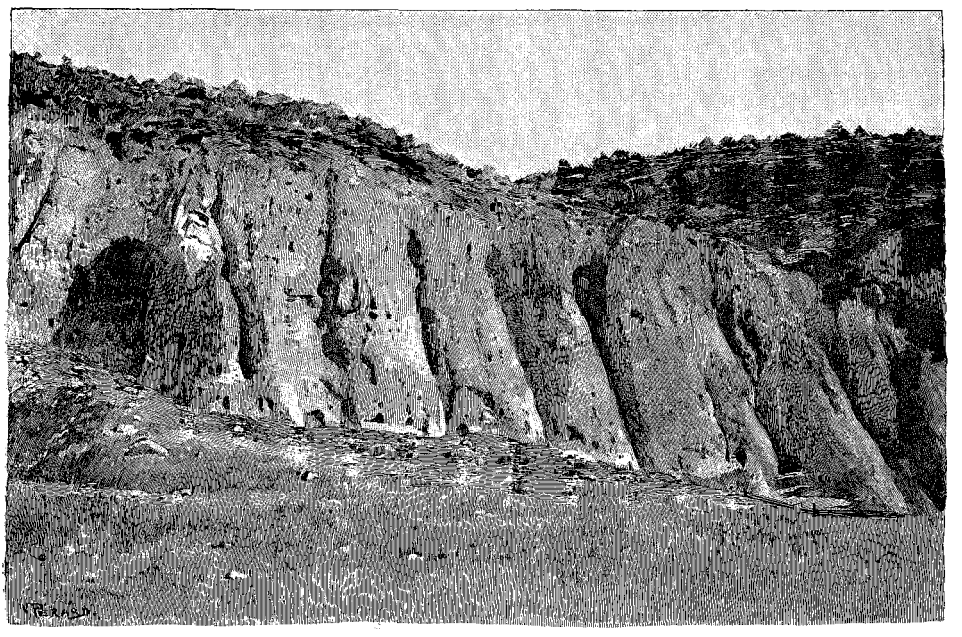
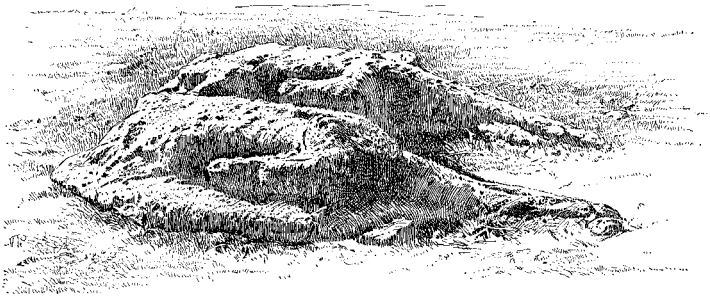


The Tyú-on-yi—Caciques.

likewise, faced south and were surrounded by a fence of tufa slabs. But they have not been as undisturbed. When I was there, I had been preceded by that unknown genius against whose invasion no shrine is sacred—the vandal whom it were libel to call a brute, and flattery to dub a fool. Finding these gray old images crouching on and of the monumental rock—a rock larger than any three buildings in America—his meteoric intellect at once conceived that there must be treasure under them—"Montezuma's treasure," of course. And forthwith he drilled beside them, and applied giant powder, and blew up twenty feet; and then gophered a tunnel below. It is to be regretted that his bones were not left in his mine. The explosion shattered one of the lions to fragments; but the other, providentially, was lifted up with a slab of its base, and lies uninjured at one side of the hole. Though life-size, it is not so long as its brethren above the Cueva Pintada, since the tail is curled up along the spine. Nor does it seem to have been quite so well done—that is, it is a trifle more conventionalized. But it is equally unmistakable, not merely to the archæologist, but even to anyone who has ever seen the greatest cat of the Western Hemisphere. There has been a proposition by someone to cut these lions free from the mother-rock and transport them to Washington. Of course, the fact that their archæologic value would be gone if they were thus shorn of their surroundings, was lost sight of; as was the further fact that they are the property of citi-



The Stone Pumas of the Potrero de las Vacas.

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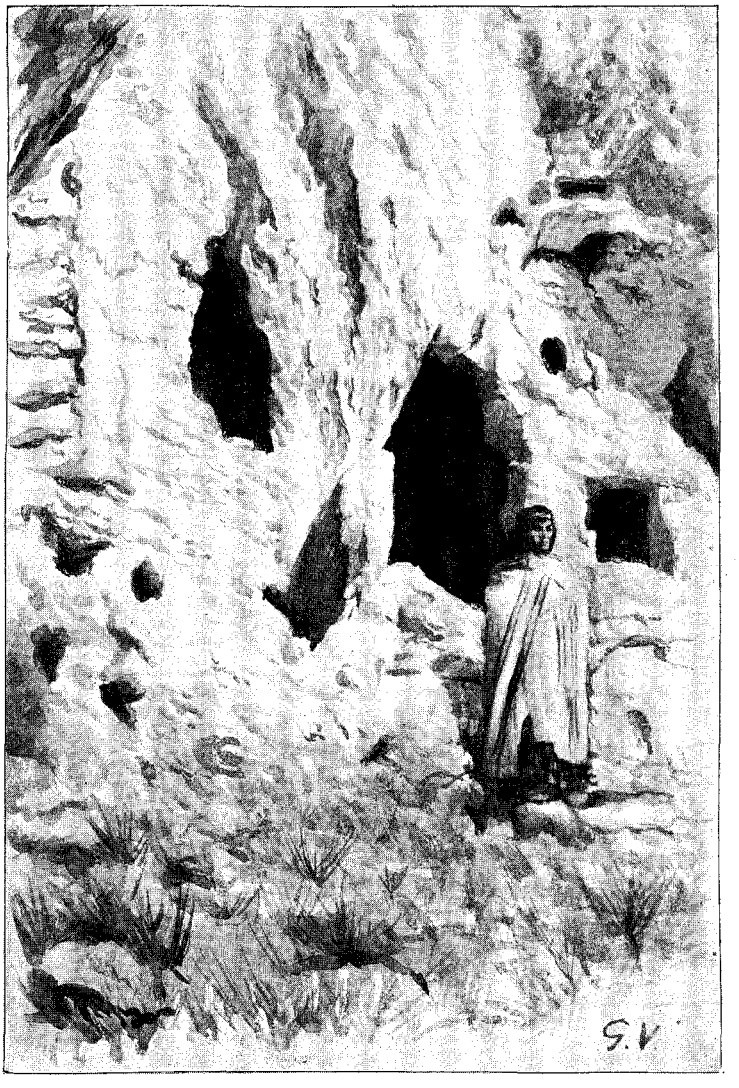
zens of the United States. The Cochiteños would resist the removal with their last drop of blood; and in such a cause they shall not be without allies.



The Tyú-on-yi—Walled Cave-Rooms.

Plaster models would give all that science needs, or has legal or moral right to take.

Driven in time from the Cañada, as they had been driven from four previous towns, the Quéres climbed the seven-hundred-foot cliffs of the Potrero Viejo, which overhangs the Cañada. Here was their sixth town — Há-nut Cochití, or Cochití Above—and their most impregnable. Nowhere save by the three vertiginous trails is it possible to scale that aërial fortress; and we may presume that here at last they were able to defy their savage neighbors. With time, however, the difficulties of farming and watering at such long range seem to have induced them to remove to the banks of the Rio Grande, just where it emerges from its gruesome gorge to the widening vales of Peña Blanca. Here they raised their seventh

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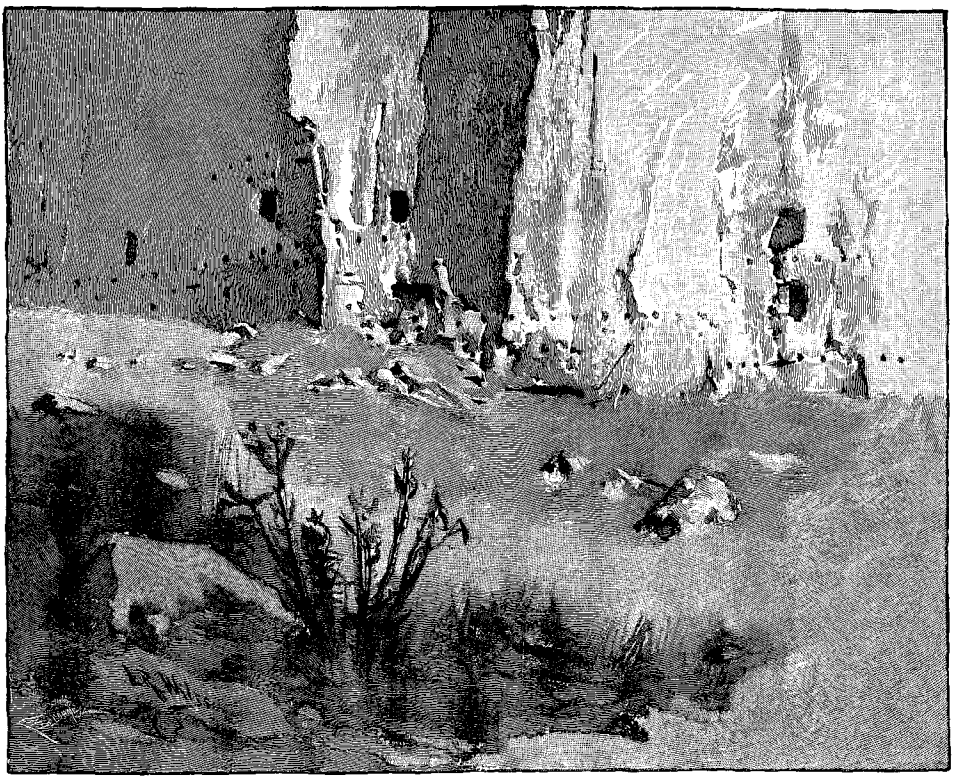

The Tyú-on-yi—Second and Third Story Caves; and Mortises for Rafters of the Outer Houses.

pueblo, this time largely of adobe; and here they were when the history of America began. There is nothing to indicate that the Cochití which has been known now for three hundred and fifty years, has been longer occupied than was any one of the six towns which preceded it; though of course the presumption is that it has. Here the Spanish world-openers found the town, and here the Cochiteños voluntarily became vassals of Spain and were baptized into the Church of the new God. Here, too, nearly a century and a half later, they helped to brew that deadliest insurrection which ever broke on United States soil; and on that red August 10, 1680, their warriors were of the swarthy avalanche that befell the undreaming Spaniards. They had a hand in the slaying of the three priests of their parish, who were stationed at Santo Domingo; and were among the leading spirits of all those bloody years of the Pueblo Rebellion. The only fight in which they are known to have figured largely, however, was at the Reconquest. When Diego de Vargas, the *Reconquistador*, came, they abandoned Cochití and went back to their long-ruined citadel on the Potrero Viejo. This seventh town-moving did not save them; for in the spring of 1694 Vargas and his "army" of one hundred and fifty men stormed that aboriginal Gibraltar. In the desperate but short assault only twenty-one Indians were slain. Indeed, the decimation of the Cochiteños was due not at all to the Spaniards, but to their one-sided wars with the Navajos and with other Pueblos; to epidemics, and to racial centrifuge—for the legendary hints are strong that not only Cochití, but *all* the Quéres Pueblos originated in the Tyú-on-yi. If this be true, the six present Quéres Pueblos to the south and west of Cochití, with their pre-historic predecessors—for each had its town-movings—were doubtless founded

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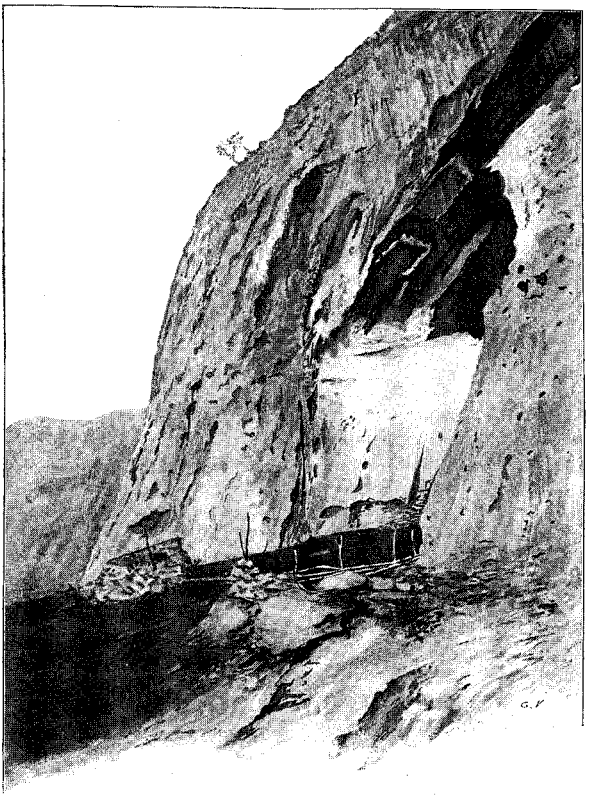
by early rovers from the Rito, until all were gone from the first nest save the later wanderers whom we have been following



The Cueva Pintada.

After the Reconquest the Cochiteños abandoned their second town on the Potrero Viejo, and moving for the eighth time, returned to their present pueblo, where they have ever since remained. It is seldom that any of them visit the old homes. Only when there is to be a ceremonial hunt do they trudge away to their ancient Chase-Fetiches to drink the mighty breath of Mokeitcha. The trails are so fearfully rough that one can go all the way to the Rito much sooner afoot than on even the tireless Indian pony; and they are lonely now, and grown very dim. The ankle-deep wee crystals of the potrero-tops outsparkle the Valley of the Rocs, unscuffled by passing feet. The wild turkey drinks unscared from the Rito de los Frijoles, and blinks at its sun-bewildered walls. The tawny puma purrs in the white light beside his gray stone prototypes on the Potrero de las Vacas or the Potrero de los Idolos. And Cochití, at rest at last, dreams on its sunward gravel-bank along the swirling Rio Grande, and tills its happy fields, and goes to its Christian mass, and dances unto the Trues, and forgets that ever there was war and wandering.

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LOS CARAQUEÑOS.

By F. J. Stimson.

PAGANISM was the avowal of life; Christianity the sacrifice of it. So the Church of Rome, as nearest in time to Paganism, has recognized, through all its inquisitions, human hearts; the Sects have sought to stifle them; the Puritans have posed to ignore them. Thus cruelty may be the crime of priests; hypocrisy has been the vice of preachers. But in far-off Venezuela, so late as the time of this story, the Middle Ages lingered and the Roman Church still ruled.

There are two things in the little city of Carácas that go back to the time when the Spanish empire made a simulacrum of the Roman, round the world: One is the great round-arched Spanish bridge, spanning the deep arroyo on the mountain slope above the present town—useless now, for the earthquake-clefts are deeper on either side than this gorge of the ancient river of the city, and have drained its stream away—and the other the Casa del Rey—a great stone fortress in the centre of the present town, with walls eight feet thick, its windows like tunnels cut through to the iron unglazed casement—for this was the only house that was left standing on the evening of the great earthquake; and so the modern city clusters timidly about it, its houses a modest one- or double-story, and, on the clay slope where the older city was, the cactus grows, and the zenith sun burns the clay banks red, and the old "gold-dust road," over the Cordillera to the sea, now but a mule-path of scattered cobble-stones, winds lonely and narrow across the splendid bridge, among the great fissures that the earthquake left. And both bridge and house still bear the sculptured blazonry, the lions and the castles, and the pious inscription to the greater glory of the Virgin.

And there is a story about this Casa Rey—the story of Dolores, Marquesa del Torre y Luna, almost the last of the old Spanish nobility of Carácas, called la doña sola de la Casa del Rey—as we should say, the lonely lady of the house of the King—for she lived there, married and widow, five-and-sixty years, and left no child to inherit the thick-walled city house, four square about its garden, and the provinces of coffee-trees, and, what she prized more and we prize less, the noble blood of Torre and of Luna, now run dry.

Carácas lies in a plain, like the Vega of Granada, only green with palms as well as poplars; but through its rich meadows a turbid mountain torrent runs, and south, and west, and east are mountains; and north the mighty Silla lifts almost to the snows, half breaking the ceaseless east wind of the sea; trade-wind, it has been called in history; slave-wind were better. And by the little city is the palm-clad Calvareo, the little hill gay with orchids and shaded by tree-ferns, in whose pleasant paths the city people still take their pleasure (for the name of Calvary but means the view, not any sadness), and took their pleasure, fifty years since, when this story begins. And one evening, in the early years of the century, there walked alone, or with but a nurse for her dueña, a girl whose beauty still smiles down through sad tradition and through evil story, to lighten the dark streets of the old Spanish town, whose

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DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"He bowed ceremoniously and touched her hand to his lips."—Page 111.

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stones for fifty years her feet had ceased to press. And the memory of the old Casa Rey, the castle, all is hers; and the people of the town, the Caraqueños, still see her lovely face at the window; first at one, and then at the other, but mostly at the grated window in the round tower of the corner, that projects and commands the two streets; for there her sweet, pale face used to show itself, between the bars, and watch for the cavalry her noble husband led, returning from the wars. For then were wars of liberation, when freedom was fought for, not possessions and estates; and the Marquis Sebastian Ruy del Torre led in all. And days and days she would watch for him returning, after battles won, sitting with her golden needle-work at the corner window, her night-black hair against the iron bar (for there are no glass window-panes in Carácas), her strange blue eyes still watching down the street. So she sat there, and broidered chasuble or altar-cloth for the holy church of Santa Maria de las Mercedes, where she prayed each dawn and evening, yet cast her eyes down either street between each stitch, to watch the coming of him she loved on earth. And the people of Carácas used to gather her glances to their hearts, like blue flowers, for of herself they ever saw no more.

And her husband, from their wedding-day, never saw her more. For fifty years she sat at this window, working chasuble and stole, and always, when the distant trumpet sounded, or the first gold-and-scarlet pennon fluttered far down the street, she would drop her work and rise. And then she would wave her hand, and her husband would wave his hand, at the head of his column far away. And then she would go from the window; and be seen there no more while he stayed at Carácas. But those that were beneath the window used to say (for the husband was too far off then to see) that before she left the window, she would cast a long look down the street to that distance where he rode, and those that saw this glance say that for sweetness no eye of mortal saw its equal, and the story is, it made little children smile, and turned old bad men good, and even women loved her face.

Then she vanished from the tower, and they saw her no more. During all the time that might be the Marquis's stay, no more she came to the window, no more to the door. State dinners were given there in the King's house; banquets, aye, and balls, where all that was Castilian in Carácas came; but the custom was well known, and no one marvelled that the châtelaine came not to meet them; the lovely Lady Dolores, whom no one ever spoke to or saw. Some dueña, some relation, some young niece or noble lady, cousin of either the del Torre, was there and did the honors. And of the Marquesa no one ever spoke, for it was understood that, though not in a convent, she was no longer in the world — even to her husband, it was said, at first with bated breath, then openly.

For the servants told, and the family, and it was no secret, how days and weeks before her lord returned the lady would busy herself with preparations. And their state suite of rooms, and their nuptial-chamber (into which, alas! she else had never come!) were prepared by her, and made bright and joyous with rich flowers, and sweet to his heart by the knowledge of her presence, and the touch of her dear hand. Then, when all was done, and one white rose from her bosom in a single vase (and in a score of years this white rose never failed), she darkened the rooms and left them for his coming, and went back to her seat in the stone-floored tower rooms, and sat there with her gold and silver broidery, and so watched for him. And while he stayed in his palace, she lived in those cold, bare rooms; for they alone had not been changed when they were married, but had been kept to serve as a prison, and my lady Dolores loved them best; but she came not to the window, lest their eyes might meet.

II.

So fifty years she lived there; and that is why the old Spaniard of Carácas still points out the house, and young men and maidens like to make their trysting-places of its gardens, which are public and where the band plays even-

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ings—if that can be called trysting to our northern notions, which is but a stolen mutual glance in passing. But hearts are warm in Catholic Spain, and they dare not more; right hard they throb and burn for just so much as this—aye, and break for the lack of it. I say, fifty years—fifty years she lived there, but thirty she lived alone, for at the end of twenty years he died; and the manner of her living and his dying is what I have to tell.

But after that still thirty years she lived on alone. Now she no longer worked at the window, and she came there but rarely. It seemed she came there for compassion, that the people, whom she felt so loving, might see her smile. For her smile was sweet as ever, only now it bore the peace of heaven, not the yearning love of earth. Yet never went she out her doors. And when she died—it is only some years since—they buried her upon Good Friday, and she sleeps in her own church, beneath the great gold shrine she loved and wrought for, of Mary, Mother of the Pities. And all the people of the city saw her funeral; and there is, in the church, a picture of the Virgin, that is really her, painted by a dying artist that had seen her face at the window many years before.

And did they not, the Caraqueños, wonder and ask the cause of this? What was it?—They do not know—But did they not ask the story of the lonely lady, so well known to them?—They asked, many years since; but soon gave over; partly that the secret was impenetrable, partly for love of her. For they had, the poorest peasant of them, that quick sympathy to stanch heart's wounds that all the conventions of the strenuous North must lack. God gives in all things compensation; and even sins, that are not mean or selfish, have their half-atoning virtues. Their silence was soothing to her sorrow; they never knew. But the priest?—The Church of Rome is cruel, but it keeps its secrets. And only it and Heaven know if their lives were one long agony of misguidance, as many lives must be on earth—perhaps sometime the priest-confessor may help in such affairs; if so, God speed the Jesuits. But one thing is sure: in all their lives, after their marriage, they never met. She died old, in gentle silence; he still young, upon a bloody field; and now their eyes at last met in Heaven, "her soul he knows not from her body, nor his love from God."

And we may, harmless, venture to tell what the people of Carácas say—with reverent memory, and loving glances at the old stone house; the hearts that inhabited it are cold; but its Spanish arms above the door still last, clear-cut as on the day the pride of this world's life first bade the owner place them there.

III.

In the Calvareo that evening the Doña Dolores walked alone, with only old Jacinta, the black nurse; black she was called, but her hair alone was black—blue-black; her face was of that fiery brown that marks the Venezuelen Indian; she was not fat, as most nurses, but stood erect, with fierce lurid eyes, her hair in two tight braids, and was following and watching her gentle charge. Jacinta had things to do in our story; her race has nothing of the merry sloth, the gross animality of the negro; what things Jacinta found to do, were done. She was scarce a dozen years older than her mistress, and her form was still as lithe, her step as firm and quick as that of that boy of hers, now twelve, in the military school, training under the *soutane'd* Jesuits for the service of the Church—or Bolívar. And in the Calvareo also that evening were two men—nephew and uncle, both cousins of Dolores—and not, of course, walking with her or speaking to her, save by reverent bows; and, on the nephew's part at least, by looks of fire. Yet the uncle might, perhaps, have walked with her, even in Carácas; for he, whom men called the General, despite his prouder titles, was not her cousin only, but her guardian.

Dolores and her maid have traversed the spiral path to the summit of the little hill; there is a little pool and fountain that the Moors, generations back, had taught these people's ancestors to build; and from a bench among the orchids and the jasmine, and the

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charming amaryllis lily, standing nobly by her like a band of spearmen, sees Dolores the lovely valley, purple in the first shadows of the short tropic day, and, on the southern mountain, the white walls of the Archbishop's new convent; to the north, and higher, the little mountain fort guarding the road to the coast, and, as she looks, it dips its colors to the sunset, which are the yellow and red—the blood and gold—of Spain, and the booming of its little cannon echoes down the valley and the Angelus replies. Then she turns, and touches tenderly (not plucks) a marvellous flower that lonely blooms beside her. It is the Eucharis Amazonica, the lily of the Amazon, but known to her only as the *Flor del Espiritu santo*—the flower of the Holy Ghost. One moment, it seems that she will be disturbed. The younger man has left the older on his walk—for they are not always together, and gossip has made him suitor for his cousin's hand—and he stands a moment watching her, behind a group of tree-ferns. No lovelier a girl had surely even his eyes ever rested on, as she sat there stilly, though her wonderful eyes were lost to him, following the sunset. And she was the greatest heiress in all the Spanish Main.

He might have stepped forward, into the open, to her, and no one but Jacinta would have known. Perhaps he was about to do so; but suddenly there appeared, on the hilltop beside them, a tall figure dressed in a purple gown, with hood and trimmings of bright scarlet, looking like a fuchsia flower; on his head was a little black velvet covering, shaped half like a crown. It was the young Jesuit, the Archbishop of the Guianas. Dolores rose and kissed his hand, bending the knee respectfully; he sat down beside her.

IV.

The Condesa de Luna, the orphan daughter of dead parents who represented both branches of a famous old Gothic family, already known about the capital for her beauty, was known far and wide as the richest heiress in all Venezuela and Guiana; her prairies stretched from the ocean to the Apure, her herds so countless that they roamed wild upon pampas which were hers, hunted by peons who were hers. The old stone castle with the Spanish arms was hers, and another like it stood empty for her in far Madrid. Her guardian, the Marquis del Torre, was a poor man beside her; and his nephew, Don Ramon, poorer still.

Dolores was brought up as follows: At five she rose, and went, with Jacinta, to early mass; nearly always to a different church, as is the seemly custom in Carácas, lest young men should take advantage of it and take position behind the chairs of their adored ones in church, where they could not be repelled; for, of course, no young gentleman, however madly in love, would insult his lady by accosting her in the open street. After mass, at six, being the time of sunrise and by comparison safe, Jacinta would take her charge for a walk, usually on the Calvareo, then deserted. At seven they would be home, and then in the great court-yard, under the palms and rose-red orchids, Dolores would take her lessons—French, English, music—all from priests. At eleven, bath; at twelve, breakfast; then reading, perhaps a siesta in a hammock made of birds' plumage. So she passed her days, all in the half-light of the great court-yard; only toward sunset again would she see the open sky, driving with one of her two governesses in the state carriage down the broad valley to where the wheel road stopped, and back again; or more rarely, as on this night, venturing on another walk. And all the youth of Carácas would gaze after her carriage; the young men driving out too, by themselves, in carriages, who had passed their days more in gambling or cock-fighting than with books and music; never, indeed, at mass. For here the lords of creation vent their authority in ordaining their wives and sisters to the Church and goodness, themselves to evil. But the most hardened duellist among them could no more than look at Dolores; only her reckless cousin Ramon would venture to ride athwart her carriage, and presume upon his cousinship to bow.

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Yet intercourse is possible always betwixt young people who seek each other out; and all Carácas gave Ramon to her for her lover. And to-night even, as he stood and glowered at the Archbishop from behind the tree-ferns, he had another chance. For there is, and was, one more strange custom in this strange city: at the sunset hour the young ladies of Carácas, all in their gayest dresses, sit in the great open windows and look upon the street — a curious sight it is to see the bright eyes and white throats thrust, like birds from a cage, through the iron bars of the sombre stone windows. (For no wind or cold ever needs a window of glass in that perpetual perfect weather. The high sun never makes a shutter needful in the narrow streets.) And there they sit, unoccupied; and the young men of the city, dressed also in their best, walk by as slowly, and look as lingeringly, as they dare; and perhaps, if the dark shadow of mamma or the dueña does not come out too quickly from the inner room, a few quick words are spoken, and a flower left or given. And what says the old proverb of the Caraqueños?

"*Better two words in secret than a thousand openly.*"

Sebastian Ruy, Marquis del Torre, too, was bred as a young nobleman of oldest lineage should be, or should have been, in that early eighteenth century that still lingered in the Andes. But this took him to Madrid and to Paris in the years VII. and VIII; and the eighteenth century, as one knows, ended in those wee small numbers. Torre came back to plunge his country in a revolution which lasted intermittently, like one of its own volcanoes, for more than twenty years. The young Parisian étudiant began his first émeute in Carácas itself, with a barricade, after the orthodox fashion of the years I. and II. This being quickly suppressed — partly that there were no pavements, and partly that each house was an impregnable fortress—but mostly that the city was of the governing class and stood with Spain — Torre had had to leave the capital for the pampas, where, for over twelve years, he maintained discursive warfare with a changeable command of Indians and peons, which, however, on the whole, increased in number, officered by a few young gentlemen, under himself. His marquisate he forgot, and sought to make others forget it. He was, throughout Venezuela, The General. He had never been back within the walls of Carácas; and, at nearly forty, he learned of his only aunt's death following his uncle's, and of the little girl they left, and of his guardianship.

A little girl she appeared to his imagination on the pampas; when he got to Carácas, she was a young woman. The General's locks were already grizzled and his face weather-beaten with ten years' open life on the plains; his face was marked, beside the eye, with the scar of a sabre. He had one interview with Dolores, saw her nurse, her instructors, her father confessor; heard stories about his nephew Don Ramon, which troubled him, went back to camp. There intervened a brief campaign in the mountains of the Isla Margarita; Torre went there to take command. This is the famed old island of pearls; they lie there in the reefs amid the bones of men and ships; Torre found no pearls, but he defeated the royal troops in the first engagement resembling an open battle he had ventured to fight. This matter settled, he lay awake at night, and thought about his new ward. Further tidings reached him from Carácas, of his nephew. It was said young Ramon boasted he would marry her. Then the King, as is the royal way after defeat in battle, made further concessions to the "Liberals," as the revolutionists were called; and in the coaxing amity of the time, Torre was permitted, nay, invited, to return to the capital. He did so, and was immediately tendered a banquet by the royal Governor, and a ball at which his ward was present. The royal Governor and his lady sat beneath a pavilion, webbed of the scarlet and gold of Spain. The Countess Dolores came and curtsied deeply to them; then she rose the taller for it, and as she turned haughtily away they saw that she was almost robed in pearls; three strands about her neck and six about her waist; and the ribbon in her mantilla was pale green, white, and red.

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El Gobernador only smiled at this, the liberal tricolor, and made a pretty speech about it; but the vice-regal lady made some ill-natured reference to the pearls, as spoils from Margarita. Don Ramon was standing by and heard it. The General saw it not.

After the formal dance the General went up to compliment his ward. This was the first time he had seen her; for even he could not call, save in the presence of the family; and she had no other family than himself. He could not call on her until—unless—he married her. He said, "I am glad my lady Countess is kinder to our colors than my nephew." He watched her as he said this; she started, and at the end of the sentence, blushed. He saw her blush. Then he bowed, as if to retire.

"The pearls," she said, hastily, "are all I have; see!" And the Marquis, bowing, saw that the neck-strands were not a necklace, but, after passing thrice around her neck, descended to be lost in the laces of her dress.

The Marquis ended his bow, and went back to camp. Next week there came an Indian soldier to Dolores with a box of island pearls; they were large as grape-shot, and went thrice about her waist. But the General no longer contradicted her engagement to his nephew.

V.

The General had never known women; he had only known what men (and women, too) say of women. At Paris, and Madrid, he had seen his friends with dancers, actresses; he did not confound other women with these, but he had known none other. Of girls, in particular, he was ignorant. A man of Latin race never sees a girl; in America—North America—it is different, and one sometimes wonders if they justify it.

Some weeks after the General got back to his camp (which was high up amid the huge mountain that fends the Gulf of Paria from the sea), he was astounded by the appearance of no less a person than his nephew Ramon. He had broken with the royal cause, he said, and came to seek service beneath his uncle. He did not say what statement he had left behind him in Carácas—no explanation was necessary in the then Venezuela for joining any war—but how he had justified his delaying his coming nuptials with Dolores. For he loved her, this young fellow; yet he said—allowed it to be said—that in the process *de se ranger*, in the process of arrangement for his bride, that she might find her place unoccupied, certain other arrangements had been necessary which took time.

He did not tell this story to his uncle, who took him and sought to make a soldier of him. Not this story; but he told him that he loved Dolores; and his uncle—was he not twenty years younger?—believed him. Twenty years, or fifteen; 'tis little difference when you pass the decade.

But the General found him hard material to work up. He was ready enough at a private brawl; ready enough, if the humor struck him, to go at the enemy; but not to lead his men there. And his men were readier to gamble with him than to follow him; though brave enough, in a way.

Yet the gentleman Marquis blinded his faults—aye, and paid his debts—for when he lost at "pharaon" a certain pearl he wore, the uncle bought it back for him, with a caution to risk his money, not his honor; at which the young captain grit his teeth, and would have challenged—any but a creditor. And when a certain girl, a Spanish woman, followed him to camp, Del Torre knew of it, and helped Ramon to bid her go; and if the General thought the worse of him, he did not think Dolores loved him less; for was not Sebastian himself brought up on that cruel half-truth that some women still do their sex the harm to make a whole one? that women love a rake reformed. Then came a battle, and both were wounded, and more concessions from his Catholic Majesty; and in their wake the wounded gentlemen went back to Carácas.

The General's hair was grayer, and in that stay he saw Dolores only once, and that was in church—at mass. (High mass, *Te Deum*, for the Catholic Majesty's concessions.) Don Ramon stood

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behind her chair; and Del Torre saw them from a pillar opposite, and again the girl-countess blushed. And after mass the new Archbishop met him in the street, and talked—of him, and of his ward, and of Don Ramon.

"He is a graceless reprobate," said this peon-priest.

The Marquis sighed. "A soldier—for a brave man there is always hope."

The Archbishop eyed him.

"She loves him?"

"She loves him."

"He is poor!"

"She is rich."

"You should marry her," said the Archbishop, and shrugged his shoulders.

A week after he met them all again; and this was that evening in the garden.

VI.

Now this arch-priest had been a peon, and a soldier in Del Torre's army; and then he had left it, and had seen the viceroy and been traitor to the rebels, and so became a priest; and then, heaven and the vice-queen knew how, bishop; and but that his archiepiscopal credentials were now fresh from Rome, Del Torre, still a Catholic, had called him traitor! Yet he could not like the man, though he stood between him and God; and he knew that disliking must be mutual; and he marvelled, simple soldier! that the intoxicating message came from him. But he put this cup of heaven from his lips.

For Del Torre, from his fierce August of war, had learned to love this April maiden with all his heart and with all his life and his strong soul. Were not his hairs gray, and his face so worn and weather-beaten? And his heart—he had none fit for this lady of the light. Enough that it was his pearls that clasped her slender waist.

The Archbishop, too, had seen his gray hairs; yet he thought that it was best? He had said so. Perhaps he wanted her possessions for the Church. His nephew, Don Ramon, cursed the Archbishop for sitting there that night, and saying to her—What? Novitiate and convent, perhaps, or his own sins. For the lady Dolores was devout as only girls can be who have warm hearts and noble souls, and are brought up in cloisters.

Del Torre stood on the other side of the Calvary hill, where the sunset lay, and looked at it, dimly—for his heart was breaking. The Archbishop kept close his converse with Dolores; perhaps he saw her fiery younger lover lurking in the branches. She rose—she and Jacinta—and the priest walked home with them. He talked to her of nephew Ramon and his crimes—not his sins with women, for the priest, too, was a crafty man, and did her sex no honor—but of his gambling, his brawling, his unsaintliness. He said Ramon was a coward; and when Dolores's pale cheek reddened, he marked it again; and when she broke at this, he told her a trumped-up story of his last battle under his grave uncle. For Dolores, noble maiden, had not yet confessed her love to herself—how then to her confessor?

The Archbishop walked slowly home with her, Jacinta just behind, and left her under that old stone scutcheon on the door. Del Torre and Don Ramon lingered behind; and when they had passed her window, she was sitting there, looking weary. The old General passed by, sweeping off his hat, his eyes on the ground. He had been talking to the youth of all the duties of his life and love; but Ramon was inattentive, watching for her. As they passed her window he lingered, daring a word to Dolores through the iron bars. He asked her for a rose she wore. She looked at him a moment, then gave it to him, with a message. The Marquis saw her give the rose; he did not hear the message. Don Ramon did; and his face turned the color of a winter leaf. As he walked on he crushed the rose, then threw it in the gutter.

That night he intoxicated himself in some tavern brawl. He had a companion with him, not of his own sex; and when another officer reproached him with it, for his cousin, he swore that he would marry her, and that she had been—— Then they fought a duel, and both were wounded.

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VII.

THE General heard of it the next morning, and it was even the Archbishop brought him the news. The priest besought Del Torre to marry his ward, but he was obdurate; the crafty priest wrestled with the soldier's will all through that day, and neither conquered. But the General's face looked worn; he argued, only sadly, of the hot blood of youth, of the hope in her love for the nephew, and of his bravery. Then late in the day came the young officer, wounded, the bandage on his breast half stanching the heart's blood he had shed for her, and besought the general not to give her to Don Ramon. Del Torre stood as if at bay. "You love her too?" he cried.

"Ay, and would save her," said the young man, faintly.

"You must protect her from this libertine," then said the priest. For he wished her to marry the one she loved not.

"She loves him!"

"You must save her——"

"I will live with her, and guard her as my own——"

"You may not," said the priest.

"I am her guardian——"

"You may not—you must marry her."

"I am old and she is young——"

"The holy Church demands it!"

"I love her not—I——" the lie stuck in his lips.

Late in the afternoon Del Torre went to see Dolores. She was at vesper service, and he waited until she came back, pale. He began to speak. "I have heard all," she interrupted; "Jacinta told me." And again he saw her blush.

Del Torre groaned; he turned aside. Then he strode back to her, his sabre clanking as he walked. "God forgive me if I err. Dolores, you may not marry this man—you—you must—Señorita Condesa, will you marry me?"

Dolores looked up; she had been red, she was now pale. So blushes lie.

"Santissima Maria," she said, below her breath.

"The Church—the Archbishop—demands it," Del Torre hurried on, not looking at her, for he heard her exclamation. "I love you—well enough—to wed you." The soldier's voice broke, too feeble now to cry a charge. He never saw her look at him. God pardon him for looking down.

"You love me—well enough to wed me——" She had turned red again, and her voice was low. He looked, and saw it.

"I will keep you, and watch over you, Dolores, with my life. The Church demands it—I am but a soldier—will you marry me?"

Her dark head was bowed, and the purple of her eyes he saw not.

"Yes," she said; but, oh, so gravely, so coldly!

He bowed ceremoniously, and touched her hand to his lips; then he turned and left the stone-walled tropic garden. And as his sabre clanked in the passageway, she threw herself on the hammock in a flood of tears.

And that is how they were affianced.

VIII.

THE love of a man for a girl is perhaps different from any other passion our souls on earth are tempered with. Daphnis and Chloe are pretty, natural, charming to paint and write *vers de société* about; but so simple as to be shallow, so natural as to be replaceable. To Daphnis we know that any other Chloe will be Chloe too. And they are really selfish; they seek the consummation of their wishes: he his, she hers. It may be the same human energy; but in the fierce, almost blasphemous, self-abnegation of the man's love, it seems as different a manifestation as the earth-rending power of freezing water from the swelling of a bud at spring. The man can renounce his love; but he desires her well-being with a will to which murder is an incident and the will divine but an obstacle to be overcome.

The Archbishop had told Del Torre that his nephew had been married already—secretly, but married—married to the woman who came to seek him out at the camp. Against this wall Del Torre's will had been beating before his own bethrothal to Dolores was announced. With a fierce suspicion he

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received his friends' congratulations at his club and camp. Among his officers no other look or accent mingled with an unaffected joy. But in the city, he fancied—he was ever ready to fancy—among the young men, a shade of irony in their congratulations on his happiness. Was he not so old!

Don Ramon heard of it from Jacinta. Jacinta was with the younger man. She looked upon Del Torre's gray hairs with fierce eyes. Ramon's liquid voice and peachy lip had fascinated this supple creature of the forest. Don Ramon heard; and his own answer was characteristic:

"The old fool!"

Jacinta nodded impatiently. She asked him for a message back. He took pen and paper and wrote:

"Señorita Condesa: Thou lovest me. On the morning thou shalt wed Don Sebastian I kill him.

"Ramon del Torre."

He read it over; then he stopped and thought. He was not all tiger; something of the serpent lay within the handsome youth.

"I will send it this evening," he said to Jacinta. And in the evening this is what he wrote:

"Señorita Condesa: The Archbishop is my enemy and makes my uncle marry you. Have you confessed to him? Surely, you have loved me? On the day he marries you he shall kill your

"Ramon."

This letter he sent. This was Thursday, March 19, 1813. The marriage was set for the 26th. Ramon went to the club, the café which served as club to the aristocracy of Carácas, and announced publicly that his uncle was forcing his ward to marry him against his will. The General, when this story was brought to him, winced, but only replied: "My nephew knows I cannot fight him; I must leave my honor to the kind opinion of my friends." This speech was repeated—"to the kindness of my friends;" and that night a dozen young gentlemen called upon the Marquis and asked to be permitted to provoke Don Ramon. The General refused it to all, with one wave of his hand. "I marry my ward for family reasons; my nephew must be permitted to make what criticism he chooses."

Don Ramon then announced his uncle a coward, and promised to prevent the marriage by force. Del Torre took no notice. Jacinta had taken the letter to Dolores, but Ramon got no reply. After his last threat, however, he secured a call from a Jesuit priest, who was sent by the Archbishop and hinted of the Inquisition. Then the young man was silent for two days, and in devouring his rage he produced this letter to Dolores:

"Dolores: Hast thou confessed? And why no answer to me?

"For death (*para la muerte*),

"Ramon."

To this Jacinta brought back a line:

"I shall confess upon my wedding-day. My answer to my husband, with the message that your Honour" (V., only, in Spanish) "did not give.

"Dolores, Condesa de Luna."

For Ramon had never given the message that went with the rose.

All this was in Holy Week. Palm Sunday passed; the Wednesday came; Holy Thursday was the day fixed for the wedding—by the Archbishop's special will.

Now, it must be remembered that in all this time Del Torre had spoken with Dolores face to face three times, and three times only. Each time he had seen her he had mentioned his nephew's name, and each time she had changed color. He would have married her to Don Ramon could he have done so; even now he had dared but for Ramon's own conduct. But all this time Del Torre was in an agony of doubt, through which even Ramon's insults could not penetrate. He would have sent Dolores to a convent, but the Archbishop forbade it; the priest feared not Don Ramon against Don Sebastian; perhaps, however, he feared him at the convent doors. But all this time

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Del Torre had seen Dolores twice a day, at mass, where he went and gazed upon her, dim through incense.

IX.

On Wednesday morning the Marquis del Torre had a last interview with his bride. She was to go to her last maidenly confession on that day; and he called early in the morning, in his uniform as General of the Liberal army. When he came upon her she was all in white and girt about with pearls. Pearls were in her dark hair, pearls in the folds of her white dress, pearls in her neck, no other color about her save the magic amethystine in her eyes. Her face was pale.

Del Torre bowed over her hand, then stood beside her. After the greeting, he said:

"Señorita Dolores, I am still your guardian — I would only marry you to make you happy. Do you think I can?" His lips were paler than hers, and his voice sounded cold. She only answered:

"Quite sure, señor."

"And the rose I saw you give my nephew—is it dead?"

Again the rush of color to her face; but, after a start, she answered, "It is dead." She stammered slightly, trying to say more; to relieve her embarrassment he rose and left her. "Hasta mañaña!"

"Mañaña por la mañaña," she answered, forcing brightness in her voice. The Marquis went out into the sunlight; he felt his heart as cold as hers.

But again Dolores burst into tears; then, quickly drying them, she wrote a letter and sealed it. Then she called Jacinta.

The Indian nurse came quickly, and as she stood looking at Dolores a dog's love was in her eyes. "This letter —the Marquis must have it in the morning," said the Countess.

"He shall have it—in the morning," answered Jacinta. Then Dolores went to her confessor. And Jacinta could not read the letter; so she took it to Don Ramon first, and asked him what it was.

X.

The soldiers in Carácas march to mass, and the service is performed at beat of drum. At the muffled tap of a march the regiment files in to fill the nave, and kneels, ringing their bayonets upon the stones; the people fill the sides, and stand behind the columns on the aisles. The General was there, as usual, but he could not see Dolores; she was kneeling at a shrine upon one side, a shrine of Mary, Mother of Pity. All the pictures and gold images were heavily draped in crape, for it was Holy Week. The brazen trumpets of the military band sounded through the Kyrie Eleison; the church was dark, for every woman was in black until Good Friday, and the crape hangings shrouded close the walls. Del Torre stood erect in his green uniform, but, save for his figure, the nave was a mass of red and gold and glittering steel. He looked for her; he looked back to the doors which were thrown back inward; from the dark, shrouded church he looked through into the empty square, blazing with the zenith sun of the equinox. Again a muffled drumbeat, and the regiment knelt, with a rattle of their bayonets, upon the stones; it was the elevation of the host, and he, too, knelt and crossed himself.

When mass was over, the soldiers filed out first; as Del Torre followed, he met the wounded captain again, with bloodless cheeks. "You are too pale to be out, sir," said the General, almost lovingly, his hand resting lightly on the other's shoulder.

"Don Ramon is outside," he answered.

"I have no fear—the youth is mad," said Del Torre.

It is the custom in Spanish America, now forgotten in old Spain, to lead the holy images of the Church about the streets, with a slow processional, before Good Friday. As Del Torre spoke, they found themselves behind one of these. In this Church of Santa Teresia is a famed old image of Christ bearing the Cross, brought two centuries before from Spain. It is especially venerated by the merchants of Carácas; large sums are subscribed by them each

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Easter time to dress it up, thousands of dollars and doubloons. Behind this image now they found themselves. Eight chanting priests in mourning, black and lilac, bore it on either side, but the image was gay with beaten gold, borne in a canopy of costly lace, a hundred tall wax candles upon either side. The priests move very slowly, scarce a step a minute, making stations at each shrine, so that to bear these images from one church to another may take half a day. Del Torre and the wounded officer could not, of course, pass it; so that it was half an hour when they reached the open air, and the square nearly emptied of the worshippers; Del Torre heard the distant band of the army down the mountain slope.

As they came out into the heat, he felt a slight shudder, like a quiver of the earth, and thought it was the shock of seeing his nephew. Don Ramon del Torre spoke loudly, disregarding the presence of the bystanders, pressing rudely by the sacred shrine.

"There stands the old man that will wed my cousin."

"Mention not her name," said General del Torre.

"I would kill him first, but that his old blood dare not spill itself for her."

"Mention not her name," said Del Torre.

"My cousin Dolores de Luna, that has been my mistress——"

That night a Jesuit priest, leaving the King's House, where he had confessed Dolores, ran hastily to the Archbishop's. While he was there, another frightened messenger brought the news that Don Sebastian and his nephew had been fighting on Calvareo. But Jacinta, crying, brought the news to the Countess earlier, how Don Sebastian and Don Ramon at last had met, and how the nephew lay full of wounds upon the Calvary, literally cut in pieces, killed at his own uncle's hands.

XI.

Dolores spent the night before the wedding kneeling in the little chapel of her dwelling. So we read that Eastern Catholics "lay all that night in the form of a cross." She was praying for her husband that had been to be—perhaps praying that he might be still, praying for light to see if there were sin in it. Perhaps she had remorses of her own. She had known the dead man he had killed as a boy, bold, reckless, wild; I suppose she had looked at him once or twice. A Southern maiden's glances return to torture her when they have led to blood; prudent maids of other climes are chary of them for tradition of some such reason.

Dolores never wept, but knelt there, dry-eyed, praying. In intervals she thought, "Would he be well enough to come?" as she knew that he was gravely wounded; but somehow she felt sure he would; and that if this marriage-bond were sin, he would venture it for her sake. A woman's conscience rules her heart, even in Spain; but a man, even Roman Catholic, will risk his own perdition to save her sorrow, that no sin be hers. She must save him, she must be the judge. And sunrise found her pale but decided. Then she called Jacinta to her side, and asked her if she had carried to her husband (so she called him) her note.

Jacinta looked at her fiercely; but at the word "Husband," started. Then she said she had torn it up.

At the Countess's look she quailed, and lied again. She had it still, she said. Dolores bade her give it to him as he came from early mass.

Then Jacinta cried and told the truth. She admitted that she had given it to Don Ramon.

Dolores heard this with the blood about her heart, but sate there silent, while the Indian woman grovelled at her feet. It was her note, then, that caused the duel.

Then mine, too, is the sin, she thought, not his alone; and this thought gave her joy. But where was he? was he strong enough to come? She took her writing-case and wrote an exact copy of her other note; and this was what she had said, and Ramon had read, and then had fought his uncle:

"Señor: The rose you asked of yesterday I gave Don Ramon; but the

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message that went with it was given him for you.

"MARIA JOSEPHA DOLORES, CONDESA DE "LUNA."

As she finished writing, the General was announced. His face was bloodless, but his wounds had been carefully dressed, so that the bandage could not be seen. He knelt over her hand, though the kneeling set them bleeding once again. But Dolores, timid only in her love, still saw but remorse and duty in his eyes. With him he brought his own priest, a priest from the Liberal army. "Pobra," he said, "we must be married early—early and privately."

She sought his eyes timidly and tried to say it; to say what words her note said in her hand. But she could not. She could only say, "I know—I have heard," and she clenched the letter closer in her hand. She could not give it to him.

Del Torre's face could not turn whiter. But he said: "Forgive me—only your forgiveness I can ask. At noon, then?"

"At noon." She saw him leave the house; then, then she turned and cried to Jacinta: "Run, run, and give him this letter—at the Cathedral."

And again, upon her wedding-morning, Dolores went to pray. She was interrupted by a visit from the Archbishop. Some presentiment made her rise in apprehension; and as she stood erect, she saw, through the priest, the man. And she saw he had her secret.

"This marriage must not be," said he.

"Holy Father, I have confessed yesterday."

"This marriage must not be. You loved Don Ramon."

Dolores's lip curled. "I confessed, yesterday. I see you have been told."

"Yesterday 'twas a duty—to-day it is a sin. Thou lovest Ramon."

Then Dolores rose to her full height and her blue eyes flamed like ice. "Sebastian, the Liberador, him I love, in this life and the next; God knows it, and now may you, and soon, please God, shall he!"

All forewarned that he was, the priest started at her vehemence. Fool that he had been!

"He has murdered his nephew—and thou art the cause."

The Countess was silent. All Catholic that she was, she had resolved to appeal from his judgment to God's.

"Thou wilt not obey?" said the priest.

Her lips half formed the word no.

"Then on thee and on him, on thy house I pronounce the curse of God. Thy family shall have cause to remember this day, this Holy Thursday, until it and both thy names shall have vanished from the earth."

Scarcely had the Archbishop left the house when Del Torre came. She saw that he had not been to the church. But she was married to him without another word. "If he has not my note," she thought, "he shall have it soon."

But before that night Jacinta, with the note in her hand, was buried with ten thousand others behind the closed cathedral doors.

XII.

ON Holy Thursday, March 26, 1813, while the services of the Hours of Agony were being celebrated in the great cathedral, in the presence of ten thousand people, the mountains trembled and the earth opened. The multitude pressed for the doors, but they opened inward, and the thronging masses pressed them fast. At the second shock the walls opened and the roof fell in. The Archbishop and many priests were buried at the altar. Thirty thousand people are said to have perished. Many were swallowed in the chasm that opened on the mountainside, like rents in a bulging sail bursted in a gale. No stone house in Carácas more than one-story high was standing on that night—except the old Spanish castle where, in the tower-room, Dolores sat watching for her husband.

Through all that night Del Torre worked amid the ruins. At dawn he was brought home insensible, fainting from his labors, bleeding at his opened wounds. Dolores met him at the door, and led the bearers to the room that should have been their bridal-room. There he was laid, and lay delirious

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many weeks with fever. Dolores never left his side.

The Archbishop was known to have been killed. Jacinta, the bride knew must have perished too. The priest that had married them stayed with her; but Dolores, though brave enough to sin, was not false to her faith. The overwrought heart of the poor girl and great noblewoman connected all that had happened with what she deemed her sins—firstly, that she had caused her cousin's death, her husband's crime, but chiefly that she had braved the Church, and the curse its head, now dead, had launched upon her and upon Carácas. That their house alone was standing seemed only to mark them guilty.

Dolores was a noble heart, and did not falter in her course. She had followed love, she had married him she loved; his wife she was, his wife she would remain. But she sought no soothing palliation from the friendly priest. She went to no confession; in all her life she never would confess herself, seek absolution, again. Excommunicated she would live, that the curse might rest on her and not on him.

But ah, how ardently she watched for Sebastian's consciousness to come! for his eyes to rest on hers again! She felt sure the coldness in them now was gone. Delirious, he raved of her and of his love; he that never called her but by titles in his life, now cried Dolores, Dolores, and she held his hand and waited.

She bade the doctors tell her when his recovery was likely to come. And then, when one evening his hands moved, and he closed his eyes and slept, she sat there trembling, not daring to be beside him, but her face turned away. That yearning cry—Dolores, Dolores, had been stilled for hours; but the night passed and still he was asleep. Then, when it was broad sunlight, she heard a sudden movement by the nurse, and the priest began to pray in Latin, and her heart stood still. He sat up; she retreated in the shadow, toward the door. His voice spoke; but oh! how low, how weak—not as it had been in his dreaming; alas! this was now his right mind. He saw not her; his eyes looked sanely out the window, through the crowded city. "It was a sin to marry her," he said.

She was carried fainting to her room within the tower, and there again she waited. "Has he asked for me?" she ventured to ask, at night.

He had asked for my lady, and they had told him she was ill. And the next day again; and they had told him she was in her suite about the tower. She dared not seek him now. And flowers came to her from him, but no further speech. Thrice he sent his homage to her. He could not walk yet, but he sent his homage to her. She asked to know when he could walk; and they told her they would let her know. So, one afternoon, they told her he might walk the next day; and all that night she passed in prayer.

The next day, she waited for his step upon the stone floor. It came not; to her tears and prayers, it came not. Jacinta's dead hand still held close the note. She prayed—was it wrong to pray when so unshrived?—to Maria Vergen de las Mercedes, but still it came not. Her haughty Spanish breeding forbade her showing sorrow to her servants, and they were cold and deferential to her. Jacinta? She was dead—Dolores knew, but thought that she had given him her letter. She had sinned, yes, but he was her husband.

The next day she asked the servant. The Señor General was gone. Gone? without seeing her even? He had had to go to the wars; he had not ventured to disturb my lady; he left a letter. A letter? she tore it open, read it. It sent his respectful worship to "the Marquesa;" it apologized for his illness; it prayed forgiveness from her for having married her; it was done to save her name. It said no word of love; and Sebastian Ruy del Torre was a gentleman: his love appeared not in his letter. If she loved him not, he would not wound her by showing his. It said no word of guilt. He would neither wound her by requiring love nor by suggesting blame; but to Dolores's morbid fancy it had a sense of blame. It closed by speaking of his duty at the wars; of his country's freedom; perhaps, a hint of hers. Dolores clasped the white paper to her breast, and, to

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immortal eyes its color was of blood. She read it once again; and Del Torre, had he been there, could have seen her heart die in her eyes.

XIII.

We must remember that Maria Josepha Dolores, Condesa del Torre y Luna, was a lonely young girl, educated but from books, devoutly believing in a faith we like to think superstitious. Remember, please, also, that she loved, and braved her Church for love, and had not, so she thought, won his. She deemed her soul was damned; she knew her heart was broken. Not that there were no days when she did not dare hope; no days in which she tried to frame a theory by which it still might seem he cared for her; but she believed he was borne down by their great guilt, and she resolved his soul, at least, would not be lost for hers. "My lady Marquesa would have her apartments in all the house," the letter said. "My lady had but to command. A small room in the tower was enough for him —he could but rarely be home from the wars. He trusted, if his presence was painful, she would not see him," etc., etc. And, after many months, when the General came back—his wife met him not. The rooms of state were carefully prepared for him, and all his suite; flowers, banquets were ready; all his retinue and hers, in their joint blazonry, were in attendance. Only, strangely enough, just that little tower room was the one my lady Marchioness preferred. Would he kindly yield it to her?

Of course, and the General sent her a rope of pearls. They almost broke her resolution; but she met him not. The General only sighed; this was all as he had known. The evil nephew, done to death by his own hand, still had her heart. He sighed and his hair grew whiter. One rending memory came over him, of the last time he had seen her eyes.

He could not know, as he rode homeward up the street, after his first state visits, straining his eyes up to that tower window frowning so blankly, how late her own had left it—those eyes of purple-gray that every beggar in Caracas soon knew well, save only he. Before the next return his glory blazed abroad, and Bolivar came back with him. Bolivar, the Liberator. All thoughtful preparation, all courtly care, all a Spanish grandee's splendor was spread forth to receive him in the Casa Rey; but the châtelaine was never seen. It was not necessary to explain her absence; such things get quickly known; it was, of course, thought she had loved the cousin. And the strange, Old-world Gothic pride made her bearing, the honor of the house, Del Torre's silence, only too easily intelligible to them. So the Marquis del Torre never saw his bride on his returning home.

But, had he known it, he never opened a door that she had not vanished through it. He never touched a flower she had not placed for him. He never looked in a mirror her gray eyes had not just left. He never touched a wine-glass to his lips that her lips had not kissed it. The very missal that he read from had been warmed within her bosom.

O ghosts and mediums, and vulgar spirits of air! and stupid tables, mirrors that are flattered with tales of second sight! Why did you not hold a look of hers one moment longer? why did not the roses keep a second longer her lips' breath for him? Poor tremor of vision in the air, that could not draw the image of her eyes to his as he rode up the street scarce a hundred mortal bodies' breadths away! But they never did; he never saw her, she saw him only as he rode away upon his horse; and so for many? nay, not many (such poor slight power has heaven)—not for many years. And as his horse bore him away, she came to the tower window and watched him go — and there she sat weeks, months, until the pennons flashed or the trumpet's note announced to her, waiting, that he was come again. For he always came in such guise, announced with ceremony. And he did not dream her eyes had been at the tower window ever since. For their eyes never met.

But the people knew, and so they called her "Our Lady of the Tower." And nuestra Doña del Torre, is she

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called there still. And thus they lived there alone within that great house, each for pity of the other in courage, each for awe of love in silence; each so loving, so brave, so silent, that the other never knew.

XIV.

"Nuestra Doña del Torre" — by that title, I fancy, she is known in heaven. For in that city all the good that was worked was hers; after the earthquake, then through siege and civil war, her heart directed her handmaidens, ladies loving her did her soft work. Her own life was but a gentle message. For she never but for the convent left her tower-room. Thither, however, poor old men, children, troubled girls, would come to see her.

All this time Bolivar was battling with the might of Spain, and Del Torre (Del Torre y Luna now he always called himself, liking, at least, to link his name with hers; but she had dropped her own name and called herself Del Torre alone—Maria Dolores del Torre) was Bolivar's captain. Years the war lasted. Once our General was captured in the city; he came to Carácas at a time of war, when it was legal for the Governor to capture him; he had heard some rumor that his wife was ill. He would have been shot but that he escaped from gaol, and this so easily that the prison-doors seemed to turn of themselves. No youth, or woman, or child in all Carácas, but would have turned a traitor for our lady.

Del Torre's face looked old—Dolores knew it not. She never saw him—except, perhaps, a distant figure on a horse. When he was out, she roamed the house; when he came back she shut herself within her apartments. He never returned, from the shortest absences, a walk or a mass, without making formal announcement. He wondered only at the flowers; the perfection of his banquets, the splendor of his household, were for his guests and as it should be. At first Del Torre had hoped to see at least a handkerchief fly from her window, a greeting or a wave of the hand, on his return. But it was always black and blank when he saw it. At first, this cost him tears: a greeting seemed so little—only courtesy! But afterward he only sighed; no man should repine that events fulfil his expectations rather than his hopes.

Their money grew apace. With part of hers Dolores built a church at Los Teques, a property that had been her mother's, not far from the city. Half her time she spent there; and it stands there still, and is called after the Vergen de las Mercedes—Our Lady of Pity—to whom alone Dolores dared to pray. But the Church took her treasure and it kept her secret.

One's heart beats quick to think what might have happened had she ventured to confession—the priest who married them still was with her, in the household, an honest priest, who loved Del Torre, too. But Rome, which knows how to be gentle as a mother, can also be as cruel as the grave. So Dolores went on in building churches, and Don Sebastian offered his brave heart wherever he saw a bullet fly for liberty. The best work of the world is done by broken hearts.

One time that he came home, he found a medallion by his plate. It was set with pearls, in tricolor enamel. He opened it, and it was a miniature of her. Then once a rush of human blood bore all his barriers of honor, duty, resolves of conduct, far away. He hastened through the house to the tower, where she lived. Her maid opened—not Jacinta, but Jacinta's daughter, now a woman. My Lady Marquesa had gone to the convent at Los Teques for some weeks' prayer.

XV.

After this, Del Torre's body grew broken, with his heart.

It was the last campaign of liberation. The final battle was fought not far from Los Teques, where the convent was; and the wall of the church of the Vergen de las Mercedes was scarred with balls. The fight was over, the country was free. And the General at last was killed.

Bolivar himself went with Del Torre's body to Carácas; our General's *corps d'armée* were his pall-bearers. The

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news, of course, had been sent to the city; the Governor had fled; the General's tri-color now, the red-white-green of Colombia, was floating over the Capitol. All the town was gay with banners, merry with song. It had forgotten the earthquake, and was now rebuilt, though lower down. The Casa Rey now stood at the head of the principal street, which sloped from it down the mountain side. And as the regiment escorting his body debouched into this avenue, and turned upward (as its dead leader had so often done before), and the town came in view, there was a great hush upon the people. For lo! Now, at last, the window of the tower was wide open and the house bore all no black, but was festooned with laughing tri-color. And the window of the tower was open, and there within stood our Lady Dolores, in her white wedding laces, waving her hand.

She met them at the great door. Bolivar, and the officers who had been with our General, started. For, as she stood there in her slender satin gown, her eyes upon them, she was like a young girl. And her girlish waist was bound about with pearls.

The fact was, she was seven-and twenty. They placed his bier first in the great room; but she would have it in hers, so in the tower-room they placed it, with burning candles standing sentry now where she had stood; and by its side were lilies—the flower of the Holy Ghost—and then they left her. Then first, since her wedding-day, she looked upon him, face to face, his eyes now dead to see. Their eyes so met. And outside, from the city now again joyous, came the carillon of freedom bells.

XVI.

This is the life story of Don Sebastian Ruy Jose Maria, Marques del Torre y Luna; and of Maria Josepha Dolores del Torre, Condesa de Luna, his wife; and of the old stone castle that alone the earthquake left standing in the pleasant city of Carácas.

The Holy Catholic Church had alone their secret; and she kept it; and now she has, laid up on earth, their treasure too. No longer such grim motives vex their country; if she battles with herself, it is for money or acres of wide coffee land. Such cruel tales cannot be found there now. But, perhaps, withal, some touch of noble life is vanished, with that flag of blood and gold. Good cannot grow bravely without evil in this world.

You may see the Casa Rey still standing in the sombre street, and the empty tower window there. The Marquesa del Torre y Luna died, quite old, a score of years ago. Her blue eyes are no longer there. Perhaps they are in heaven, and now at last, "know not their love from God." The people of Carácas think so. Her eyes

> "Even than on this earth tenderer—
> While hopes and aims long lost with her,
> Stand round her image side by side,
> Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
> About the Holy Sepulchre."

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HISTORIC MOMENTS:
THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

September 8, 1855.

By William Howard Russell, LL.D.

I AM about to describe what I remember of the closing scenes of that Siege of Sebastopol on which the attention of the civilized world was fixed for nearly twelve long months. A generation has passed away since the Crimean War began, and there are few men now living who could give an exact account of the causes of that war. The objects each of the Allied Powers had in view were not identical by any means, but ostensibly the armies of the brand new Emperor of the French and of the ancient monarchy of England were employed for the purpose of arresting the march of Russians upon Constantinople, delivering the Danubian Provinces from Russian occupation, and ultimately, as the best way of securing the dominions of the Sultan, destroying the magnificent arsenal of his inveterate foe which protected the Black Sea fleet that had already destroyed the Turkish Navy at Sinope, and which constituted a perpetual menace to Stamboul.

Early in September, 1854, 27,000 English, under Lord Raglan; 26,000 French, under Marshal Arnaud, who also had attached to him a Turkish division 7,000 strong, sailed from Varna. They landed in the Crimea on September 14th, fought and won the Battle of the Alma on September 20th, invested the south side of Sebastopol on the 26th, and on October 17th opened fire on the place. They were attacked in the rear on October 25th, at Balaclava, and on November 5th were assailed at Inkerman by 60,000 Russians whom they defeated after a long and bloody struggle. The Siege went on through a terrible winter, through the spring and the early summer of 1855. Sebastopol sustained a bombardment from the two most powerful fleets in the world, and the French and English batteries, without result — five general bombardments and batterings from the works, each time augmented in the number and power of mortars and guns; constant cannonading from the allied trenches and from the sea; and made frequent and sanguinary sorties and repulsed desperate assaults; but toward the end of July, 1855, it became evident that unless help came from without her days were numbered. Despite the genius and resources of the great engineer Todleben, whose name will be forever associated with the Siege, the assailants surely if slowly gained ground and indented the line of the defences. Every week sap and trench were pushed nearer and nearer to the place. From September, 1854, to August, 1855, the Russian loss amounted to 134,000 men—their stores were exhausted—their best ordnance dismounted or rendered useless. The Russians lost their advanced redoubts, the Mamelon, the White Works, and the Quarries on June 7th, inflicted a severe defeat on both the French and the English, and repulsed a general assault

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on Sebastopol with a loss of 5,000 men to the Allies,* June 18th (the anniversary of Waterloo), but all the same the defence was agonizing! So a final attempt was made to raise the Siege.

On August 16th the Russian army outside the place—50,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 236 guns—made an ill-concerted and badly conceived attack on the French and Sardinian forces, covering the line of the Tchernaya, and was utterly defeated, losing 3 generals, 66 officers, and 2,300 men killed, 160 officers and 4,000 men wounded, 31 officers and 1,700 men missing, while the French lost 1,500 and the Sardinians only 200 men in the action.

When Prince Gortschakoff returned to the city from the battle-field of the Tchernaya, he found widespread death and ruin around him—hospitals overflowing, gorged ambulances in every street. He made preparations to abandon the south side—he threw a great bridge across the roadstead, he barricaded the streets and laid mines under the forts which defended the roadstead, the harbor, and docks—he sent his sick and wounded to the other shore. But he could not bring himself to give the word to retreat. He lingered till it was too late.

By way of answer to the attack on the Tchernaya, the Allies opened a heavy fire on Sebastopol after the battle, which put from 800 to 900 men of the garrison *hors de combat* every 24 hours. Still Gortschakoff held on. But on September 5th, the prelude to the grand assault commenced—cannonade by day, bombardment by night. For 72 hours the fire never ceased. In that time the English threw 12,721 bomb-shells and 89,540 shot into Sebastopol. Everything went down before that infernal tempest save the courage of the garrison. Ramparts, houses, stone-walls, were pounded into rubble, guns were dismounted, gabionades and parapets were levelled, batteries were laid open from the front to the rear. But in the midst of the storm of iron and fire the Russians, stolid and indomitable, massed in the fetid holes excavated in the reverse face of the works miscalled "casemates," awaited the columns of assault and with splendid resolution prepared to defend all that was left of Sebastopol.

I have thought this brief summary of the situation necessary to enable you to understand the "Historic Moment" of the fall.

We have now come to the evening of September 7, 1855. My quarters were in rear of the hillock called Cathcart's Hill; the zinc hut of which I became the happy possessor toward the close of the Siege was within range of the plunging shot fired from Sebastopol to annoy our camps and the groups of officers assembling on Cathcart's Hill. I was very glad indeed when the intensity of the bombardments shut up the "whistling Dicks," as they were called, and their screaming congeners, and gave us respite from their annoyance and occasional mischief. It only took a few minutes to walk to Cathcart's Hill, which commanded the terrain covered by our camps between the sea on the left and the Valley of the Tchernaya on the right. Off the harbor to the southeast lay the fleets, a short distance inland began the French trenches, opposite the Curtain, the Central Bastion, and the Flag-Staff Bastion, which were continued to the ravine in which they dipped to join the English Left Attack—which was directed against the Barrack Batteries and the Redan. The Woronzow Ravine, in which the road to the city ran, separated our two attacks. The English trenches were continued to the right (I am looking at Sebastopol from Cathcart's Hill) to the "Valley of Death," where they connected with the left of the French Right Attack.

After the Battle of Inkerman the French moved round to our right and took up the ground which had been occupied by the Guards and the Second Division, so that the British had to resign the position in front of the Malakhoff which our Engineer, Sir John Burgoyne, declared to be the key of the position as it proved to be. The flanks of the English were now covered by their allies, but I am not sure that they were grateful for the protection thus afforded them.

* Eyre's Brigade carried the Russian positions below the west flank of the Redan, and occupied them till it was withdrawn next morning by order—the only success of the day.

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I spent some hours at Cathcart's Hill watching the effect of the fire from the allied batteries which for five miles between the French left to the west, and their right at Inkerman were plying the Russian works on September 7th.

It was a raw, blustery day; toward evening it became worse. An exceedingly strong wind, bitterly cold for the time of year, blew in our faces right from the city, driving before it dense clouds of blinding dust with a sickly smell of burning. This fierce wind lasted all the night and next day. Our batteries had completely defaced the parapets of the Redan and had smashed the walls and barracks behind, sending stones and timbers flying in the air. The Russians endured the fearful *vacarme* of shot and shell in silence.

The French Marshal and General La Marmora had attended a Council of War at which our Generals of Division, the Allies' Engineer and Artillery chiefs were present at our head-quarters at noon, and orders were sent, after the Council broke up, to the Medical Officers to prepare the ambulances and hospitals for next day.

I rode over to our head-quarters camp about 4 o'clock—the farm-house where Lord Raglan died—now a scene of unusual animation. Aides-de-camp galloping, saddled horses parading up and down before the staff officers' huts, orderlies coming and going, everyone busy and important, no one able or willing to impart information about the assault, which I knew from many scraps picked up here and there on my way was intended for to-morrow. As I was returning to Cathcart's Hill I met General (then Colonel) Rose, afterward Lord Strathnairn, our Commissioner with the French, on his way to General Simpson with communications from Pelissier. He told me "Pelissier was determined to stand no nonsense! He was going to launch 30,000 men with ample reserves to do his share of the business." "And when will the assault be delivered may I ask?—at daybreak?" Rose looked at me for a moment, and said, "If I knew I dared not tell any one! Exactly! But not at daybreak I *think!* Adieu!" and rode off on his errand.

When I reached Cathcart's Hill again the sun was declining in a blood-red haze of smoke and dust. In the roadstead the hull of a man-of-war was blazing fiercely, steamers were busy towing vessels near it to the north side. A stream of men and vehicles was pouring over the floating bridge, in the same direction. The great dock-yard shears was on fire.

Among the officers on the Hill were Windham and Crealock. As I drew near I was greeted with the usual question, "Well, what news have you?" It was supposed that I, who was told nothing, must know everything! Oftentimes when we were turned out at night by heavy firing in the trenches and everyone was asking, and no one was answering, what it was all about, I heard some one say, "We will know about it when the *Times* arrives!" I was forever divided between the business of riding about camps, visiting quarters, gathering news, seeing what was to be seen, and putting what I saw and heard down upon paper. On the present occasion I was unusually fortunate, for my friends actually knew something. They were "on duty" to-morrow. What I learned from them made me feel very dubious about our success. "It is all a d——d patchwork business," said Windham, "all wrong, no sense in it! Why not let the Guards and old Colin Campbell's Highlanders, who have done nothing all the winter, spring, and summer, go in at the Redan. There are lots of regiments longing to make up for their ill-fortune in being late for Alma and Inkerman—eight or nine fine regiments burning for a chance! It's a selection of the unfittest." It surely was not the survival of many of them, poor fellows!

General Simpson was about to send against the Redan detachments of regiments many of which had taken part and had lost heavily in the unsuccessful assault of June 18th.

At sunset the cannonading gradually slackened, but the lull was speedily broken by outbursts along the line from all the mortars. As if recovering their spirits in the gloom, the Russians began to throw bouquets of shells, vertical grape, fire-balls, and *carcasses* into the nearest trenches.

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When I left Cathcart's Hill there was a fiery glow through the clouds of smoke over the city, an ominous glare as from some great furnace — flights of shells were scoring the darkness with curving lines of fire. The thundering noise of the mortars sounded like the muffled roll of giant musketry.

I tried to sleep, but I could only doze fitfully. Every gun fired in the battery below me shook the zinc walls of my hut, and the sleeping flies on the ceiling fell down in swarms on my stretcher-bed and crawled over my face.

As the wind wafted the sounds of our "*Reveille*" and of the French "*Diane*" over the camps on the morning of September 8th, I roused up to my breakfast of biscuit and milkless coffee. The cannonade had reopened soon after sunrise all along the front with extraordinary vehemence. It seemed to gather force and fury every moment. "There's going to be hard work to-day, sir, I hear," quoth my servant. "The boys expect to be in Sebastopol for dinner, they say! It's little of that some of them will be wanting, I'm thinking." As I had not the least idea when the assault would take place, I sallied out for Cathcart's Hill, but the smoke and dust blown back on our camp obscured the scene so that I could scarcely make the Russian works, familiar as they were. There was no unusual gathering of troops in our trenches, but in the rear of the French trenches every yard of ground screened from the enemy was packed with men. I had a pass for the trenches and I walked to the Second Parallel. But there was even less to be seen there than there was from the higher ground in the rear. The cannonade still went on, and there was an incessant rattle and crackle of musketry.* It was evident there was to be no assault in the early morning, so in an hour or so I returned by the covered way, mounted my horse, which was in readiness at the rear of Cathcart's Hill, and rode to our head-quarters, which I drew blank. General Simpson, accompanied by his staff, had already gone to the front. The General, an elderly Scotchman of long service, had gained some reputation in India, but had never handled a considerable body of troops in his life. Honest, amiable, modest, and brave, he was entirely destitute of force of character and of commanding ability. He never grasped the consequences of British failure and of French success that day! Simpson followed the evil precedent of June 18th. It was, as Windham said, "a patchwork business." There was a covering-party of different regiments of the Second Division. There was a scaling-party of different regiments. There was one column of four different regiments, and two weak brigades in reserve. This for one face of the Redan. A similar disposition was made for the assault on the other face—fragments of regiments without cohesion—the men of one corps not caring for the officers of the other — the influences of personal association minimized — the best troops in reserve instead of at the front. The only reason I ever heard given for our arrangement was that the General thought it right to give a share in the honors of the day to as many regiments as possible, especially to those that had failed.

The French General set to work in a very different style. For the assault on the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Bastion he told off two divisions with two divisions in support, and a reserve of 10,000 men. For the attack on the Malakhoff he assigned a division under MacMahon with a reserve of a brigade under de Wimpfen (the same who succeeded to the command of the French army when MacMahon was wounded at Sedan), and of two battalions of Zouaves of the Guard. Another division with a reserve of a brigade and of a battalion of Chasseurs was to storm the Little Redan. Another division with a reserve of four regiments was to attack the Curtain—Guards, Chasseurs, Voltigeurs, Zouaves, at least 30,000 men, the flower of the French army.

I cannot at this distance of time carry the details of figures and names in my head. Some parts of the picture of September 8th on my mind are blurred and indistinct. But I have the records of what I saw made at the time. I find the entry "Saturday, Sep. 8th, 11 A.M.,"

* To prevent the Russians repairing the works and mounting guns, the trench guards were ordered to keep up an incessant fire on the embrasures, and expended about 150,000 rounds every night and morning.

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to a letter written the forenoon of the day of the assault. In those days the idea of telegraphing a despatch was not born.

I had a hint that the assault would be delivered at noon. I had time to write the postscript dated "8th Sep., 11 A.M.," and hasten back to Cathcart's Hill before the time arrived. The armies had by this time a large train of camp-followers. Jew dealers and Christians had opened provision-shops and drinking-booths. Oppenheim, Crockford, Mother Seacole, etc., did a roaring trade. There were many "T. G's.," as they were called—"Travelling Gentlemen"—who had come out "to see the fun" and their friends. Whenever "anything was up" or was "going on" in front, there was a rush from the rear, very inconvenient and troublesome—for the crowds of sight-seers on the rising grounds aroused the attention, and drew the fire, of the enemy. To obviate this the Generals ordered a line of sentries to be posted early in the morning in rear of the plateau to stop all comers without papers. Another line of cavalry was posted before the camps and in rear of the trenches to prevent persons passing outside the lines. I was told afterward that the Russians saw the line of pickets and at once inferred that the assault was imminent. At 10.30 A.M. the detachments of the regiments of the Light Division and Second Division destined to attack the Redan as soon as the French were in the Malakhoff, were moved quietly into the advanced parallels. The Highlanders under Campbell, and the Guards, were in reserve; so was one brigade of the Fourth Division and the whole of the Third Division. The French had found out that the enemy, in order to diminish loss of life from our fire, relieved their garrisons a little before 12 o'clock in the day, and that there was an interval between that hour and the arrival of the reliefs during which the batteries were almost denuded of defenders; that was found to be the case. The fatal blot was hit! In ten minutes more it would be twelve. Curiously enough, I found myself beside the Duke of Newcastle, the War Minister who had been driven from office with the Government of which he was a member, because of the excitement and indignation created by the accounts of the sufferings of the army during the winter and by the mismanagement of the war. "You turned out the ministry, Mr. Russell," he said to me when I met him a day or two before (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe used the same words). And he spoke of the impossibility of extracting information from Lord Raglan. "I'm told he was always writing. He wrote very little to me, at all events." Our conversation was brief, our attention was fixed on the trenches. Pelissier was in the Mamelon on our right front. General Simpson, General Airey, and Sir H. Jones, our senior engineer, took post in the Second Parallel of the Left Attack.

I looked at my watch—it wanted a few minutes of noon. Just at that moment an officer exclaimed, "By Jove, there go the French at the Malakhoff!"

There was not more than fifty or sixty feet between the parapet of the Malakhoff and the nearest French trench. We saw the Zouaves, like autumn leaves drifting before the wind, already swarming across the ditch and crowding over the parapet ere the Russians fired a gun. Once in, the clatter of musketry and smoke showed that the enemy had recovered from their surprise. Desperate fighting ensued, but the whole hill was covered with Frenchmen making for the salient and flanks, and a veritable battle raged within. That famous work, the capture of which gave to France that day the supreme glory of the taking of Sebastopol and to Pelissier the title of Duke, was originally a round stone tower of the kind called Martello, the caprice of a private citizen before the war. It was built on a conical hill which commanded a masterful sweep of the ground. It looked into the Redan on its proper right—the Karabelnaia, the dockyards, the anchorage and roadstead, the suburbs of the city, the plateau intersected by ravines on which the Allies had pitched their tents, the slopes on which they had opened their trenches. Todleben pounced upon that tower at once and converted it into a veritable fortress some 350 yards long and 150 yards broad, with enormous

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parapets pierced with shelter caves and massive traverses running across. There was one mistake: it was closed at the gorge!

We strained our eyes but the smoke was dense. "See!" shouted another officer in great excitement, "There is a flag flying at the salient! Two flags by Jove! the Tricolor and the Union Jack! It's our turn now!" That was the signal agreed on for the British to assault the Great Redan. Every glass was now directed toward our Fifth parallel into which indeed we could see without field-glasses. Our hearts bounded as we beheld the chequered line of scarlet infantry leap over the parapet and advance at a run up the sloping ground toward the Redan. But the instant the columns appeared in the open, the flanks of the Redan burst into fire and smoke. The attack on the Malakhoff had aroused the Russians all along the line. Their guns belched out grape and canister from unsuspected embrasures suddenly thrown open, and rolling volleys of musketry covered the parapets with smoke. In less time than it takes to read these lines, most of the leading files of the stormers were killed or wounded. The leading officers fell to a man! Ladder parties, Sappers and Miners, Riflemen, covering parties, went down before tremendous *mitraille* from the flanking works of the Redan and the auxiliary batteries. The columns advanced indeed. But they left the ground behind them covered with the dead and dying, over whose bodies the supports pressed onward. The supports following the first columns from the trenches suffered terribly. They had to march over their fallen comrades, and we could see the wounded and the Hospital litter-bearers going in crowds to the rear. The supports could not fire toward the front. Many halted with the men on the outer parapet and ditch. But still the red and green wave rolled upward. We saw, so to speak, the foam of it mount up the salient, and flow in through the embrasures on the left flank of the Redan with infinite delight, secure that the work was our own. Alas! It was not to be! Over the parapet of the Redan as over that of the Malakhoff, the smoke rising in dense clouds told of a long struggle within. Many, very many men were lying in the open—some hundreds were fighting inside. But outside and on the edge of the ditch of the Redan we could see many lying down and firing without advancing. With all-absorbing anxiety we scanned the advanced parallels expecting every moment to see the fine regiments we knew to be there issue forth and save the fortunes of the day now in the balance. It seemed to be hours since the attack began.

Our men remained crowded in the salient. The Russians behind the traverses reinforced every minute by hundreds and by the fugitives from the Malakhoff, poured in a converging fire. Then burst out a storm of angry exclamations and wild apostrophes, "Where are the reserves? There are some of our people actually coming back! They are dropping into the ditch and running out of the salient!" "Oh! where are the reserves?" "We shall lose the Redan!" "My God! what a miserable business!" And though the front of Sebastopol was now belching out smoke from every firelock right and left and every gun, and the combat inside the Malakhoff raged more fiercely than ever, we had only eyes for that dreadful sight—the retreat of our own soldiers! Several officers were sent by Windham, who was now senior, to ask for help. They never returned! They were all wounded or slain! At last Windham went himself. That proceeding has been severely censured; but those who knew him — and I am one — do not believe the ignoble motive assigned for it. Windham walked straight down the slope of the Redan to the nearest parallel, and standing erect on the parallel implored Sir E. Codington, who was in command of the whole force, for "men in formation, to charge at once, officers in front, and the Redan is ours." Codington offered the Royals then in the front parallel. But while they were parleying the end came. As they were speaking they saw —and to our horror so did we—the red coats pouring out of the embrasures and over the salient into the ditch! The Russians followed them, firing into the

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ditch and pelting the fugitives with grape-shot and cannon balls from the parapets. The Russians thronged the top of the Redan, cheering and waving their caps! But a sudden end was put to their rejoicing. As soon as our men were out of the Redan all the British batteries burst into an angry cannonade; the Redan was silent at once. But that was little consolation. We lost in an hour and a half out of the small force engaged 153 officers, 2,447 men killed, wounded, and missing. But we lost far more—the honor of sharing with the French the crowning glory of the fall of the place! True, that in every other assault on the works they too had been driven back with cruel slaughter. Before the Central Bastion on the left, the brigades of Trochu and Couston were repulsed by Semiakine. On the right (proper left of the Malakhoff) St. Pol, Bourbaki, and Marolles led their brigades against the Curtain and the Little Redan under the direction of Bosquet, but after some measure of success were driven out with great loss. St. Pol, Marolles, and three other generals were killed. Bosquet, Bourbaki, and Mellinet were wounded. All along the line the assault was repulsed, save at the one crucial point, the Malakhoff. There the French, though they were assailed again and again for four long hours, made good their prize. Out of the 199 officers and 4,500 men who attacked the Malakhoff, 29 officers and 292 men were killed, and 89 officers and 1,729 men were wounded—in all 3,038. The Russian loss was 12,913. The loss of the French was 7,567 men—a total for the day's work, including the loss of the British, of 22,751 officers and men killed and wounded. And "Oh! the pity of it!" For us to know that once more we had covered the slopes and the glacis of the Redan with our bravest and our best in vain!

As the musketry ceased everywhere except inside the Malakhoff I left Cathcart's Hill and made my way to the Left Attack through dense trains of men—some wounded, some carrying litters to the rear. A French orderly officer, radiant with the triumph of the day, was inquiring for General Simpson. He was charged to inform the English general that Marshal Pelissier was secure in possession of the Malakhoff and to ask what his English colleague intended to do. General Simpson was not then able to renew the attack but he intended to send the Guards, Highlanders, and Third and Fourth Divisions at the Redan the following morning at five o'clock. I saw him returning to head-quarters about five o'clock accompanied by his generals and staffs, a very care-worn, despondent group. Once more I went up to Cathcart's Hill — the batteries on both sides were nearly silent. Bentinck, who commanded the Guards, and other officers, glasses in hand, were intently looking toward the north side where heavy columns of infantry, visible by the waning light, battalion after battalion, were marching over the bridge across the roadstead. Suddenly a brisk fire of musketry opened along the Russian front toward the allied trenches. "There are plenty of them left, it seems, for us to deal with to-morrow at all events!" said Crealock. "I'll turn in, and I advise you to be stirring at daybreak! We can't afford to let a day go without another try for the Redan." I returned, calling in at the hospitals and ambulances, gathering sad stories as I went of losses of friends through camps full of wounded men.

I ate a camp dinner, read over my notes, wrote a few lines, and laid down in my boots, quite worn out by the excitement of that dismal day of 16 hours, and I was soon asleep. At 11 o'clock the hut was shaken as by an earthquake, a great roar like a salvo of artillery followed. "It is only a magazine," said I to myself, and so to sleep again. But at midnight there was a shock more violent than before. That was followed by another! and another! I made for Cathcart's Hill. Fires were burning inside Sebastopol, casting large circular patches of orange on the clouds of smoke and dust still borne on the wind toward the camps. But the musketry had ceased—all was silent in the trenches. About this time a soldier of the Highland Brigade, thinking that the silence was rather strange, crept up the glacis of the Redan and mounting the parapet found the work deserted. The

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Redan was indeed left in charge of the dying and the dead. But it was believed that the work was mined, and the officers waited for orders. I went back to my uneasy couch, about two o'clock, but I was speedily aroused by an awful explosion. I hastened to my look-out post again. The flames were spreading all over the city. It was an ocean of fire. At 4 A.M. the camps, from sea to valley, were aroused by an awful shock—the destruction of some great magazine behind the Redan. In quick succession one, two, three, four explosions followed. At 4.45 A.M. the magazines of the Flagstaff Bastion and Garden Batteries exploded. The very earth trembled at each outburst, but at 5.30 A.M., when the whole of the huge stone fortresses, the Quarantine and Alexander, were hurled into the air almost simultaneously with appalling roars, and the sky was all reddened by the incessant flashes of the bursting shells, the boldest held their breath and gazed in awe-struck wonder. It was broad day. The Russian fleet was gone, the last of their men-of-war was at the bottom—only the steamers were active, towing boats and moving from place to place on mysterious errands. Thirty-five magazines in all were blown up, and through all the night of the 8th and the morning of September 9th the Russians were marching out of the south side. We could see the bridge covered with them still. At 6.45 A.M., the last body of infantry crossed the bridge and mounted the opposite bank. Yes, the south side was left to the possession of the Allies at last! Sebastopol, the city, the docks, and the arsenal, was ours. In half an hour more the end of the bridge itself was floated away by some invisible agency from the south side, and in less than an hour the several portions of it were collected at the further side of the roadstead. Meantime the fires, fed by small explosions, spread till the town seemed like one great furnace vomiting out columns of velvety black smoke to heaven. Soon after seven o'clock, columns of smoke began to ascend from Fort Paul. In a minute or two more flames were seen breaking out in Fort Nicholas. The first exploded with a stupendous roar later in the day; the mines under the latter did not take fire.

The retreat of Gortschakoff was effected with masterly skill. An hour before sunset on the 8th, he directed the last great effort to oust the French from the Malakhoff, and then when it failed he gave orders for the evacuation, for which measures had been some time previously arranged with consummate ability. Covering his rear by the flames of the burning city and by the awful explosions which paralyzed every offensive movement, he led his army in narrow columns across a deep arm of the sea, in the face of the fleets of the two greatest navies in the world. He paraded them in our sight, he blew up his forts, and sank his ships without trouble and hindrance from a victorious enemy, and carried off all his most useful stores and small arms, his standards and field artillery.

I visited the ruins of the city early next day. The memory of the horrors I witnessed saddened many an hour of my life long afterward, and it remains with me now in dreadful distinctness, after the lapse of 37 years, during which it has been my lot to witness many scenes of carnage and to stand on many memorable battle-fields.

Many things have happened since that war was brought to an end: the war between France and Austria in Italy in 1859; your own great war, 1861–65; the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 (because of the quarrel over the spoils of Denmark in 1864); the war between France and Prussia in 1870–71; the downfall of the Second Empire, the rise of the Third Republic, the resuscitation of the German Empire and the admission of the hereditary hegemony of the Hohenzollerns; the war between Russia and Turkey in 1879, the formation of Kingdoms and Principalities out of the Turkish Provinces on the Danube—not to speak of Russian conquests in Asia, of wars with China and Japan, of adventurous expeditions and entangling enterprises in Africa, north, south, east and west.

Moldavia and Wallachia, Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Kars are lost to Turkey forever! The flanks of the Sultan's Asiatic possessions lie open to his watchful, vigilant enemy; the clauses of the Treaty of Berlin, which limited the naval and military power of Russia in the

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Black Sea, have been torn up and the fragments flung in the faces of France and England by Prince Gortschakoff. What then can be said of the results of the Crimean War? Emphatically this—that it secured the peace of eastern Europe for a quarter of a century, and arrested the invasion of the Cossack for a generation.

The Allies, it is true, paid a terrible price for the temporary possession of the south side of Sebastopol—England lost 22,000 men, made a substantial addition to her national debt; France lost, it is said, nearly four times as many soldiers as her ally. The Sardinian Contingent, which Cavour boldly despatched to the Crimea as a rung in the ladder up which Italians were to mount to national existence, suffered a little; the Turks fell by tens of thousands in battle-fields in Asia and in Europe, at Kars, Oltenitza, Rassowa, Rustchuk, Silistria, Eupatoria, Balaclava. The destruction of life by cholera and sickness of all kinds was prodigious. Unnumbered camp-followers, Croats, Bulgarians, Tartars, Bashibazouks perished, even Austria added her quota to the sum total of deaths, for her corps of observation on the frontier were decimated by malaria. But Russia bled at every pore—the fatal drain of treasure and of blood was felt at the farthest extremity of her vast dominions. In a remote angle of her huge empire she resisted the utmost efforts of the two great Western Powers and the forces of Turkey and Sardinia. From March to August, 1855, upward of 80,000 Russians fell in and around Sebastopol. From September, 1854, to February, 1855, Russia lost 240,000 men in the field. Her total loss throughout the war is incalculable—it has been estimated at 500,000 men. Her transport was used up, her supplies exhausted, her fields laid waste, man, horse, and carriage all swallowed up in the war! And yet for all that the eye of the stranger rests to-day on the young Queen of the Euxine, enthroned in greater strength than before her fall, on the sea which is all her own and close to the beautiful votive chapel, "*in æternam rei memoriam*," "The Necropolis of the Hundred Thousand" will recall for years to come the fortitude of the poor soldiers of the Czar who gave their lives in defence of the Crimean stronghold, which would have never been attacked but for the lust of power of the Autocrat hastening to seize his share of the Sick Man's heritage.

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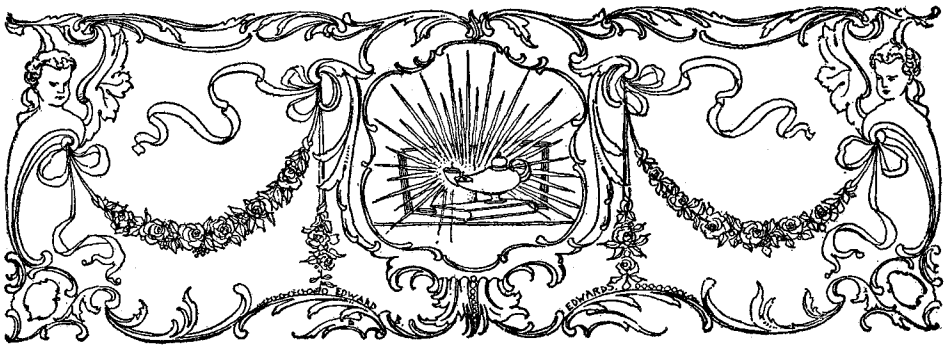

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE present plight of the novel called historical is rather interesting. No literary mode has enjoyed a higher prosperity than it. Yet all along its prosperity has lain largely in a misapprehension. Latterly it has come somewhat into disfavor; and the disfavor seems to lie for the most part in a misapprehension too.

There needs no deep boring into history to discover that the historical novel makes very free with the facts. In addition to the slips through deficient information and false interpretation, to which the historical novelist is liable in common with the historian, and which the most painstaking cannot wholly avoid, some deliberate twistings of the truth are imposed upon him by necessities peculiar to his craft. However much better in other respects the former times may have been than these, for the provision of well-rounded stories from real life they were probably as bad as any. No doubt in vigorous or violent incident their real life was richer than ours is; but, for a complete, dramatic story, it is found, the incidents and characters of the past have to be grouped and fitted in by artifice, just as the incidents and characters of the present do. Consequently, the most excellent historical novel, received simply as an historical chronicle, is bound to be more or less misleading.

But, though it might be never so accurate in its historical detail and coloring, the historical novel has still a disadvantage as an historical chronicle, in that, to maintain its character as a novel, it must deal mainly with personal and domestic affairs. The foremost benefit to be derived from the study of pure history is insight into matters social and political. In other words, the book of history has one service to render; the book of story, whether it treat of the present or of the past, quite another.

For all this, the high respectability of the historical novel is due in no small part to a fancy that it is a sufficient substitute for the historical chronicle.

While few people read for anything but momentary diversion, few are the readers who can take their ration of fiction without a pang of conscience. And, apparently, the most gluttonous are the most scrupulous. People whose reading is chiefly of other sorts, and to whom the common run of tales is nothing but a bore, are apt to read fiction, when they do read it, with as unbroken a sense of virtue as if they toiled through the mystifying labyrinth of a "Critique of Pure Reason." But those who can read little else seem often to have taken the distinction between light reading and serious peculiarly and indissolubly to heart, and to be constantly under an oppressive consciousness of it. To such what more flattering unction than the historical novel? A good three-fourths of all of its admirers, one dare guess, are persons who have discovered in it an easy means of settling accounts with conscience. While sacrificing few or none of the delights of a tale, they are, they fancy, extracting from it all the riches of mining into the toughest history. And this is the misapprehension wherein the prosperity of the historical novel has so largely lain.

But, from being extravagantly esteemed as a history that had the grace to be also a

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good tale, the historical novel now begins to be condemned as a tale on the ground of its insufficiency as a history. Those unavoidable historical inaccuracies already alluded to are cited as proof of its conflict with the canon of taste which says that the highest art is the exactest reproduction of nature and truth. And here again, one ventures to believe, the historical novel is the subject of a misapprehension.

Neither the notion that the historical novel is a history, nor the notion that it ought to be one, could have arisen but from a lurking delusion that a work of art is only a cart (rather more richly painted than most carts, possibly, but still a cart) to convey lumps of dusty information and dump them into the bins of the brain, whence they may be drawn at need to boil pots and warm toes. It is difficult to see how, if one were well persuaded that the value of a novel, as of any other work of pure imagination, lay not in its instructions but in its inspiration, any peculiar price should be set on its merely historical properties, or a complete discredit be visited upon it for its merely historical errors. As for the latter disposition, it should seem to be a pretty dear purchase of accuracy, if all that part of creative talent which works with ease and warmth only on a theme far off in time and place were forced to employ itself on uncongenial tasks. Yet this must follow if, to save accuracy, an end were made of all historical romance.

MAN is the only laughing animal—at least I have been given to understand by naturalists that the monkey laughs but from the teeth outward, the hyena's laugh is an expression of impatience or rage, and that other members of the brute world do not laugh at all—and seems often at singular pains not to let this valuable faculty of his lie torpid. I am rather interested in laughing; most people are interested in things they have a gift for, and my friends tell me that my sense of humor, if not quite a mental deformity, is none the less abnormal and exceptionally developed. I read with equal voracity and pleasure the (alleged) funny columns in the newspapers, I am fond of humorous anecdote (that is, of other people's anecdotes, not merely of my own), I delight in parody, no matter how exalted the thing parodied may be. I am not sure that this is a virtue; indeed I fancy some of my acquaintances are quite right when they tell me that my fondness for parody often passes rational bounds, and indicates an incomplete sense of humorous proportion. I simply give the above-mentioned facts as vouchers that I can be made to laugh with tolerable ease, and that, in the matter of subjects for fun, I am not at all fastidious.

What annoys me is, not that many people I have met look with sublime contempt upon the things I can laugh at, declaring them to be far-fetched, flimsy, or silly, but that I find my faculty of laughter singularly, and to me unexplainably, limited in one direction. I would so like to be able to laugh at anything any one else laughs at! But I cannot. There is one whole class of jokes to which my sense of humor is absolutely impervious; if I laugh, or seem to laugh at them, it is purely from vanity and false shame, so as not to let people think that I am the only one in the party who does not see the fun. These are what I would call, for lack of a better term, "jokes by popular acclamation," certain current witticisms or would-be-humorous sallies at which it seems agreed that every one shall laugh consumedly, even in the face of endless repetition and a total lack of comprehension. Do not think that, when I say "total lack of comprehension," I am not speaking by the book; time and time again have I taken especial pains to ask the most exuberant laughers at the kind of joke I mean, what they were laughing at and where the fun came in? The answer has been in every case that they did not know; they did not know whence the joke came, what it was about, what the point of it was, whether it even had a point at all, but that they could not help laughing at that joke, that "everybody laughed at it!" It was the joke of the season.

What I mean by "jokes by popular acclamation" are those singular catch-words, or catch-phrases, that are accepted as a sort of temporary appendix to the slang vocabulary of the day, and are quoted with side-splitting glee in connection with the most various and irreconcilable topics of conversation, *à propos de tout et de rien*. The meaning, relevancy, humorous gist, often

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even the origin of these phrases is admittedly problematical. No doubt some of them come from the minor drama, are catch-words in popular farces, or burlesques. Indeed I succeeded in tracing the first one I ever met with to this source. It was not here in America, but in Germany. During the winter of 1858–59 all Berlin rang with "*Wat ik mich davor koofe?*" (Berlin dialect for "*Was ich mir dafür kaufe?*"—"What good does that do me?"). I managed to trace this phrase to a then popular one-act vaudeville running at a very minor theatre, entitled: "*Berlin wie es hustet und niest*" ("Berlin as it Coughs and Sneezes"). Everybody would quote this phrase in connection with every possible remark one might make in conversation on every possible subject; and everybody laughed as if it had been the quintessence of humor. Yet all admitted freely that they had not the slightest idea why they were laughing! In 1869–70 I happened to be in Berlin again; and, wishing to show that an absence of eleven years had not faded quite all the local color of my German, I seized the first opportunity to come out boldly with a "*Wat ik mich davor koofe?*" Not a soul laughed; I am not sure the people did not think me rather rude. The phrase was out of date, and had lost all its savor. Its place had been usurped by another, viz.: "*Das war er früher nicht!*" (He didn't use to be so!). Now the entire population of Berlin—men, women, and children—would laugh themselves to within an inch of apoplexy at this; and every man of them admitted that, to save his life, he could not tell what he was laughing at! I forgot to ask any of the women or children. Some years ago a similar phrase drove all Paris wild with laughter: "*On dirait du veau!*" ("It looks like veal"). Let a man but say this, with any expression of face he pleased, he was sure of a sympathetic guffaw from all who heard him; but, if he asked where the joke was, whence it came, or what allusion was meant, no one could tell him! Explain this who can.

I need not bring up here the numerous American phrases of this sort that have successively made the trade of amateur humorist easy for my compatriots during the last twenty years or so; any one can call half a dozen of them to mind without effort. I do not happen to know any English ones; but it seems to me that the English laughing public must be peculiarly amenable to this kind of stimulus to merriment—I do not know quite why, but it does somehow seem probable. But, as I said to begin with, what troubles me is my inability to join my friends in their laughter, to share in the delights of the "joke by popular acclamation." It hardly seems likely that an entire community should have taken the trouble to pass round the word secretly that this or that otherwise unmeaning phrase was to be found excruciatingly funny, and that every one must pretend to laugh at it—and have left me out of the secret. But then, how explain the curious fact that these popular catch-phrases leave me wholly unmoved to laughter, me who laugh fit to burst even over the London *Punch*?

When, in 1834, Honoré de Balzac settled down at No. 13 Rue des Batailles for the purpose of secluding himself from the world of Paris, and especially from that part of "the world" to which he owed his remarkable and tremendous debts—real and imaginary—the paying off of which gave the world some of the best treasures in French literature, while it cost the debtor his life—he gave positive orders to admit no one whose name was not on a small list which he made his servant learn by heart and repeat to him every night and morning. One day there came to the house a young man of slight figure and a strangely expressive face. He wore his hair long, and his coat—a long black one, lacking three or four buttons—was threadbare and shiny. The door was shut in his face. Such visitors are common to all great authors. But the next day he came again, and he continued to come, until the servant sorely troubled what to do, explained the matter to his master.

"Ha!" said the author of one hundred and forty-five volumes, "he comes every day, does he? Has been here for the past fortnight? Well, to-morrow when he comes, admit him. Such persistency should have its reward."

The next day the young man came as usual. He was apparently not surprised at his reception, but took it as a matter of

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course. His name, he said, was Felix Arvers; he was born in 1806, at Paris; he had received a careful education at the hands of his father, who was a lawyer; now he was without money or relatives; he believed that he had some genius in writing verses; and he drew from under the long black coat a pile of manuscript, which he presented to his host.

"Ha!" said Balzac, "you have some of your work with you? Very good; come to-morrow and we will talk it over. I am busy now."

On the morrow the young man found his manuscript, but no Balzac. Across the first page was written, in the minute hand of the great author: "I have read some of this; there is absolutely nothing in it."

Balzac, however, was not the only one to whom Felix Arvers paid a visit. There were many others—authors, poets, dramatists, journalists—but they all treated him the same way. He was no poet, and never could be one. In the meantime he wrote quantities of rhyme that nobody seemed to care to read, and that no one would publish.

Perhaps, after his first failures, he found a friend or at least a patron, for the next year a small edition of poems, called "Mes Heures Perdues," appeared in print. The principal pieces were a tragedy, "La Mort de François I.," and a light comedy, "Plus de Peur que de Mal." The book was remorselessly jumped upon by the critics, and its luckless author was so broken-hearted that, having meditated suicide and lacking the vanity to kill himself, he was thrown into a fever and taken to the hospital of Saint Louis, where for a month and more he hung between life and death. He at length recovered.

A story is told of his struggle for life in the hospital; how his courage was strengthened and his fears allayed by the Sister who was his nurse; and how, at length, he found there was much in life after all, for her tender, loving care had made life very dear to him. And it is said that when he left the hospital his heart was in the keeping of the sweet Sister, who, without pausing or faltering, continued her errand of mercy. It was a pretty picture, the poet lying in the silent, white ward, watched over by a Madonna; but it faded quickly as Felix Arvers returned to the world, met with indifferent success, became known as a successful imitator of Scribe, and wrote rollicking verses for the Théâtre Français. Dying in 1851, he would have been forgotten in a week, if his fame had rested on what the world already possessed of his work. But of all the lines of forgotten poetry from his pen, there was one little sonnet that no eye had ever seen save his own. It was found among his papers after his death. They say it has made its author immortal. And, at the time, M. Jules Janin, the critic, wrote these words: "Dites-moi s'il n'est pas dommage que ces choses-là se perdent et disparaissent comme des articles de journal? La langue est belle, la passion est vraie; il faut y croire; l'auteur est mort au moment où il allait prendre sa place au soleil."

And so, after all, the picture in the hospital of Saint Louis, the poet near to death, the sweet face of the Sister, her devotion to him as a suffering creature of God, his silent love for her as a noble, tender woman, may be true. You can believe that it is when you read the sonnet:

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère,
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu;
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Hélas! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire;
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas.

A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle:
"Quelle est donc cette femme?" et ne comprendra pas.

Some years later, an American, whose name is as unknown to his contemporaries as that of Arvers was to his, gave the following interpretation of the fourteen lines:

My soul has its own secret, life its care,
  A hopeless love, that in one moment drew
The breath of life. Silent its pain I bear,
  Which she who caused it, knows not, never knew.

Alas! by her unmarked my passion grew
As by her side I walked—most lonely there.
And long as life shall last I am aware
  I shall win nothing, for I dare not sue.

While she, whom God has made so kind and sweet,
Goes heedless on her way with steadfast feet,
  Unconscious of love's whisper murmured low.

To duty faithful as a saint, some day,
Reading these lines all filled with her, she'll say:
  "Who was this woman?" and will never know.

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"A REGULAR TRAINER."

—See *Stories of a Western Town*, page 209.

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